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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

o. o. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

BAND VII ERSTER TEIL

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON
David NUTT

1905

BEN JONSON'S DRAMEN

IN NEUDRUCK HERAUSGEGEBEN NACH

DER FOLIO 1616

VON

W. BANG

ERSTER TEIL

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LOUVAIN
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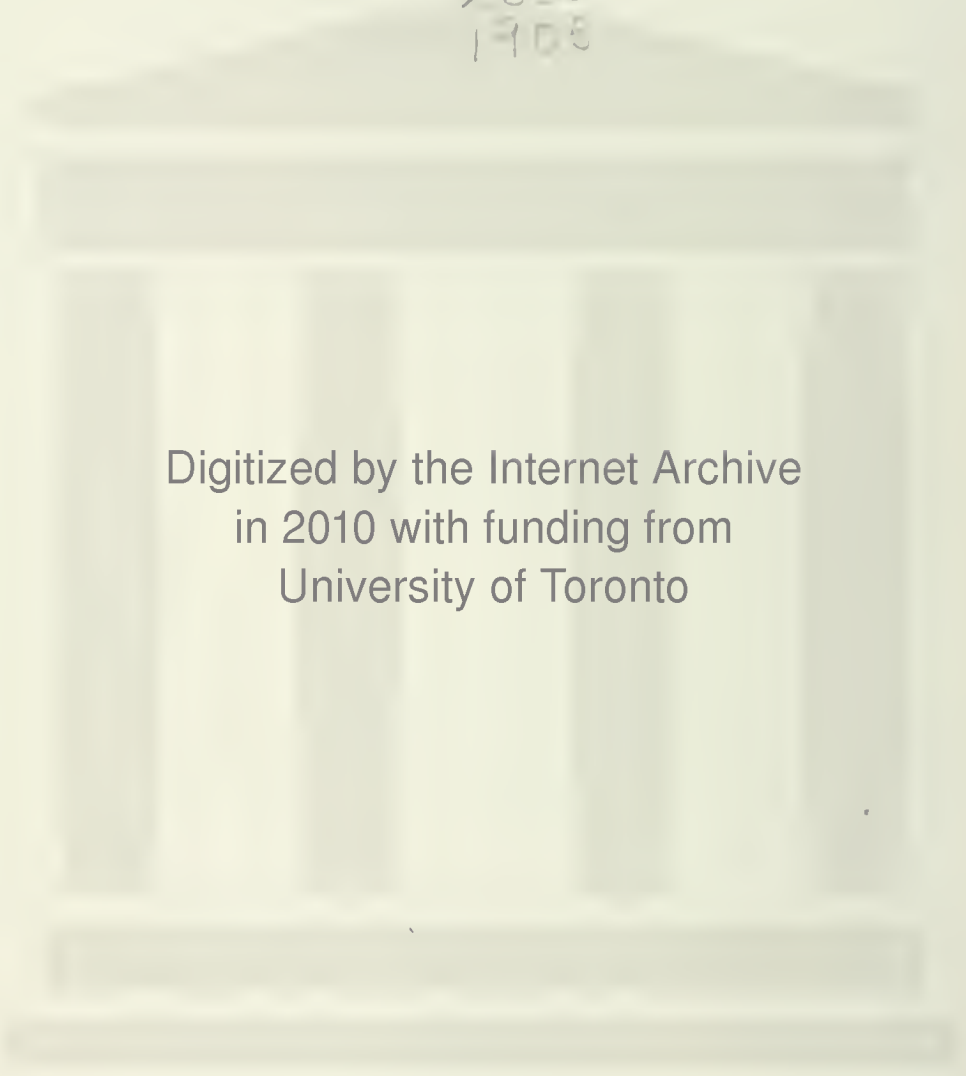

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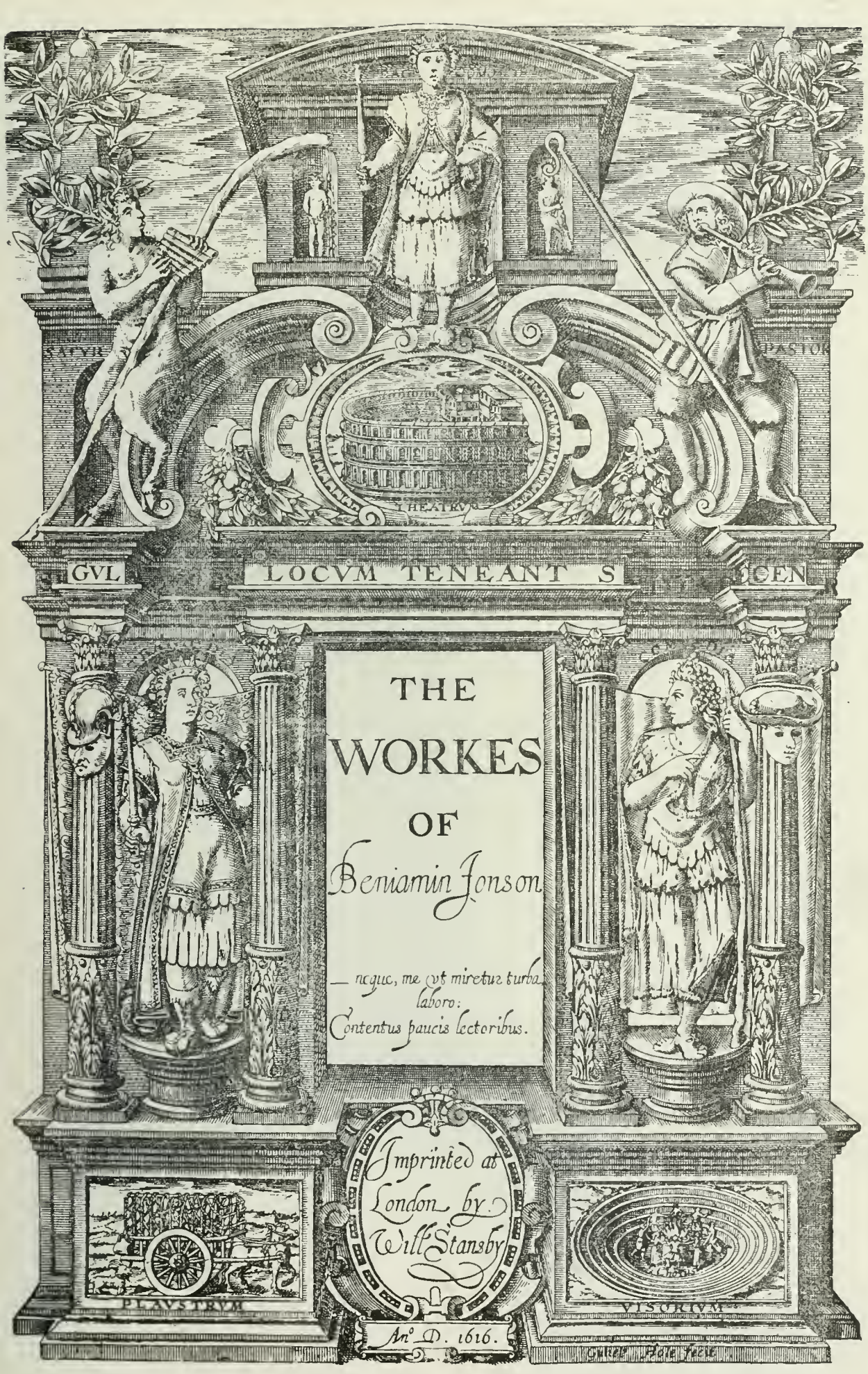
Johnsoni typus, ecce! qui furoris
Antistes sacer, Enthei, Camenis,
Vindex Ingenij recens Sepulti,
Antiquæ reparator vnus artis,
Defuncta Pater Eruditionis,
Et Scenæ veteris nouator audax,
Nec felix minus, aut minus politus
Cui solus similis, Figura, Vivet.

O could there be an art found out that might
Produce his shape soe lively as to write. Ab: Holl.

Are to be Sould by William Peake


SATVR
PASTOR
THEATRVM
GVL
LOCVM TENEANT S
OEN
THE
WORKES
OF
Beniamin Jonson
— neque, me vt miretur turba laboro:
Contentus paucis lectoribus.
Imprinted at
London by
Will Stansby
PLAVSTRVM
VISORIVM
Anº D. 1616.

The Catalogue.

Euery Man in his Humor,	To Mr. Cambden.
Euery Man out of his Humor,	To the Innes of Covrt.
Cynthias Reuells,	To the Covrt.
Poëtaster,	To Mr. Rich. Martin.
Seianus,	To Esme Lo. Aubigny.
The Foxe,	To the Vniversities.
The silent Woman,	To Sir Fran. Stvart.
The Alchemist,	To the Lady Wroth.
Catiline,	To the Earle of Pembrok.
Epigrammes,	To the same.

The Forrest,

Entertaynments,

Panegyre,

Masques,

Barriers.

Ad

V. CL.

Ben. Ionsonivm,

Carmen protrepticon.

Raptam Thrëicij lyram Neanthus
Pulset ; carmina circulis Palæmon
Scribat ; qui manibus facit Deabus
Illotis, metuat Probum. Placere
Te doctis iuuat auribus, placere
Te raris iuuat auribus. Camœnas
Cùm totus legerem tuas (camœnæ
Nam totum rogitant tuæ, nec vllam
Qui pigrè trahat oscitationem,
Lectorem) & Numeros, Acumen, Artem,
Mirum Iudicium, quod ipse censor,
Ionsoni, nimiùm licèt malignus,
Si doctus simùl, exigat, viderem,
Sermonem & nitidum, Facetiasq;
Dignas Mercurio, nouasq; Gnomas
Morum sed veterum, tuiq; iuris
Quicquid Dramaticum tui legebam,
Tam semper fore, tùmq; te loquutum,
Vt nec Lemnia notior sigillo
Tellus, nec maculâ sacrandus Apis,
Non cesto Venus, aut comis Apollo,
Quàm Musâ fueris sciente notus,
Quàm Musâ fueris tuâ notatus,
Illâ, quæ vnica, sydus vt refulgens,
Stricturas, superat comis, Minorum :
In mentem subijt Stolonis illud,
Lingua Pieridas fuisse Plauti
Vsuras, Ciceronis atq; dictum,
Saturno genitum phrasi Platonis,
Musæ si Latio, Iouisq; Athenis
Dixissent. Fore iam sed hunc & illas
Jonsonî numeros puto loquutos,

Anglis

Anglis si fuerint vtriq3 fati.
Tam, mi, tu sophiam doces amœnè,
Sparsìm támq3 sophos amœna sternis !
Sed, tot delicias, minùs placebat,
Sparsis distraherent tot in libellis
Cerdoi caculæ. Volumen vnum,
Quod seri Britonum terant nepotes,
Optabam, & thyasus chorúsq3 amantum
Musas hoc cupiunt, tui laborum
Et quicquid reliquum est, adhuc tuisq3
Seruatum pluteis. Tibi at videmur
Non tàm quærere quàm parare nobis
Laudem, dum volumus palàm merentis
Tot laurus cupidi reposta scripta ;
Dum secernere te tuásq3 Musas
Audemus numero vngulæ liquorem
Gustante, vt veteres nouem sorores
Et sirenibus & solent cicadis ;
Dum & secernere posse te videmur,
Efflictìm petimus nouúmq3 librum,
Qui nullo sacer haùt petatur æuo,
Qui nullo sacer exolescat æuo,
Qui curis niteat tuis secundis;
Vt nos scire aliquid simùl putetur.
Atqui hoc macte sies, velútq3 calpar,
Quod dijs inferium, tibi sacremus,
Vt nobis benè sit; tuámq3 frontem
Perfundant ederæ recentiores
Et splendor nouus. Inuident coronam
Hanc tantam patriæ tibiq3 (quantà
Æternùm à merito tuo superbum
Anglorum genus esse possit olìm)
Tantùm qui penitùs volunt amœnas
Sublatas literas, timéntue lucem
JonsonI nimiam tenebriones.

I. Selden I. C.

TO BEN. IONSON,

on his workes.

MAy I subscribe a name? dares my bold quill
Write that or good or ill,
Whose frame is of that height, that, to mine eye,
Its head is in the sky?
Yes. Since the most censures, beleeues, and saith
By an implicit faith:
Least their misfortune make them chance amisse,
Ile waft them right by this.
Of all I know thou onely art the man
That dares but what he can:
Yet by performance showes he can do more
Then hath bene done before,
Or will be after. (such assurance giues
Perfection where it liues.)
Words speake thy matter; matter fills thy words;
And choyce that grace affords
That both are best: and both most fitly plac't,
Are with new VENVS grac't
From artfull method. all in this point meet,
With good to mingle sweet.
These are thy lower parts. what stands aboue
Who sees not yet must loue,
When on the Base he reads BEN. IONSONS name,
And heares the rest from Fame.
This from my loue of truth: which payes this due
To your iust worth, not you.

Ed. Heyward.

Vpon SEIANVS.

SO brings the wealth-contracting ieweller
Pearles and deare stones, from richest shores and streames,
As thy accomplisht trauaile doth confer
From skill-im icked soules, their wealthyer gems;

So

So doth his hand enchase in ammeld gold,
Cut, and adorn'd beyond their natiue merits,
His solid flames, as thine hath here inrold
In more then golden verse, those better'd spirits ;
So he entreasures Princes cabinets,
As thy wealth will their wished libraries ;
So, on the throate of the rude sea, he sets
His ventrous foot, for his illustrous prise ;
And through wild desarts, arm'd with wilder beasts,
As thou aduentur'st on the multitude,
Vpon the boggie, and engulfed brests
Of hyrelings, sworne to find most right, most rude :
And he, in stormes at sea, doth not endure,
Nor in vast desarts, amongst wolues, more danger ;
Then we, that would with vertue liue secure,
Sustayne for her in euery vices anger.
Nor is this Allegorie *vniustly rackt,*
To this strange length : Onely, that iewells are,
In estimation meerely, so exact :
And thy worke, in it selfe, is deare and rare.
Wherein MINERVA *had beene vanquished,*
Had shee, by it, her sacred loomes aduanc't,
And through thy subiect wouen her graphicke thred,
Contending therein, to be more entranc't ;
For, though thy hand was scarce addrest to draw
The semi-circle of SEIANVS *life,*
Thy Muse *yet makes it the whole sphære, and law*
To all State liues : and bounds ambition's strife.
And as a little brooke creepes from his spring,
With shallow tremblings, through the lowest vales,
As if he fear'd his streame abroad to bring,
Least prophane feet should wrong it, and rude gales ;
But finding happy channels, and supplyes
Of other foords mixe with his modest course,
He growes a goodly riuer, and descryes
The strength, that man'd him, since he left his source;
Then takes he in delight some meades, and groues,
And, with his two-edg'd waters, flourishes
Before great palaces, and all mens loues
Build by his shores, to greet his passages :
So thy chaste Muse, *by vertuous selfe-mistrust,*
Which is a true marke of the truest merit ;
In virgin feare of mens illiterate lust,
Shut her soft wings, and durst not shew her spirit ;
Till, nobly cherisht, now thou lett'st her flie,
Singing the sable orgies *of the* Muses,
And in the highest pitch of tragœdie,
Mak'st her command, all things thy ground produces.
Besides, thy Poëme *hath this due respect,*
That it lets passe nothing, without obseruing,

Worthie

Worthie instruction; or that might correct
Rude manners, and renowme the well deseruing:
Performing such a liuely euidence
In thy narrations, that thy hearers still
Thou turn'st to thy spectators; and the sense
That thy spectators haue of good or ill,
Thou iniect'st iointly to thy readers soules.
So deare is held, so deckt thy numerous taske,
As thou putt'st handles to the Thespian *boules,*
Or stuck'st rich plumes in the Palladian *caske.*
All thy worth, yet, thy selfe must patronise,
By quaffing more of the Castalian *head:*
In expiscation of whose mysteries,
Our nets must still be clogd, with heauie lead,
To make them sinke, and catch: For chearefull gold
Was neuer found in the Pierian *streames,*
But wants, and scornes, and shames for siluer sold.
What? what shall we elect in these extreames?
Now by the shafts of the great CYRRHAN Poet,
That beare all light, that is, about the world;
I would haue all dull Poet-*haters know it,*
They shall be soule-bound, and in darknesse hurld,
A thousand yeares (as Sathan *was, their syre)*
Ere any, worthie the poetique *name,*
(Might I, that warme but at the Muses *fire,*
Presume to guard it) should let deathlesse Fame
Light halfe a beame of all her hundred eyes,
At his dimme taper, in their memories.
Flie, flie, you are too neere; so, odorous flowers
Being held too neere the sensor of our sense,
Render not pure, nor so sincere their powers,
As being held a little distance thence.
O could the world but feele how sweet a touch
The Knowledge hath, which is in loue with goodnesse,
(If Poesie *were not rauished so much,*
And her compos'de rage, held the simplest woodnesse,
Though of all heats, that temper humane braines,
Hers euer was most subtle, high, and holy,
First binding sauage liues, in ciuile chaines:
Solely religious, and adored solely,
If men felt this) they would not thinke a loue,
That giues it selfe, in her, did vanities giue;
Who is (in earth, though low) in worth aboue,
Most able t'honour life, though least to liue.
And so good Friend, *safe passage to thy freight,*
To thee a long peace, through a vertuous strife,
In which, lets both contend to vertues *height,*
Not making fame *our obiect, but* good life.

GEOR. CHAPMAN.

To his worthy friend, the Author,

H. HOLLAND. *Vpon Seianus.*

IN that, this booke doth deigne SEIANVS name,
Him vnto more, then CAESARS loue, it brings :
For, where he could not with ambition's wings,
One quill doth heaue him to the height of fame.
Yee great-ones though (whose ends may be the same)
Know, that, how euer we doe flatter kings,
Their fauours (like themselues) are fading things,
With no lesse enuie had, then lost with shame.
Nor make your selues lesse honest then you are,
To make our author wiser then he is :
Ne of such crimes accuse him, which I dare
By all his *Muses* sweare, be none of his.
The men are not, some faults may be these times :
He acts those men, and they did act these crimes.

Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN: IONSON.

In Vulponem.

QVod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deiq; iuris
Consulti, veteres sequi æmulariérq;,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
His sed sunt veteres araneosi ;
Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, vt tu
Illos quòd sequeris nouator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis ; tuiq; primâ
Libricanitie induantur horâ :
Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,
Nascuntúrq; senes, oportet, illi
Libri, quèis dare vis perennitatem.
Priscis, ingenium facit, labórq;
Te parem ; hos superes, vt & futuros,
Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
Quâ priscos superamus, & futuros.

I. D.

AD VTRAMQVE ACADEMIAM,

DE BENIAMIN IONSONIO.

In Vulponem.

HIc ille est primus, qui doctum drama Britannis,
Graiorum *antiqua*, & Latij *monimenta Theatri*,
Tanquam explorator *versans, fœlicibus ausis*
Prebebit : Magnis cœptis Gemina astra *fauete.*
Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude : Cothurnum *hic,*
Atq; pari soccum *tractat* Sol scenicus *arte ;*
Das VOLPONE *iocos, fletus* SEIANE *dedisti.*
At si IONSONIAS *mulctatas limite* Musas
Angustâ plangent quiquam : Vos, dicite, contrà,
O nimiùm miseros quibus ANGLIS ANGLICA *lingua*
Aut non sat nota est ; aut queis (seu trans mare natis)
Haud nota omnino : Vegetet cum tempore Vates,
Mutabit patriam, fiétq; ipse ANGLVS APOLLO.

E. BOLTON.

Vpon his Foxe.

To my deare friend, M. BEN: IONSON.

IF it might stand with iustice, *to allow*
The swift conuersion of all follies; now,
Such is my mercy, *that I could admit*
All sorts should equally approue the wit
Of this thy euen worke: whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners, and my loue command
Me to forbeare to make those vnderstand,
W'hom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doome
Long since, firmely resolu'd, shall neuer come
To know more then they doe; I would haue showne
To all the world, the art, which thou alone
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, deliuer'd, with the grace
Of comick *stile, which only, is farre more,*
Then any English *stage hath knowne before.*
But, since our subtle gallants thinke it good
To like of nought, that may be vnderstood,
Lest they should be disprou'd; or haue, at best,
Stomacks so raw, that nothing can digest
But what's obscene, or barkes: Let vs desire
They may continue, simply, to admire (age,
Fine clothes, *and strange* words; *& may liue, in*
To see themselues ill-brought vpon the stage,
And like it. Whilst thy bold, and knowing Muse
Contènes al praise, but such as thou wouldst chuse

FRANC. BEAVMONT.

VPON THE SILENT WOMAN.

HEare you bad writers, and though you not see,
I will informe you where you happy bee:
Prouide the most malicious thoughts you can,
And bend them all against some priuate man,
To bring him, not his vices, on the stage,
Your enuie shall be clad in so poore rage,
And your expressing of him shall be such,
That he himselfe shall thinke he hath no touch.
Where he that strongly writes, although he meane
To scourge but vices in a labour'd scene,
Yet priuate faults shall be so well exprest
As men doe act 'hem, that each priuate brest,
That findes these errors in it selfe, shall say,
He meant me, not my vices, in the play.

FRANC. BEAVMONT.

Vpon his Catiline.

To my friend M. BEN: IONSON.

IF thou had'st itch'd after the wild applause
Of common people, and had'st made thy lawes
In writing, such, as catch'd at present voice,
I should commend the thing, but not thy choise.
But thou hast squar'd thy rules, by what is good;
And art, three ages yet, from vnderstood:
And (I dare say) in it, there lyes much wit
Lost, till thy readers can grow vp to it.
Which they can ne're out-grow, to find it ill,
But must fall backe againe, or like it still.

FRANC. BEAVMONT.

Euery
MAN IN
HIS
HVMOVR.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1598. By the then
Lord Chamberlaine his
Seruants.

The Author B. I.

IVVEN.

Haud tamen inuideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND MY HONOR'D FRIEND,

Mr. Cambden, CLARENTIAVX.

SIR,

THere are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteeme all office, done you in this kind, an iniurie; so solemne a vice it is with them to vse the authoritie of their ignorance, to the crying downe of Poetry, *or the Professors: But, my gratitude must not leaue to correct their error; since I am none of those, that can suffer the benefits confer'd vpon my youth, to perish with my age. It is a fraile memorie, that remembers but present things: And, had the fauour of the times so conspir'd with my disposition, as it could haue brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, & number of the fruits, the first. Now, I pray you, to accept this, such, wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to haue beene the instructer: And, for the profession of my thanke-fulnesse, I am sure, it will, with good men, find either praise, or excuse.*

Your true louer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

KNO'WELL, *An old Gentleman.*
ED. KNO'WELL, *His Sonne.*
BRAYNE-WORME, *The Fathers man.*
Mr. STEPHEN, *A countrey Gull.*
DOWNE-RIGHT, *A plaine Squier.*
WELL-BRED, *His halfe Brother.*
IVST. CLEMENT, *An old merry Magistrat.*
ROGER FORMALL, *His Clarke.*
KITELY, *A Merchant.*
DAME KITELY, *His Wife.*
Mrs. BRIDGET, *His Sister.*
Mr. MATTHEW, *The towne-gull.*
CASH, KITELIES *Man.*
COB, *A Water-bearer.*
TIB, *His Wife.*
CAP. BOBADILL, *A Paules-man.*

THE SCENE

LONDON.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HVMOVR.

PROLOGVE.

Hough neede make many *Poets*, and some such
As art, and nature haue not betterd much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not so lou'd the stage,
As he dare serue th'ill customes of the age:
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himselfe must iustly hate.
To make a child, now swadled, to proceede
Man, and then shoote vp, in one beard, and weede,
Past threescore yeeres: or, with three rustie swords,
And helpe of some few foot-and-halfe-foote words,
Fight ouer *Yorke*, and *Lancasters* long iarres:
And in the tyring-house bring wounds, to scarres.
He rather prayes, you will be pleas'd to see
One such, to day, as other playes should be.
Where neither *Chorus* wafts you ore the seas;
Nor creaking throne comes downe, the boyes to please;
Nor nimble squibbe is seene, to make afear'd
The gentlewomen; nor roul'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drumme
Rumbles, to tell you when the storme doth come;
But deedes, and language, such as men doe vse:
And persons, such as *Comœdie* would chuse,
When she would shew an Image of the times,
And sport with humane follies, not with crimes.

Except, we make 'hem such by louing still
Our popular errors, when we know th'are ill.
I meane such errors, as you'll all confesse
By laughing at them, they deserue no lesse :
Which when you heartily doe, there's hope left, then,
You, that haue so grac'd monsters, may like men.

Act I. *Scene* I.

KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, Mr STEPHEN.

A Goodly day toward! and a fresh morning! BRAYNE-WORME,
Call vp your yong master : bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I haue some businesse to employ him.
BRA. I will sir, presently. KNO. But heare you, sirah,
If he be'at his booke, disturbe him not. BRA. Well sir.
KNO. How happie, yet, should I esteeme my selfe
Could I (by any practise) weane the boy
From one vaine course of studie, he affects.
He is a scholler, if a man may trust
The liberall voice of fame, in her report
Of good accompt, in both our *vniuersities*,
Either of which hath fauour'd him with graces :
But their indulgence, must not spring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot erre.
My selfe was once a student; and, indeed,
Fed with the selfe-same humour, he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle *poetrie*,
That fruitlesse, and vnprofitable art,
Good vnto none, but least to the professors,
Which, then, I thought the mistresse of all knowledge:
But since, time, and the truth haue wak'd my iudgement,
And reason taught me better to distinguish,
The vaine, from th'vsefull learnings. Cossin STEPHEN!
What newes with you, that you are here so early?
STE. Nothing,but eene come to see how you doe, vncle.
KNO. That's kindly done, you are wel-come, cousse.
STE. I, I know that sir, I would not ha' come else.
How doe my coussin EDWARD, vncle?
KNO. O, well cousse, goe in and see: I doubt he be scarse stirring yet.
STE. Vncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, an'he haue ere a booke of the sciences of hawking,and hunting? I would faine borrow it.
KNO. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now,will you?
STEP. No wusse ; but I'll practise against next yeere vncle : I haue bought me a hawke, and a hood, and bells, and all ; I lacke nothing but a booke to keepe it by.

KNO.

KNO. O, most ridiculous.

STEP. Nay, looke you now, you are angrie, vncle: why you know, an' a man haue not skill in the hawking, and hunting-languages now a dayes, I'll not giue a rush for him. They are more studied then the *Greeke*, or the *Latine*. He is for no gallants companie without 'hem. And by gads lid I scorne it, I, so I doe, to be a consort for euery *hum-drum*, hang'hem scroyles, there's nothing in 'hem, i' the world. What doe you talke on it? Because I dwell at *Hogsden*, I shall keepe companie with none but the archers of *Finsburie*? or the citizens, that come a ducking to *Islington* ponds? A fine iest ifaith! Slid a gentleman mun show himselfe like a gentleman. Vncle, I pray you be not angrie, I know what I haue to doe, I trow, I am no nouice.

KNO. You are a prodigall absurd cocks-combe: Goe to.
Nay neuer looke at me, it's I that speake.
Tak't as you will sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found meanes enow, to wast
That, which your friends haue left you, but you must
Goe cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keepe it, when you ha' done?
O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well cosen, well! I see you are eene past hope
Of all reclaime. I, so, now you are told on it,
You looke another way. STEP. What would you ha'me doe?

KNO. What would I haue you doe? I'll tell you kinsman,
Learne to be wise, and practise how to thriue,
That would I haue you doe: and not to spend
Your coyne on euery bable, that you phansie,
Or euery foolish braine, that humors you.
I would not haue you to inuade each place,
Nor thrust your selfe on all societies,
Till mens affections, or your owne desert,
Should worthily inuite you to your ranke.
He, that is so respectlesse in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation, at cheape market.
Nor would I, you should melt away your selfe
In flashing brauerie, least while you affect
To make a blaze of gentrie to the world,
A little puffe of scorne extinguish it,
And you be left, like an vnsauorie snuffe,
Whose propertie is onely to offend.
I'ld ha'you sober, and containe your selfe;
Not, that your sayle be bigger then your boat:
But moderate your expences now (at first)
As you may keepe the same proportion still.
Nor, stand so much on your gentilitie,

Which is an aerie,and meere borrow'd thing,
From dead mens dust, and bones : and none of yours
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here ?

Act. I. *Scene* II.

SERVANT, Mr. STEPHEN, KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

SAue you, gentlemen.

STEP. Nay, we do' not stand much on our gentilitie, friend ; yet, you are wel-come, and I assure you, mine vncle here is a man of a thousand a yeare, *Middlesex* land : hee has but one sonne in all the world, I am his next heire (at the common law) master STEPHEN, as simple as I stand here, if my cossen die (as there's hope he will) I haue a prettie liuing o' mine owne too, beside, hard-by here.

SERV. In good time, sir.

STEP. In good time, sir ? why ! and in very good time, sir. You doe not flout, friend, doe you ?

SERV. Not I, sir.

STEP. Not you, sir ? you were not best, sir; an' you should, here bee them can perceiue it, and that quickly to : goe to. And they can giue it a-gaine soundly to, and neede be.

SERV. Why, sir, let this satisfie you: good faith, I had no such intent.

STEP. Sir , an' I thought you had , I would talke with you, and that presently.

SERV. Good master STEPHEN, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

STEP. And so I would sir, good my saucie companion ! an' you were out o' mine vncles ground , I can tell you ; though I doe not stand vpon my gentilitie neither in't.

KNO. Cossen! cossen! will this nere be left ?

STEP. Whorson base fellow ! a mechanicall seruing-man ! By this cudgell, and't were not for shame, I would———

KNO. What would you doe, you peremptorie gull ?

If you can not be quiet,get you hence.
You see, the honest man demeanes himselfe
Modestly to'ards you, giuing no replie
To your vnseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion:
And, still you huffe it, with a kind of cariage,
As voide of wit, as of humanitie.
Goe, get you in; fore heauen, I am asham'd
Thou hast a kinsmans interest in me.

SERV. I pray you, sir. Is this master KNO'WELL'S house ?

KNO. Yes, marie, is it sir.

SERV. I should enquire for a gentleman, here, one master EDWARD KNO'WELL:

KNO'WELL: doe you know any such, sir, I pray you?

KNO. I should forget my selfe else, sir.

SERV. Are you the gentleman? crie you mercie sir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i'the citie, as I rode out at this end o'the towne, to deliuer you this letter, sir.

KNO. To me, sir! What doe you meane? pray you remember your court'sie. (*To his most selected friend, master* EDWARD KNO'WELL.) What might the gentlemans name be, sir, that sent it? nay, pray you be couer'd.

SERV. One master WELL-BRED, sir.

KNO. Master WELL-BRED! A yong gentleman? is he not?

SERV. The same sir, master KITELY married his sister: the rich merchant i' the old *Iewrie*.

KNO. You say very true. BRAINE-WORME,

BRAY. Sir.

KNO. Make this honest friend drinke here: pray you goe in.
This letter is directed to my sonne:
Yet, I am EDWARD KNO'WELL too, and may
With the safe conscience of good manners, vse
The fellowes error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will breake it ope (old men are curious)
Be it but for the stiles sake, and the phrase,
To see, if both doe answere my sonnes praises.
Who is, almost, growne the idolater
Of this yong WELL-BRED: what haue we here? what's this?

Why, NED, *I beseech thee; hast thou for-sworne all thy friends i' the old* Iewrie? *or dost thou thinke vs all* Iewes *that inhabit there, yet? If thou dost, come ouer, and but see our fripperie: change an olde shirt, for a whole smocke, with vs. Doe not conceiue that antipathy betweene vs, and* Hogs-den; *as was betweene* Iewes, *and hogs-flesh. Leaue thy vigilant father, alone, to number ouer his greene apricots, euening, and morning, o' the north-west wall: An' I had beene his sonne, I had sau'd him the labor, long since; if, taking in all the yong wenches, that passe by, at the back-dore, and codd'ling euery kernell of the fruit for 'hem, would ha' seru'd. But, pr'y thee, come ouer to me, quickly, this morning: I haue such a present for thee (our* Turkie *companie neuer sent the like to the* Grand-SIGNIOR.) *One is a Rimer sir, o' your owne batch, your owne leuin; but doth think himselfe* Poet-maior, *o' the towne: willing to be showne, and worthy to be seene. The other——I will not venter his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hether with an appetite. If the worst of 'hem be not worth your iorney, draw your bill of charges, as* The letter.

as vnconscionable, as any Guild-hall verdict will giue it you, and you shall be allow'd your viaticum.

From the wind-mill.

From the *Burdello*, it might come as well;
The *Spittle* : or *Pict-hatch*. Is this the man,
My sonne hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choysest braine, the times hath sent vs forth?
I know not what he may be, in the arts ;
Nor what in schooles: but surely, for his manners,
I iudge him a prophane, and dissolute wretch :
Worse, by possession of such great good guifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what vnhallow'd ruffian would haue writ,
In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend !
Why should he thinke, I tell my Apri-cotes ?
Or play th' *Hesperian* Dragon, with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my sonne, I'had thought
Y' had had more iudgement, t' haue made election
Of your companions, then t' haue tane on trust,
Such petulant, geering gamsters , that can spare
No argument, or subiect from their iest.
But I perceiue, affection makes a foole
Of any man, too much the father. BRAYNE-WORME,

BRAY. Sir.

KNO. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

BRA. Yes, sir, a pretie while since.

KNO. And, where's your yong master?

BRA. In his chamber sir.

KNO. He spake not with the fellow! did he?

BRA. No sir, he saw him not.

KNO. Take you this letter, and deliuer it my sonne
But with no notice, that I haue open'd it, on your life.

BRA. O lord, sir, that were a iest, indeed!

KNO. I am resolu'd, I will not stop his iourney;
Nor practise any violent meane, to stay
The vnbridled course of youth in him: for that,
Restrain'd, growes more impatient ; and, in kind,
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
Who ne're so little from his game with-held,
Turnes head, and leapes vp at his holders throat.
There is a way of winning, more by loue,
And vrging of the modestie, then feare :
Force workes on seruile natures, not the free.
He, that's compell'd to goodnesse, may be good;

But 'tis but for that fit: where others drawne
By softnesse, and example, get a habit.
Then,if they stray, but warne 'hem : and, the same
They should for vertu'haue done, they'll doe for shame.

Act I. *Scene* II.

Edw. Kno'well, Brayne-worme, Mr. Stephen.

Did he open it, sayest thou ?

Bray. Yes, o' my word sir, and read the contents.

E. Kn. That scarse contents me. What countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i' the reading of it ? was he angrie, or pleas'd ?

Bray. Nay sir , I saw him not reade it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Kn. No? how know'st thou, then, that he did either ?

Bray. Marie sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobodie, that he open'd it : which, vnlesse hee had done, hee would neuer feare to haue it reueal'd.

E. Kn. That 's true: well I thanke thee, Blayne-worme.

Step. O, Brayne-worme , did'st thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha'-call-him doublet ! he brought mine vncle a letter e'en now.

Bray. Yes, master Stephen, what of him ?

Step. O, I ha' such a minde to beate him——Where is hee ? canst thou tell ?

Bray. Faith, he is not of that mind : he is gone, master Stephen.

Step. Gone ? which way ? when went he ! how long since ?

Bray. He is rid hence. He tooke horse, at the streete dore.

Step. And, I staid i' the fields ! horson *scander-bag* rogue ! ô that I had but a horse to fetch him backe againe.

Bray. Why, you may ha' my mrs. gelding, to saue your longing, sir.

Step. But, I ha' no bootes, that's the spight on't.

Bray. Why, a fine wispe of hay,rould hard,master Stephen.

Step. No faith, it's no boote to follow him, now : let him eene goe, and hang. 'Pray thee, helpe to trusse me, a little. He dos so vexe me——

Bray. You'll be worse vex'd, when you are truss'd, master Stephen. Best, keepe vn-brac'd; and walke your selfe,till you be cold : your choller may foundre you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't: How dost thou like my legge, Brayne-worme?

Bray. A very good leg ! master Stephen ! but the woollen stocking do's not commend it so well.

Step. Foh, the stockings be good inough, now summer is comming on,for the dust : Ile haue a paire of silke, again'winter, that I goe to dwell i' the

i' the towne. I thinke my legge would shew in a silke-hose.

BRAI. Beleeue me, master STEPHEN, rarely well,

STEP. In sadnesse, I thinke it would: I haue a reasonable good legge.

BRAY. You haue an excellent good legge, master STEPHEN, but I cannot stay, to praise it longer now, and I am very sorie for't.

STEP. Another time wil serue, BRAYNE-WORME. Gramercie for this.

Knowell laughes hauing read the letter.

E. KN. Ha, ha, ha!

STEP. Slid, I hope, he laughes not at me, and he doe ——

E. KN. Here was a letter, indeede, to be intercepted by a mans father, and doe him good with him! Hee cannot but thinke most vertuously, both of me, and the sender, sure; that make the carefull Costar'-monger of him in our *familiar Epistles*. Well, if he read this with patience, Ile be-gelt, and troll ballads for Mr. IOHN TRVNDLE, yonder, the rest of my mortalitie. It is true, and likely, my father may haue as much patience as another man; for he takes much physicke: and, oft taking physicke makes a man very patient. But would your packet, master WEL-BRED, had arriu'd at him, in such a minute of his patience; then, we had knowne the end of it, which now is doubtfull, and threatens——What! my wise cossen! Nay, then, Il efurnish our feast with one gull more to'ard the messe. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O, for a fourth; Fortune, if euer thou'lt vse thine eyes, I intreate thee——

STEP. O, now I see, who hee laught at. Hee laught at some-body in that letter. By this good light, and he had laught at me——

E. KN. How now, coussen STEPHEN, melancholy'?

STEP. Yes, a little. I thought, you had laught at me, cossen.

E. KN. Why, what an' I had cousse, what would you ha' done?

SERV. By this light, I would ha' told mine vncle.

E. KN. Nay, if you wold ha' told your vncle, I did laugh at you, cousse.

SERV. Did you, indeede?

E. KN. Yes, indeede.

STEP. Why, then——

E. KN. What then?

STEP. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. KN. Why, bee so gentle cousse. And, I pray you let me intreate a courtesie of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' the old *Iewrie* to come to him; It's but crossing ouer the fields to *More-gate*: Will you beare me companie? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, cousse.

STEP. Sir, that's all one, and 't were; you shall command me, twise so farre as *More-gate* to doe you good, in such a matter. Doe you thinke I would leaue you? I protest——

E. KN. No, no, you shall not protest, cousse.

STEP. By my fackins, but I will, by your leaue; Ile protest more to my friend, then Ile speake off, at this time.

E. KN. You speake very well, cousse.

STEP. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speake, to serue my turne.

E.KN. Your turne, couss? Doe you know, what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talke o' your turne i' this companie, and to me, alone, like a tankard-bearer, at a conduit! Fie. A wight, that (hetherto) his euery step hath left the stampe of a great foot behind him, as euery word the sauour of a strong spirit! and he! this man! so grac'd, guilded, or (to vse a more fit *metaphore)* so tin-foild by nature, as not ten house-wiues pewter (again' a good time) shew's more bright to the world then he! and he (as I said last, so I say againe, and still shall say it) this man! to conceale such reall ornaments as these, and shaddow their glorie, as a Millaners wife do's her wrought stomacher, with a smokie lawne, or a black cypresse? O couss! It cannot be answer'd, goe not about it. DRAKES old ship, at *Detford*, may sooner circle the world againe. Come, wrong not the qualitie of your desert, with looking downeward, couz; but hold vp your head, so: and let the *Idea* of what you are, be pourtray'd i' your face, that men may reade i' your physnomie, *(Here, within this place, is to be seene the true, rare, and accomplish'd monster, or miracle of nature,* which is all one.) What thinke you of this, couss?

STEP. Why, I doe thinke of it; and I will be more prowd, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, then I haue beene: I'le ensure you.

E.KN. Why, that's resolute master STEPHEN! Now, if I can but hold him vp to his height, as it is happily begunne, it will doe well for a suburbe-humor: we may hap haue a match with the citie, and play him for fortie pound. Come, couss.

STEP. I'le follow you.

E.KN. Follow me? you must goe before.

STEP. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin.

Act I. *Scene* IIII.

Mr. MATTHEW, COB.

I Thinke, this be the house: what, hough?

COB. Who's there? O, master MATTHEW! gi' your worship good morrow.

MAT. What! COB! how do'st thou, good COB? do'st thou inhabite here, COB?

COB. I, sir, I and my linage ha' kept a poore house, here, in our dayes.

MAT. Thy linage, *Monsieur* COB, what linage? what linage?

COB. Why sir, an ancient linage, and a princely. Mine ance'trie came from a Kings belly, no worse man: and yet no man neither (by your worships leaue, I did lie in that) but *Herring* the King of fish (from his belly, I proceed) one o' the Monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red herring, that was broil'd in ADAM, and EVE'S kitchin, doe I fetch my

pedigree from, by the Harrots bookes. His COB, was my great-great-mighty-great Grand-father.

MAT. Why mightie? why mightie? I pray thee.

COB. O, it was a mightie while agoe, sir, and a mightie great COB.

MAT. How know'st thou that?

COB. How know I? why, I smell his ghost, euer and anon.

MAT. Smell a ghost? ô vnsauoury iest? and the ghost of a herring COB!

COB. I sir, with fauour of your worships nose, Mr. MATHEW, why not the ghost of a herring-cob, as well as the ghost of rasher-bacon?

MAT. ROGER BACON, thou wouldst say?

COB. I say rasher-bacon. They were both broyl'd o' the coles? and a man may smell broyld-meate, I hope? you are a scholler, vpsolue me that, now.

MAT. O raw ignorance! COB, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captayne BOBADILL, where his lodging is?

COB. O, my guest, sir! you meane.

MAT. Thy guest! Alas! ha, ha.

COB. Why doe you laugh, sir? Doe you not meane Captayne BOBADILL?

MAT. COB,'pray thee,aduise thy selfe well: doe not wrong the gentleman,and thy selfe too. I dare bee sworne,hee scornes thy house: hee! He lodge in such a base,obscure place,as thy house! Tut,I know his disposition so well, he would not lye in thy bed, if tho'uldst gi'it him.

COB. I will not giue it him, though,sir. Masse,I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed, all night! Well, sir, though he lye not o'my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to goe vp, sir, you shall find him with two cushions vnder his head, and his cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither wun nor lost, and yet (I warrant) he ne're cast better in his life, then he has done, to night.

MAT. Why? was he drunke?

COB. Drunke,sir? you heare not me say so. Perhaps,hee swallow'd a tauerne-token,or some such deuice,sir: I haue nothing to doe withall. I deale with water, and not with wine. Gi'me my tankard there, hough. God b'w'you, sir. It's sixe a clocke: I should ha' carried two turnes, by this. What hough? my stopple? come.

MAT. Lye in a water-bearers house! A gentleman of his hauings! Well, I'le tell him my mind.

COB. What TIB, shew this gentleman vp to the Captayne. O, an' my house were the *Brasen-head* now! faith,it would eene speake,*Mo fooles yet*. You should ha' some now would take this Mr. MATTHEW to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipfull fishmonger, and so forth; and now dos he creepe,and wriggle into acquaintance with all the braue gallants about the towne, such as my guest is: (ô, my guest is a fine man) and they flout him invincibly. Hee vseth

euery

euery day to a Merchants house (where I serue water) one master KITELY'S, i'the *old Iewry*; and here's the iest, he is in loue with my masters sister, (mistris BRIDGET) and calls her mistris: and there hee will sit you a whole after-noone some-times, reading o' these same abominable, vile, (a poxe on 'hem, I cannot abide them) rascally verses, *poyetrie*, *poyetrie*, and speaking of *enterludes*, 'twill make a man burst to heare him. And the wenches, they doe so geere, and ti-he at him—well, should they do so much to me, Ild for-sweare them all, by the foot of PHARAOH. There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you heare sweare such an oath? ô, I haue a guest (he teaches me) he dos sweare the legiblest, of any man christned: By S^t. GEORGE, the foot of PHARAOH, the body of me, as I am gentleman, and a souldier: such daintie oathes! and withall, he dos take this same filthy roguish *tabacco*, the finest, and cleanliest! it would doe a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnells! Well, he owes mee fortie shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixe-pence a time) besides his lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he saies, the next *Action*. *Helter skelter*, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, vp-tailes all, and a louse for the hang-man.

Act I. *Scene* V.

BOBADILL, TIB, MATTHEW.

Bobad. is discouered lying on his bench.

HOstesse, hostesse.

TIB. What say you, sir?

BOB. A cup o' thy small beere, sweet hostesse.

TIB. Sir, there's a gentleman, below, would speake with you.

BOB. A gentleman! 'ods so, I am not within.

TIB. My husband told him you were, sir.

BOB. What a plague——what meant he?

MAT. Captaine BOBADILL?

BOB. Who's there? (take away the bason, good hostesse) come vp, sir.

TIB. He would desire you to come vp, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here.

MAT. 'Saue you, sir. 'Saue you, Captayne.

BOB. Gentle master MATTHEW! Is it you, sir? Please you sit downe.

MAR. Thanke you, good Captaine, you may see, I am some-what audacious.

BOB. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunke to, I assure you.

MAT. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good Captaine.

BOB. Mary, by yong WELL-BRED, and others: Why, hostesse, a stoole here, for this gentleman.

MAT. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

BOB. Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarse open my eyes, yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

MAT. Faith,some halfe houre to seuen : now trust mee, you haue an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and priuate!

BOB. I,sir : sit downe,I pray you. Master MATTHEW (in any case) possesse no gentlemen of our acquaintance , with notice of my lodging.

MAT. Who ? I sir ? no.

BOB. Not that I need to care who know it, for the Cabbin is conuenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited,as some are.

MAT. True, Captaine, I conceiue you.

BOB. For,doe you see,sir,by the heart of valour,in me,(except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits,to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, as your selfe, or so) I could not extend thus farre.

MAT. O Lord, sir, I resolue so.

BOB. I confesse,I loue a cleanely and quiet priuacy,aboue all the tumult, and roare of fortune. What new booke ha' you there? What! *Goe by,* HIERONYMO !

MAT. I, did you euer see it acted ? is't not well pend ?

BOB. Well pend ? I would faine see all the *Poets*, of these times, pen such another play as that was ! they'll prate and swagger,and keepe a stir of arte and deuices, when (as I am a gentleman) reade'hem, they are the most shallow , pittifull, barren fellowes , that liue vpon the face of the earth, againe !

MAT. Indeed , here are a number of fine speeches in this booke ! *O eyes,no eyes,but fountaynes fraught with teares!* There's a conceit! fountaines fraught with teares ! *O life, no life, but liuely forme of death* ! Another ! *O world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs*! A third! *Confus'd and fil'd with murder, and misdeeds* ! A fourth ! O, the *Muses* ! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that euer you heard,Captayne? Ha ? How doe you like it?

BOB. 'Tis good.

MAT. *To thee, the purest obiect to my sense,*
The most refined essence heauen couers,
Send I these lines, wherein I doe commence
The happy state of turtle-billing louers.
If they proue rough, vn-polish't, harsh, and rude,
Hast made the wast. Thus, mildly, I conclude.

Bobadill is making him ready all this while.

BOB. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this ?

MAT. This, sir ? a toy o'mine owne, in my nonage : the infancy of my *Muses !* But , when will you come and see my studie ? good faith, I can shew you some very good things , I haue done of late——That boot becomes your legge, passing well , Captayne, me thinkes !

BOB. So, so, It's the fashion, gentlemen now vse.

MAT. Troth, Captayne , an' now you speake o' the fashion, master WELL-BRED's elder brother, and I,are fall'n out exceedingly : this other day,I hapned to enter into some discourse of a hanger,which I assure you, both for fashion, and worke-man-ship, was most peremptory-beautifull, and

and gentleman-like ! Yet, he condemn'd, and cry'd it downe, for the most pyed, and ridiculous that euer he saw.

BOB. Squire DOWNE-RIGHT ? the halfe brother ? was't not ?

MAT. I sir, he.

BOB. Hang him, rooke, he ! why, he has no more iudgement then a malt-horse. By S. GEORGE, I wonder youl'd loose a thought vpon such an animal : the most peremptory absurd clowne of *christendome*, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier, I ne're chang'd wordes, with his like. By his discourse, he should eate nothing but hay. He was borne for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle ! He ha's not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rustie prouerbes ! a good commoditie for some smith, to make hob-nailes of.

MAT. I, and he thinks to carry it away with his man-hood still, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the *bastinado*, as I heare.

BOB. How ! He the *bastinado* ! how came he by that word, trow ?

MAT. Nay, indeed, he said cudgell me ; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

BOB. That may bee : For I was sure, it was none of his word. But, when ? when said he so?

MAT. Faith, yesterday, they say : a young gallant, a friend of mine told me so.

BOB. By the foot of PHARAOH, and't were my case now, I should send him a *chartel*, presently. The *bastinado !* A most proper, and sufficient *dependance*, warranted by the great CARANZA. Come hither. You shall *chartel* him. I'll shew you a trick, or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure : the first *stoccata*, if you will, by this ayre.

MAT. Indeed, you haue absolutè knowledge i' the mysterie, I haue heard, sir.

BOB. Of whom ? Of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you ?

MAT. Troth, I haue heard it spoken of diuers, that you haue very rare, and vn-in-one-breath-vtter-able skill, sir.

BOB. By heauen, no, not I ; no skill i' the earth : some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I haue profest it more for noblemen, and gentlemens vse, then mine owne practise, I assure you. Hostesse, accommodate vs with another bed-staffe here, quickly : Lend vs another bed-staffe. The woman do's not vnderstand the wordes of *Action*. Looke you, sir. Exalt not your point aboue this state, at any hand, and let your poynard maintayne your defence, thus : (giue it the gentleman, and leaue vs) so, sir. Come on : O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet comely gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keepe your due proportion of time—— Oh, you disorder your point, most irregularly !

MAT. How is the bearing of it, now, sir ?

BOB. O, out of measure ill ! A well-experienc'd hand would passe vpon you, at pleasure.

MAT. How meane you, sir, passe vpon me?

BOB. Why,thus sir (make a thrust at me) come in,vpon the answere, controll your point, and make a full carreere, at the body. The best-practis'd gallants of the time, name it the *passada* : a most desperate thrust, beleeue it!

MAT. Well, come, sir.

BOB. Why, you doe not manage your weapon with any facilitie, or grace to inuite mee : I haue no spirit to play with you. Your dearth of iudgement renders you tedious.

MAT. But one *venue*, sir.

BOB. *Venue!* Fie. Most grosse denomination,as euer I heard. O,the *stoccata*, while you liue, sir. Note that. Come, put on your cloke, and wee'll goe to some priuate place,where you are acquainted,some tauerne, or so—and haue a bit—Ile send for one of these Fencers, and hee shall breath you, by my direction; and, then, I will teach you your tricke. You shall kill him with it, at the first, if you please. Why, I will learne you, by the true iudgement of the eye, hand, and foot, to controll any enemies point i'the world. Should your aduersarie confront you with a pistoll,'twere nothing,by this hand,you should,by the same rule,controll his bullet, in a line : except it were hayle-shot, and spred. What money ha' you about you, Mr. MATTHEW?

MAT. Faith, I ha'not past a two shillings, or so.

BOB. 'Tis somewhat with the least: but,come.We will haue a bunch of redish,and salt,to tast our wine ; and a pipe of *tabacco*,to close the orifice of the stomach : and then, wee'll call vpon yong WEL-BRED. Perhaps wee shall meet the CORIDON, his brother, there : and put him to the question.

Act II. *Scene* I.

KITELY, CASH, DOWNE-RIGHT.

THOMAS, Come hither,
There lyes a note, within vpon my deske,
Here, take my key : It is no matter,neither.
Where is the Boy? CAS. Within, sir, i'the ware-house.
KIT. Let him tell ouer, straight, that *Spanish* gold,
And weigh it, with th'pieces of eight. Doe you
See the deliuery of those siluer stuffes,
To Mr. LVCAR. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha'the grogan's, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the *Exchange*, anon.
CAS. Good, sir.
KIT. Doe you see that fellow, brother DOWNE-RIGHT?
DOW. I, what of him?
KIT. He is a iewell, brother.

I tooke

I tooke him of a child, vp, at my dore,
And christned him, gaue him mine owne name, THOMAS,
Since bred him at the Hospitall; where prouing
A toward impe, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I haue made him my Cashier,
And giu'n him, who had none, a surname, CASH:
And find him, in his place so full of faith,
That, I durst trust my life into his hands.
DOW. So, would not I in any bastards, brother,
As, it is like, he is: although I knew
My selfe his father. But you said yo'had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?
KIT. Faith, I am very loath,to vtter it,
As fearing, it may hurt your patience:
But, that I know, your iudgement is of strength,
Against the neerenesse of affection———
DOW. What need this circumstance? pray you be direct.
KIT. I will not say, how much I doe ascribe
Vnto your friendship; nor, in what regard
I hold your loue: but, let my past behauiour,
And vsage of your sister, but confirme
How well I'aue beene affected to your———
DOW. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.
KIT. Then (without further ceremonie) thus.
My brother WELL-BRED, sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne're trust me, if I were not proud of him:
Me thought he bare himselfe in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetnesse in his carriage,
And (what was chiefe) it shew'd not borrowed in him,
But all he did, became him as his owne,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest
As breath, with life, or colour, with the bloud.
But, now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected,and depriu'd of grace,
And he himselfe withall so farre falne off
From that first place, as scarse no note remaines,
To tell mens iudgements where he lately stood.
Hee's growne a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetfull of his friends, and not content
To stale himselfe in all societies,
He makes my house here common, as a *Mart*,
A *Theater*, a publike receptacle

For

For giddie humour, and diseased riot;
And here (as in a tauerne, or a stewes)
He, and his wild associates, spend their houres,
In repetition of lasciuious iests,
Sweare, leape, drinke, dance, and reuell night by night,
Controll my seruants: and indeed what not?

DOW. 'Sdeynes, I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole world! He values me, at a crackt three-farthings, for ought I see: It will neuer out o'the flesh that's bred i' the bone! I haue told him inough, one would thinke, if that would serue: But, counsell to him, is as good, as a shoulder of mutton to a sicke horse. Well! he knowes what to trust to, for GEORGE. Let him spend, and spend, and domineere, till his heart ake; an' hee thinke to bee relieu'd by me, when he is got into one o'your citie pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong sow by the eare, ifaith: and claps his dish at the wrong mans dore. I'le lay my hand o' my halfe-peny, e're I part with't, to fetch him out, I'le assure him.

KIT. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you, thus.

DOW. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eate my very spur-lethers, for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why doe not you speake to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

KIT. O, there are diuers reasons to disswade, brother.
But, would your selfe vouchsafe to trauaile in it,
(Though but with plaine, and easie circumstance)
It would, both come much better to his sense,
And sauour lesse of stomack, or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both giues, and warrants you authoritie;
Which (by your presence seconded) must breed
A kinde of dutie in him, and regard:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but adde contempt, to his neglect,
Heape worse on ill, make vp a pile of hatred
That, in the rearing, would come tottring downe,
And, in the ruine, burie all our loue.
Nay, more then this, brother, if I should speake
He would be readie from his heate of humor,
And ouer-flowing of the vapour, in him,
To blow the eares of his familiars,
With the false breath, of telling, what disgraces,
And low disparadgments, I had put vpon him.
Whilst they, sir, to relieue him, in the fable,
Make their loose comments, vpon euery word,
Gesture, or looke, I vse; mocke me all ouer,
From my flat cap, vnto my shining shooes:
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,

Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, thinke you ? mary, this.
They would giue out (because my wife is faire,
My selfe but lately married, and my sister
Here soiourning a virgin in my house)
That I were iealous ! nay, as sure as death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purposely, thereby to finde
An apt pretext, to banish them my house.

DOW. Masse perhaps so : They'are like inough to doe it.

KIT. Brother, they would, beleeue it : so should I
(Like one of these penurious quack-saluers)
But set the bills vp, to mine owne disgrace,
And trie experiments vpon my selfe :
Lend scorne and enuie, oportunitie,
To stab my reputation, and good name———

Act II. *Scene* II.

MATTHEW, BOBADIL, DOWNE-RIGHT, KITELY.

I Will speake to him———

BOB. Speake to him? away,by the foot of PHARAOH, you shall not, you shall not doe him that grace. The time of day, to you, Gentleman o'the house. Is Mr. WELL-BRED stirring ?

DOW. How then ? what should he doe ?

BOB. Gentleman of the house, it is to you : is he within, sir ?

KIT. He came not to his lodging to night sir, I assure you.

DOW. Why, doe you heare ? you.

BOB. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied mee, Ile talke to no scauenger.

DOW. How, scauenger ? stay sir, stay ?

KIT. Nay, brother DOWNE-RIGHT.

DOW. 'Heart ! stand you away, and you loue me.

KIT. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother,
Good faith you shall not : I will ouer-rule you.

DOW. Ha ? scauenger ? well, goe to, I say little: but, by this good day (god forgiue me I should sweare) if I put it vp so, say, I am the rankest cow,that euer pist. 'Sdeynes,and I swallow this,Ile ne're draw my sword in the sight of *Fleet-street* againe, while I liue ; Ile sit in a barne, with Madge-howlet,and catch mice first.Scauenger? 'Heart,and Ile goe neere to fill that huge tumbrell-slop of yours, with somewhat, and I haue good lucke : your GARAGANTVA breech cannot carry it away so.

KIT. Oh doe not fret your selfe thus, neuer thinke on't.

DOW.

DOW. These are my brothers consorts, these! these are his *Cam'rades*, his walking mates! hee's a gallant, a *Caualiero* too, right hang-man cut! Let me not liue, and I could not finde in my heart to swinge the whole ging of 'hem, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieu'd, it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Wel, as he brewes, so he shall drinke, for GEORGE, againe. Yet, he shall heare on't, and that tightly too, and I liue, Ifaith.

KIT. But, brother, let your reprehension (then)
Runne in an easie current, not ore-high
Carried with rashnesse, or deuouring choller;
But rather vse the soft perswading way,
Whose powers will worke more gently, and compose
Th'imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaime:
More winning, then enforcing the consent.

Bell rings. DOW. I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

KIT. How now? oh, the bell rings to breakefast.
Brother, I pray you goe in, and beare my wife
Companie, till I come; Ile but giue order
For some dispatch of businesse, to my seruants——

To them.

Act II. *Scene* III.

KITELY, COB, DAME KITELY.

WHat, COB? our maides will haue you by the back (Ifaith)
For comming so late this morning.

COB. Perhaps so, sir, take heed some body haue not them by the belly, for walking so late in the euening.

He passes by with his tankard.

KIT. Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,
Though not repos'd in that securitie,
As I could wish: But, I must be content.
How e're I set a face on't to the world,
Would I had lost this finger, at a venter,
So WELL-BRED had ne're lodg'd within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and yong reuellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
I'st like, that factious beautie will preserue
The publike weale of chastitie, vn-shaken,
When such strong motiues muster, and make head
Against her single peace? no, no. Beware,
When mutuall appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kinde, and qualitie,
Come once to parlee, in the pride of bluod:
It is no slow conspiracie, that followes.

Well

Well (to be plaine) if I but thought, the time
Had answer'd their affections : all the world
Should not perswade me, but I were a cuckold.
Mary, I hope, they ha'not got that start :
For oportunitie hath balkt 'hem yet,
And shall doe still, while I haue eyes, and eares
To attend the impositions of my heart.
My presence shall be as an iron barre,
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
Yea, euery looke, or glance, mine eye eiects,
Shall checke occasion, as one doth his slaue,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

DAME. Sister BRIDGET, pray you fetch downe the rose-water aboue in the closet. Sweet heart, will you come in, to breakefast.

KITE. An'shee haue ouer-heard me now?

DAME. I pray thee (good MVSSE) we stay for you.

KITE. By heauen I would not for a thousand angells.

DAME. What aile you sweet heart, are you not well, speake good MVSSE.

KITE. Troth my head akes extremely, on a sudden.

DAME. Oh, the lord!

KITE. How now? what?

DAME. Alas, how it burnes? MVSSE, keepe you warme, good truth it is this new disease! there's a number are troubled withall! for loues sake, sweet heart, come in, out of the aire.

KITE. How simple, and how subtill are her answeres?
A new disease, and many troubled with it!
Why, true: shee heard me, all the world to nothing.

DAME. I pray thee, good sweet heart, come in; the aire will doe you harme in, troth.

KITE. The aire! shee has me i'the wind! sweet heart!
Ile come to you presently: 't will away, I hope.

DOW. Pray heauen it doe.

KITE. A new disease? I know not, new, or old,
But it may well be call'd poore mortalls plague :
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the braine. First, it begins
Solely to worke vpon the phantasie,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,
As soone corrupts the iudgement; and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memorie :
Still each to other giuing the infection.
Which, as a subtle vapor, spreads it selfe,
Confusedly, through euery sensiue part,
Till not a thought, or motion, in the mind,

Be free from the blacke poyson of suspect.
Ah, but what miserie' is it, to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mindes erection,
In such extremes? Well, I will once more striue,
(In spight of this black cloud) my selfe to be,
And shake the feauer off, that thus shakes me.

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

BRAYNE-WORME, ED. KNO'WELL, Mr. STEPHEN.

'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh, to see my selfe translated thus, from a poore creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lyes, or my present profession looses the grace: and yet the lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the *Fico*. O sir, it holds for good politie euer, to haue that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most deare to vs. So much, for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my yong, drie foot, ouer *More-fields*, to *London*, this morning: now I, knowing, of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracie, and to insinuate with my yong master (for so must we that are blew-waiters, and men of hope and seruice doe, or perhaps wee may weare motley at the yeeres end, and who weares motley, you know) haue got me afore, in this disguise, determining here to lye in *ambuscado*, and intercept him, in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing, to cut him off, that is, to stay his iourney, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captayne CAESAR, I am made for euer, ifaith. Well, now must I practice to get the true garb of one of these *Lance-knights*, my arme here, and my--yong master! and his cousin, Mr. STEPHEN, as I am true counterfeit man of warre, and no souldier!

E. KN. So sir, and how then, couss?

STEP. 'Sfoot, I haue lost my purse, I thinke.

E. KN. How? lost your purse? where? when had you it?

STEP. I cannot tell, stay.

BRAY. 'Slid, I am afeard, they will know mee, would I could get by them.

E. KN. What? ha' you it?

STEP. No, I thinke I was bewitcht, I———

E. KN. Nay, doe not weepe the losse, hang it, let it goe.

STEP. Oh, it's here: no, and it had beene lost, I had not car'd, but for a iet ring mistris MARY sent me.

E. KN. A iet ring? oh, the *poesie*, the *poesie?*

STEP. Fine, ifaith! *Though fancie sleep, my loue is deepe*. Meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet shee loued me dearely.

E. KN. Most excellent!

STEP.

STEP. And then, I sent her another, and my *poesie* was: *The deeper, the sweeter, Ile be iudg'd by* St. PETER.

E. KN. How, by St. PETER? I doe not conceiue that!

STEP. Mary, St. PETER, to make vp the meeter.

E. KN. Well, there the Saint was your good patron, hee help't you at your need: thanke him, thanke him.

He is come back.

BRAY. I cannot take leaue on'hem, so: I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, please you change a few crownes, for a very excellent good blade, here? I am a poore gentleman, a souldier, one that (in the better state of my fortunes) scorn'd so meane a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessitie, to haue it so. You seeme to be gentlemen, well affected to martiall men, else I should rather die with silence, then liue with shame: how euer, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speakes, not my selfe. This condition agrees not with my spirit———

E. KN. Where hast thou seru'd?

BRAY. May it please you, sir, in all the late warres of *Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland*, where not, sir? I haue beene a poore seruitor, by sea and land, any time this fourteene yeeres, and follow'd the fortunes of the best Commanders in *christendome*. I was twice shot at the taking of *Alepo*, once at the reliefe of *Vienna*; I haue beene at *Marseilles*, *Naples*, and the *Adriatique* gulfe, a gentleman-slaue in the galleys, thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maym'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scarres, the noted markes of my resolution.

STEP. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

BRAY. Generous sir, I referre it to your owne iudgement; you are a gentleman, giue me what you please.

STEP. True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend: but what though? I pray you say, what would you aske?

BRAY. I assure you, the blade may become the side, or thigh of the best prince, in *Europe*.

E. KN. I, with a veluet scabberd, I thinke.

STEP. Nay, and't be mine, it shall haue a veluet scabberd, Couss, that's flat: I'de not weare it as 'tis, and you would giue me an angell.

BRAY. At your worships pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure *Toledo*.

STEP. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*! but tell me, what shall I giue you for it? An'it had a siluer hilt———

E. KN. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling fellow, take thy rapier.

STEP. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's another shilling, fellow. I scorne to be out-bidden. What, shall I walke with a cudgell, like *Higgin-Bottom?* and may haue a rapier, for money?

E. KN. You may buy one in the citie.

STEP. Tut, Ile buy this i'the field, so I will, I haue a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. KN. You shall not buy it, I say.

STEP. By this money, but I will, though I giue more then 'tis worth.

E. KN. Come away, you are a foole.

STEP. Friend, I am a foole, that's granted : but Ile haue it, for that words sake. Follow me, for your money.

BRAY. At your seruice, sir.

Act II. *Scene* V.

KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

I Cannot loose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my sonne : not leaue t'admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth,
Within the kingdome, since my selfe was one.
When I was yong, he liu'd not in the stewes,
Durst haue conceiu'd a scorne, and vtter'd it,
On a grey head ; age was authoritie
Against a buffon : and a man had, then,
A certaine reuerence pai'd vnto his yeeres,
That had none due vnto his life. So much
The sanctitie of some preuail'd, for others.
But, now, we all are fall'n ; youth, from their feare :
And age, from that, which bred it, good example.
Nay, would our selues were not the first, euen parents,
That did destroy the hopes, in our owne children :
Or they not learn'd our vices, in their cradles,
And suck'd in our ill customes, with their milke.
Ere all their teeth be borne, or they can speake,
We make their palats cunning ! The first wordes,
We forme their tongues with, are licentious iests !
Can it call, whore ? crie, bastard ? ô, then, kisse it,
A wittie child ! Can't sweare ? The fathers dearling !
Giue it two plums. Nay, rather then 't shall learne
No bawdie song, the mother'her selfe will teach it !
But, this is in the infancie ; the dayes
Of the long coate : when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. I, it is like :
When it is gone into the bone alreadie.
No, no : This die goes deeper then the coate,
Or shirt, or skin. It staines, vnto the liuer,
And heart, in some. And, rather, then it should not,
Note, what we fathers doe ! Looke, how we liue !
What mistresses we keepe ! at what expense,
In our sonnes eyes ! where they may handle our gifts,

Heare

Heare our lasciuious courtships, see our dalliance,
Tast of the same prouoking meates, with vs,
To ruine of our states ! Nay, when our owne
Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice !
Baite 'hem with the yong chamber-maid, to seale !
And teach 'hem all bad wayes, to buy affiction !
This is one path ! but there are millions more,
In which we spoile our owne, with leading them.
Well, I thanke heauen, I neuer yet was he,
That trauail'd with my sonne, before sixteene,
To shew him, the *Venetian cortezans*.
Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made
To my sharpe boy, at twelue : repeating still
The rule, *Get money ; still, Get money, Boy ;*
No matter, by what meanes ; Money will doe
More, Boy, then my Lords letter. Neither haue I
Drest snailes, or mushromes curiously before him,
Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem ;
Preceding still, with my grey gluttonie,
At all the ordinaries: and only fear'd
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers, now ! how euer
My sonne, I hope, hath met within my threshold,
None of these houshold precedents ; which are strong,
And swift, to rape youth, to their precipice.
But, let the house at home be nere so cleane-
Swept, or kept sweet from filth ; nay, dust, and cob-webs :
If he will liue, abroad, with his companions,
In dung, and leystalls ; it is worth a feare.
Nor is the danger of conuersing lesse,
Then all that I haue mention'd of example.

BRAY. My master ? nay,faith haue at you: I am flesht now, I haue sped so well. Worshipfull sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poore souldier ; I am asham'd of this base course of life (god's my comfort) but extremitie prouokes me to't, what remedie ?

KNO. I haue not for you, now.

BRAY. By the faith I beare vnto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinarie custome in me, but only to preserue manhood. I protest to you, a man I haue beene, a man I may be, by your sweet bountie.

KNO. 'Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

BRAY. Good sir, by that hand, you may doe the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poore souldier the price of two cannes of beere (a matter of small value) the king of heauen shall pay you,and I shall rest thankfull : sweet worship——

KNO. Nay, and you be so importunate———

BRAY. Oh, tender sir, need will haue his course: I was not made to this vile vse! well, the edge of the enemie could not haue abated mee so much: It's hard when a man hath seru'd in his Princes cause, and be thus-- *Hee weepes.*
Honorable worship, let me deriue a small piece of siluer from you, it shall not bee giuen in the course of time, by this good ground, I was faine to pawne my rapier last night for a poore supper, I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: sweet honor.

KNO. Beleeue me, I am taken with some wonder,
To thinke, a fellow of thy outward presence
Should (in the frame, and fashion of his mind)
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base!
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a seruile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne're so meane,
Hauing thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselues, to thy election.
Either the warres might still supply thy wants,
Or seruice of some vertuous gentleman,
Or honest labour: nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better then to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle, on the dung shee breeds in,
Not caring how the mettall of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idlenesse.
Now, afore me, what e're he be, that should
Relieue a person of thy qualitie,
While thou insist's in this loose desperate course,
I would esteeme the sinne, not thine, but his.

BRAY. Faith sir, I would gladly finde some other course, if so——

KNO. I, you'ld gladly finde it, but you will not seeke it.

BRAY. Alas sir, where should a man seeke? in the warres, there's no ascent by desert in these dayes, but—— and for seruice, would it were as soone purchast, as wisht for (the ayre's my comfort) I know, what I would say———

KNO. What's thy name?

BRAY. Please you, FITZ-SWORD, sir.

KNO. FITZ-SWORD?
Say, that a man should entertayne thee now,
Would'st thou be honest, humble, iust, and true?

BRAY. Sir, by the place, and honor of a souldier———

KNO. Nay, nay, I like not those affected othes;
Speake plainely man: what think'st thou of my wordes?

BRAY. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my seruice should be honest.

KNO.

KNO. Well, follow me, Ile proue thee, if thy deedes
Will carry a proportion to thy words.

BRAY. Yes sir, straight, Ile but garter my hose. Oh that my belly were hoopt now, for I am readie to burst with laughing! neuer was bottle, or bag-pipe fuller. S'lid, was there euer seene a foxe in yeeres to betray himselfe thus? now shall I be possest of all his counsells: and, by that conduit, my yong master. Well, hee is resolu'd to proue my honestie; faith, and I am resolu'd to proue his patience: oh I shall abuse him intollerably. This small piece of seruice, will bring him cleane out of loue with the souldier, for euer. He will neuer come within the signe of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest againe. Hee will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world thinke me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot giue him the slip, at an instant: why, this is better then to haue staid his iourney! well, Ile follow him: oh, how I long to bee imployed.

Act III. *Scene* I.

MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, BOBADILL, ED. KNO'WELL, STEPHEN.

YEs faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seeke you, too.

WEL. Oh, I came not there to night.

BOB. Your brother deliuered vs as much.

WEL. Who? my brother DOWNE-RIGHT?

BOB. He. Mr. WELL-BRED, I know not in what kind you hold me, but let me say to you this: as sure as honor, I esteeme it so much out of the sunne-shine of reputation, to through the least beame of reguard, vpon such a———

WEL. Sir, I must heare no ill wordes of my brother.

BOB. I, protest to you, as I haue a thing to be sau'd about me, I neuer saw any gentleman-like part———

WEL. Good Captayne, *faces about*, to some other discourse.'

BOB. With your leaue, sir, and there were no more men liuing vpon the face of the earth, I should not fancie him, by S. GEORGE.

MAT. Troth, nor I, he is of a rusticall cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himselfe like a gentleman of fashion——

WEL. Oh, Mr. MATTHEW, that's a grace peculiar but to a few; *quos æquus amauit* IVPITER.

MAT. I vnderstand you sir.

WEL. No question, you doe, or you doe not, sir. NED KNO'WELL! *Yong Kno'well enters.* by my soule welcome; how doest thou sweet spirit, my *Genius?* S'lid I shall loue APOLLO, and the mad *Thespian* girles the better, while I liue, for this; my deare *furie*: now, I see there's some loue in thee! Sirra, these bee the two I writ to thee of (nay, what a drowsie humour is this now? why doest thou not speake?)

E. KN. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

WEL. Why, was't not rare?

E. KN. Yes, Ile bee sworne, I was ne're guiltie of reading the like; match it in all PLINIE, or SYMMACHVS epistles, and Ile haue my iudgement burn'd in the eare for a rogue: make much of thy vaine, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camell it was, that had the carriage of it? for doubtlesse, he was no ordinarie beast, that brought it!

WEL. Why?

E. KN. Why, saiest thou? why doest thou thinke that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too) could haue mis-tane my father for me?

WEL. S'lid, you iest, I hope?

E. KN. Indeed, the best vse wee can turne it too, is to make a iest on't, now: but Ile assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing stile, some houre before I saw it.

WEL. What a dull slaue was this? But, sirrah, what said hee to it, Ifaith?

E. KN. Nay, I know not what he said: but I haue a shrewd gesse what hee thought.

WEL. What? what?

E. KN. Mary, that thou art some strange dissolute yong fellow, and I a graine or two better, for keeping thee companie.

WEL. Tut, that thought is like the moone in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrha, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's, here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'hem if thou hear'st 'hem once goe: my wind-instruments. Ile wind 'hem vp—— but what strange piece of silence is this? the signe of the dumbe man?

E. KN. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your musique the fuller, and he please, he has his humour, sir.

WEL. Oh, what ist? what ist?

E. KN. Nay, Ile neither doe your iudgement, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: Ile leaue him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him, so.

WEL. Well, Captaine BOBADILL, M^r. MATTHEW, pray you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserue your affection. I know not your name sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion, to render me more familiar to you

To Master Stephen.

STEP. My name is M^r. STEPHEN, sir, I am this gentlemans owne cousin, sir, his father is mine vncle, sir, I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoeuer is incident to a gentleman.

To Kno'well.

BOB. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no generall man, but for M^r. WELBRED's sake (you may embrace it, at what height of fauour you please) I doe communicate with you: and conceiue you, to bee a gentleman of some parts, I loue few wordes.

E. KN. And I fewer, sir. I haue scarce inow, to thanke you.

MAT.

MAT. But are you indeed. Sir? so giuen to it? *To Master Stephen.*

STEP. I, truely, sir, I am mightily giuen to melancholy.

MAT. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy, breeds your perfect fine wit, sir: I am melancholy my selfe diuers times, sir, and then doe I no more but take pen, and paper presently, and ouer-flow you halfe a score, or a dozen of sonnets, at a sitting.

(E. KN. Sure, he vtters them then, by the grosse.)

STEP. Truely sir, and I loue such things, out of measure.

E. KN. I faith, better then in measure, Ile vnder-take.

MAT. Why, I pray you, sir, make vse of my studie, it's at your seruice.

STEP. I thanke you sir, I shall bee bold, I warrant you; haue you a stoole there, to be melancholy' vpon?

MAT. That I haue, sir, and some papers there of mine owne doing, at idle houres, that you'le say there's some sparkes of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

WEL. Would the sparkes would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'hem, I might see selfe-loue burn't for her heresie.

STEP. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy inough?

E. KN. Oh I, excellent!

WEL. Captaine BOBADILL: why muse you so?

E. KN. He is melancholy, too.

BOB. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of seruice, was perform'd to morrow, being S^t. MARKES day: shall bee some ten yeeres, now?

E. KN. In what place, Captaine?

BOB. Why, at the beleag'ring of *Strigonium*, where, in lesse then two houres, seuen hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, lost their liues vpon the breach. Ile tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure, that euer I beheld, with these eies, except the taking in of—what doe you call it, last yeere, by the *Genowayes*, but that (of all other) was the most fatall, and dangerous exploit, that euer I was rang'd in, since I first bore armes before the face of the enemie, as I am a gentleman, & souldier.

STEP. 'So, I had as liefe, as an angell, I could sweare as well as that gentleman!

E. KN. Then, you were a seruitor, at both it seemes! at *Strigonium*? and what doe you call't?

BOB. Oh lord, sir? by S. GEORGE, I was the first man, that entred the breach: and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had beene slaine, if I had had a million of liues.

E. KN. 'Twas pittie, you had not ten; a cats, and your owne, ifaith. But, was it possible?

(MAT. 'Pray you, marke this discourse, sir.

STEP. So, I doe.)

BOB. I assure you (vpon my reputation), 'tis true, and your selfe shall confesse.

E. KN.

E. KN. You must bring me to the racke, first.

BOB. Obserue me iudicially, sweet sir, they had planted mee three demi-culuerings, iust in the mouth of the breach; now, sir (as we were to giue on) their master gunner (a man of no meane skill, and marke, you must thinke) confronts me with his linstock, readie to giue fire; I spying his intendment, discharg'd my petrionel in his bosome, and with these single armes, my poore rapier, ranne violently, vpon the *Moores*, that guarded the ordinance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

WEL. To the sword? to the rapier, Captaine?

E. KN. Oh, it was a good figure obseru'd, sir! but did you all this, Captaine, without hurting your blade.

BOB. Without any impeach, o' the earth: you shall perceiue sir. It is the most fortunate weapon, that euer rid on poore gentlemans thigh: shal I tell you, sir? you talke of *Morglay*, *Excalibur*, *Durindana*, or so? tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem, I know the vertue of mine owne, and therefore I dare, the boldlier, maintaine it.

STEP. I mar'le whether it be a *Toledo*, or no?

BOB. A most perfect *Toledo*, I assure you, sir.

STEP. I haue a countriman of his, here.

MAT. Pray you, let's see, sir: yes faith, it is!

BOB. This a *Toledo*? pish.

STEP. Why doe you pish, Captaine?

BOB. A *Fleming*, by heauen, Ile buy them for a guilder, a piece, an' I would haue a thousand of them.

E. KN. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much?

WEL. Where bought you it, Mr. STEPHEN?

STEP. Of a scuruie rogue souldier (a hundred of lice goe with him) he swore it was a *Toledo*.

BOB. A poore prouant rapier, no better.

MAT. Masse, I thinke it be, indeed! now I looke on't, better.

E. KN. Nay, the longer you looke on't, the worse. Put it vp, put it vp.

STEP. Well, I will put it vp, but by—(I ha' forgot the Captaynes oath, I thought to ha' sworne by it) an' ere I meet him———

WEL. O, it is past helpe now, sir, you must haue patience.

STEP. Horson connie-catching raskall! I could eate the very hilts for anger!

E. KN. A signe of good digestion! you haue an ostrich stomack, cousin.

STEP. A stomack? would I had him here, you should see, an' I had a stomack.

WEL. It's better as 'tis: come, gentlemen, shall we goe?

Act III. *Scene* II.

E. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, STEPHEN, WELL-BRED, BOBADILL, MATTHEW.

A Miracle, cousin, looke here! looke here!

STEP. Oh, gods lid, by your leaue, doe you know me, sir?

BRAY. I sir, I know you, by sight.

STEP. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

BRAY. Yes, marie, did I sir.

STEP. You said, it was a *Toledo*, ha?

BRAY. True, I did so.

STEP. But, it is none?

BRAY. No sir, I confesse it, it is none.

STEP. Doe you confesse it? gentlemen, beare witnesse, he has confest it. By gods will, and you had not confest it———

E. KN. Oh cousin, forbeare, forbeare.

STEP. Nay, I haue done, cousin.

WEL. Why you haue done like a gentleman, he ha's confest it, what would you more?

STEP. Yet, by his leaue, he is a raskall, vnder his fauour, doe you see?

E. KN. I, by his leaue, he is, and vnder fauour: a prettie piece of ciuilitie! Sirra, how doest thou like him?

WEL. Oh, it's a most pretious foole, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, then a drumme; for euery one may play vpon him.

E. KN. No, no, a childes whistle were farre the fitter.

BRAY. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

E. KN. With me, sir? you haue not another *Toledo* to sell, ha' you?

BRAY. You are conceipted, sir, your name is Mr. KNO'WELL, as I take it?

E. KN. You are, i' the right? you meane not to proceede in the catechisme, doe you?

BRAY. No sir, I am none of that coat.

E. KN. Of as bare a coat, though? well, say sir.

BRAY. Faith sir, I am but seruant to the drum extraordinarie, and indeed (this smokie varnish being washt off, and three or foure patches remou'd) I appeare your worships in reuersion, after the decease of your good father, BRAYNE-WORME.

E. KN. BRAYNE-WORME! S'light, what breath of a coniurer, hath blowne thee hither in this shape.

BRAY. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning: the same that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kn. My father?

Bray. Nay, neuer start, 'tis true, he has follow'd you ouer the field's, by the foot, as you would doe a hare i' the snow.

E. Kn. Sirra, Wel-bred, what shall we doe, sirra? my father is come ouer, after me.

Wel. Thy father? where is he?

Bray. At Iustice Clements house here, in *Colman*-street, where he but staies my returne; and then———

Wel. Who's this? Brayne-worme?

Bray. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, i' the name of wit, com'st thou trans-muted, thus?

Bray. Faith, a deuise, a deuise: nay, for the loue of reason, gentlemen, and auoiding the danger, stand not here, withdraw, and Ile tell you all.

Wel. But, art thou sure, he will stay thy returne?

Bray. Doe I liue, sir? what a question is that?

Wel. Wee'le prorogue his expectation then, a little: Brayne-worme, thou shalt goe with vs. Come on, gentlemen, nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droope not: 'heart, and our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding braine can out-strip vs all, would we were eene prest, to make porters of; and serue out the remnant of our daies, in *Thames*-street, or at *Custome*-house key, in a ciuill warre, against the car-men.

Bray. Amen, Amen, Amen, say I.

Act III. *Scene* III.

Kitely, Cash.

WHat saies he, Thomas? Did you speake with him?

Cas. He will expect you, sir, within this halfe houre.

Kit. Has he the money readie, can you tell?

Cas. Yes, sir, the money was brought in, last night.

Kit. O, that's well: fetch me my cloke, my cloke.
Stay, let me see, an houre, to goe and come;
I, that will be the least: and then 'twill be
An houre, before I can dispatch with him;
Or very neere: well, I will say two houres.
Two houres? ha? things, neuer dreamt of yet,
May be contriu'd, I, and effected too,
In two houres absence: well, I will not goe.
Two houres; no, fleering oportunitie,
I will not giue your subtiltie that scope.
Who will not iudge him worthie to be rob'd,
That sets his doores wide open to a thiefe,
And shewes the fellon, where his treasure lies?
Againe, what earthie spirit but will attempt

To

To the taste fruit of beauties golden tree,
When leaden sleepe seales vp the Dragons eyes?
I will not goe. Businesse, goe by, for once.
No beautie, no; you are of too good caract,
To be left so, without a guard, or open!
Your lustre too'll enflame, at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a iet doth strawes,
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leape you, with his burden!
You must be then kept vp, close, and well-watch'd,
For, giue you oportunitie, no quick-sand
Deuoures, or swallowes swifter! He that lends
His wife (if shee be faire) or time, or place;
Compells her to be false. I will not goe.
The dangers are to many. And, then, the dressing
Is a most mayne attractiue! Our great heads,
Within the citie, neuer were in safetie,
Since our wiues wore these little caps: Ile change'hem,
Ile change'hem, streight, in mine. Mine shall no more
Weare three-pild akornes, to make my hornes ake.
Nor, will I goe. I am resolu'd for that.
Carry'in my cloke againe. Yet, stay. Yet, doe too.
I will deferre going, on all occasions.

CASH. Sir. SNARE, your scriuener, will be there with th'bonds.

KITE. That's true! foole on me! I had cleane forgot it,
I must goe. What's a clocke? CASH. *Exchange* time, sir.

KITE. 'Heart, then will WELL-BRED presently be here, too,
With one, or other of his loose consorts.
I am a knaue, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolue.
My braine (me thinkes) is like an houre-glasse,
Wherein, my' imaginations runne, like sands,
Filling vp time; but then are turn'd, and turn'd:
So, that I know not what to stay vpon,
And lesse, to put in act. It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build vpon his secrecie,
He knowes not to deceiue me. THOMAS? CASH. Sir.

KITE. Yetnow, I haue bethought me, too, I will not.
THOMAS, is COB within? CASH. I thinke he be, sir.

KITE. But hee'll prate too, there's no speech of him.
No, there were no man o'the earth to THOMAS,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But, should he haue a chinke in him, I were gone,
Lost i'my fame for euer: talke for th'Exchange.
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,

Doth

Doth promise no such change! what should I feare then?
Well, come what will, Ile tempt my fortune, once.
THOMAS—you may deceiue me, but, I hope———
Your loue, to me, is more—— CAS. Sir, if a seruants
Duetie, with faith, may be call'd loue, you are
More then in hope, you are possess'd of it.
KIT. I thanke you, heartily, THOMAS; Gi'me your hand:
With all my heart, good THOMAS. I haue, THOMAS,
A secret to impart, vnto you——but
When once you haue it, I must seale your lips vp:
(So farre, I tell you, THOMAS.) CAS. Sir, for that———
KIT. Nay, heare me, out. Thinke, I esteeme you, THOMAS,
When, I will let you in, thus, to my priuate.
It is a thing sits, neerer, to my crest,
Then thou art ware of, THOMAS. If thou should'st
Reueale it, but—— CAS. How? I reueale it? KIT. Nay,
I doe not thinke thou would'st; but if thou should'st:
'Twere a great weakenesse. CAS. A great trecherie.
Giue it no other name. KIT. Thou wilt not do't, then?
CAS. Sir, if I doe, mankind disclaime me, euer.
KIT. He will not sweare, he has some reseruation,
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning, sure:
Else (being vrg'd so much) how should he choose,
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
H'is no precisian, that I am certaine of.
Nor rigid *Roman*-catholike. Hee'll play,
At *Fayles*, and *Tick-tack*, I haue heard him sweare.
What should I thinke of it? vrge him againe,
And by some other way? I will doe so.
Well, THOMAS, thou hast sworne not to disclose;
Yes, you did sweare? CAS. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you—— KIT. No, THOMAS, I dare take thy word.
But; if thou wilt sweare, doe, as thou think'st good;
I am resolu'd without it; at thy pleasure.
CAS. By my soules safetie then, sir, I protest.
My tongue shall ne're take knowledge of a word,
Deliuer'd me in nature of your trust.
KIT. It's too much, these ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firme as rock.
THOMAS, come hither, neere: we cannot be
Too priuate, in this businesse. So it is,
(Now, he ha's sworne, I dare the safelier venter)
I haue of late, by diuers obseruations———
(But, whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no',
Being not taken lawfully? ha? say you?

I will

I will aske counsell, ere I doe proceed :)
THOMAS, it will be now too long to stay,
Ile spie some fitter time soone, or to morrow.
CAS. Sir, at your pleasure? KIT. I will thinke. And, THOMAS,
I pray you search the bookes 'gainst my returne,
For the receipts 'twixt me, and TRAPS. CAS. I will, sir.
KIT. And, heare you, if your mistris brother, WEL-BRED,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come backe ; let one straight bring me word.
CAS. Very well, sir. KIT. To the Exchange ; doe you heare?
Or here in *Colman*-street, to Iustice CLEMENTS.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
CAS. I will not, sir. KIT. I pray you haue a care on't.
Or whether he come, or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else, faile not to send me word.
CAS. I shall not, sir. KIT. Be't your speciall businesse
Now, to remember it. CAS. Sir. I warrant you.
KIT. But, THOMAS, this is not the secret, THOMAS,
I told you of. CAS. No, sir. I doe suppose it.
KIT. Beleeue me, it is not. CAS. Sir. I doe beleeue you.
KIT. By heauen, it is not, that's enough. But, THOMAS,
I would not, you should vtter it, doe you see?
To any creature liuing, yet, I care not.
Well, I must hence. THOMAS, conceiue thus much.
It was a tryall of you, when I meant
So deepe a secret to you, I meane not this,
But that I haue to tell you, this is nothing, this.
But, THOMAS, keepe this from my wife, I charge you,
Lock'd vp in silence, mid-night, buried here.
No greater hell, then to be slaue to feare.
CAS. Lock'd vp in silence, mid-night, buried here.
Whence should this floud of passion (trow) take head? ha?
Best, dreame no longer of this running humour,
For feare I sinke! the violence of the streame
Alreadie hath transported me so farre,
That I can feele no ground at all! but soft,
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer : somewhat ha's crost him, now.

Act III *Scene* IIII.

COB, CASH.

FAsting dayes? what tell you me of fasting dayes? S'lid, would they were all on a light fire for me: They say, the whole world shall bee consum'd with fire one day, but would I had these ember-weekes, and villanous fridayes burnt, in the meane time, and then——

CAS. Why, how now COB, what moues thee to this choller? ha?

COB. Collar, master THOMAS? I scorne your collar, I sir, I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry, and draw water. An' you offer to ride me, with your collar, or halter either, I may hap shew you a jades trick, sir.

CAS. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why, goodman COB, you mistake me.

COB. Nay, I haue my rewme, & I can be angrie as well as another, sir.

CAS. Thy rewme, COB? thy humour, thy humour? thou mistak'st.

COB. Humour? mack, I thinke it be so, indeed: what is that humour? some rare thing, I warrant.

CAS. Mary, Ile tell thee, COB: It is a gentleman-like monster, bred, in the speciall gallantrie of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

COB. How? must it be fed?

CAS. Oh I, humour is nothing, if it bee not fed. Didst thou neuer heare that? it's a common phrase, *Feed my humour.*

COB. Ile none on it: Humour, auant, I know you not, be gone. Let who will make hungrie meales for your monster-ship, it shall not bee I. Feed you, quoth he? S'lid, I ha' much adoe, to feed my selfe; especially, on these leane rascally dayes, too; and't had beene any other day, but a fasting-day (a plague on them all for mee) by this light, one might haue done the common-wealth good seruice, and haue drown'd them all i' the floud, two or three hundred thousand yeeres agoe. O, I doe stomack them hugely! I haue a maw now, and't were for Sr BEVIS his horse, against 'hem.

CAS. I pray thee, good COB, what makes thee so out of loue with fasting-dayes?

COB. Mary that, which will make any man out of loue with 'hem, I thinke: their bad conditions, and you will needs know. First, they are of a *Flemmish* breed, I am sure on't, for they rauen vp more butter, then all the dayes of the weeke, beside; next, they stinke of fish, and leeke-porridge miserably: thirdly, they'le keepe a man deuoutly hungrie, all day, and at night send him supperlesse to bed.

CAS. Indeed, these are faults, COB.

COB. Nay, and this were all, 'twere something, but they are the only knowne enemies, to my generation. A fasting-day, no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to racke, poore cobs they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maides too know this, and yet would haue me turne HANNIBAL, and eate my owne fish, and bloud: My princely couz, fear nothing; I haue not the hart to deuoure you, & I might be made as rich as King COPHETVA. O, that I had roome for my teares, I could weepe salt-water enough, now, to preserue the liues of ten thousand of my kin. But, I may curse none but these filthie *Almanacks*, for an't were not for them, these dayes of persecution would ne're be knowne. Ile bee hang'd, an' some Fish-mongers sonne doe not make of hem; and puts in more fasting-dayes then he should doe, because hee would vtter his fathers dryed stock-fish, and stinking conger.

He pulls out a red herring.

CAS. S'light, peace, thou'lt bee beaten like a stock-fish, else: here is Mr MATTHEW. Now must I looke out for a messenger to my master.

Act

Act III. *Scene* V.

WELL-BRED, ED. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, BOBADILL, MATTHEW, STEPHEN, THOMAS, COB.

BEshrew me, but it was an absolute good iest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. KNO. I, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

WEL. Yes faith, but was't possible thou should'st not know him? I forgiue Mr. STEPHEN, for he is stupiditie it selfe!

E. KN. 'Fore god, not I, and I might haue been ioyn'd patten with one of the seuen wise masters, for knowing him. He had so writhen himselfe, into the habit of one of your poore *Infanterie*, your decay'd, ruinous, worme-eaten gentlemen of the round: such as haue vowed to sit on the skirts of the citie, let your Prouost, and his halfe-dozen of halberdeirs doe what they can; and haue translated begging out of the old hackney pace, to a fine easie amble, and made it runne as smooth, of the tongue, as a shoue-groat shilling. Into the likenesse of one of these *Reformado's* had he moulded himselfe so perfectly, obseruing euery tricke of their action, as varying the accent, swearing with an *emphasis*, indeed all, with so speciall, and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seene him) thou would'st haue sworne, he might haue beene Serieant-*Maior*, if not Lieutenant-*Coronell* to the regiment.

WEL. Why, BRAYNE-WORME, who would haue thought thou hadst beene such an artificer?

E. KN. An artificer? An architect! except a man had studied begging all his life-time, and beene a weauer of language, from his infancie, for the clothing of it! I neuer saw his riuall.

WEL. Where got'st thou this coat, I marl'e?

BRAY. Of a *Hounds-ditch* man, sir. One of the deuil's neere kinsmen, a broker.

WEL. That cannot be, if the prouerbe hold; for, a craftie knaue needs no broker.

BRAY. True sir, but I did need a broker, *Ergo*.

WEL. (Well put off) no craftie knaue, you'll say.

E. KN. Tut, he ha's more of these shifts.

BRAY. And yet where I haue one, the broker ha's ten, sir,

THO. FRANCIS, MARTIN, ne're a one to be found, now? what a spite's this?

WEL. How now, THOMAS? is my brother KITELY, within?

THO. No sir, my master went forth eene now: but master DOWNE-RIGHT is within. COB, what COB? is he gone too?

WEL. VVhither went your master? THOMAS, canst thou tell?

THO. I know not, to Iustice CLEMENTS, I thinke, sir. COB.

E. KN. Iustice CLEMENT, what's he?

WEL. Why, doest thou not know him? he is a citie-magistrate, a Iustice here, an excellent good Lawyer, and a great scholler: but the onely mad, merrie, old fellow in *Europe!* I shew'd him you, the other day.

E. KN. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he ha's a very strange presence, mee thinkes; it shewes as if hee stood out of the ranke, from other men: I haue heard many of his iests i' *vniuersitie*. They say, he will commit a man, for taking the wall, of his horse.

WEL. I, or wearing his cloke of one shoulder, or seruing of god: any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Cash goes in and out calling.

CAS. GASPER, MARTIN, COB: 'heart, where should they be, trow?

BOB. Master KITELY'S man, 'pray thee vouchsafe vs the lighting of this match.

CAS. Fire on your match, no time but now to vouchsafe? FRANCIS. COB.

BOB. Bodie of me! here's the remainder of seuen pound, since yesterday was seuen-night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado*! did you neuer take any, master STEPHEN?

STEP. No trucly, sir? but I'le learne to take it now, since you commend it, so.

BOB. Sir, beleeue mee (vpon my relation) for what I tell you, the world shal not reproue. I haue been in the *Indies* (where this herb growes) where neither my selfe, nor a dozen gentlemen more (of my knowledge) haue receiued the tast of any other nutriment, in the world, for the space of one and twentie weekes, but the fume of this simple onely. Therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most diuine! Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind so, it makes an *antidote*, that (had you taken the most deadly poysonous plant in all *Italy*, it should expell it, and clarifie you, with as much ease, as I speake. And, for your greene wound, your *Balsamum*, and your St. IOHN'S *woort* are all mere gulleries, and trash to it, especially your *Trinidado*: your *Nicotian* is good too. I could say what I know of the vertue of it, for the expulsion of rhewmes, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I professe my selfe no *quack-saluer*. Only, thus much, by HERCVLES, I doe hold it, and will affirme it (before any Prince in *Europe*) to be the most soueraigne, and precious weede, that euer the earth tendred to the vse of man.

E. KN. This speech would ha' done decẽtly in a *tabacco*-traders mouth!

CAS. At Iustice CLEMENTS, hee is: in the middle of *Colman*-street.

COB. O, oh?

BOB. Where's the match I gaue thee? Master KITELIES man?

CAS. Would his match, and he, and pipe, and all were at SANCTO DOMINGO! I had forgot it.

COB. By gods mee, I marle, what pleasure, or felicitie they haue in taking this roguish *tabacco*! it's good for nothing, but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke, and embers: there were foure dyed out of one house,

house, last weeke, with taking of it, and two more the bell went for, yester-night; one of them (they say) will ne're scape it: he voided a bushell of soot yester-day, vpward, and downeward. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men then I, I'ld haue it present whipping, man, or woman, that should but deale with a *tabacco*-pipe; why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as vse it; it's little better then ratsbane, or rosaker.

ALL. Oh, good Captayne, hold, hold.

Bobadil beates him with a cudgell.

BOB. You base cullion, you.

CAS. Sir, here's your match: come, thou must needs be talking, too, tho'art well inough seru'd.

COB. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well it shall be a deare beating, and I liue.

BOB. Doe you prate? Doe you murmure?

E. KN. Nay, good Captayne, will you regard the humour of a foole? away, knaue.

WEL. THOMAS, get him away.

BOB. A horson filthie slaue, a dung-worme, an excrement! Body o' CAESAR, but that I scorne to let forth so meane a spirit, I'ld ha' stab'd him, to the earth.

WEL. Mary, the law forbid, sir.

BOB. By PHAROAHS foot, I would haue done it.

STEP. Oh, he sweares admirably! (by PHAROAHS foot) (body of CAESAR) I shall neuer doe it, sure (vpon mine honor, and by Saint GEORGE) no, I ha' not the right grace.

MAT. Master STEPHEN, will you any? By this aire, the most diuine *tabacco*, that euer I drunke!

STEP. None, I thanke you, sir. O, this gentleman do's it, rarely too! but nothing like the other. By this aire, as I am a gentleman: by——

BRAY. Master, glance, glance! Master WELL-BRED!

Master Stephen is practising, to the post.

STEP. As I haue somewhat to be saued, I protest———

WEL. You are a foole: It needes no *affidauit*.

E. KN. Cousin, will you any *tabacco*?

STEP. I sir! vpon my reputation——

E. KN. How now, cousin!

STEP. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no souldier, indeed——

WEL. No, Master STEPHEN? as I remember your name is entred in the artillerie garden?

STEP. I sir, that's true: Cousin, may I swear, as I am a souldier, by that?

E. KN. Oh yes, that you may. It's all you haue for your money.

STEP. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier, it is diuine *tabacco!*

WEL. But soft, where's Mr. MATTHEW? gone?

BRAY. No, sir, they went in here.

WEL. O, let's follow them: master MATTHEW is gone to salute his mistris, in verse. VVee shall ha' the happinesse, to heare some of his poetrie, now. Hee neuer comes vnfurnish'd. BRAYNE-WORME?

STEP. BRAYNE-WORME? Where? Is this BRAYNE-WORME?

E. KN. I, cousin, no wordes of it, vpon your gentilitie.

STEP. Not I, body of me, by this aire, S. GEORGE, and the foot of PHAROAH.

WEL. Rare! your cousins discourse is simply drawn out with oathes.

E. KN. 'Tis larded with 'hem. A kind of french dressing, if you loue it.

Act III. *Scene* VI.

KITELY, COB.

HA? how many are there, sayest thou?

COB. Mary sir, your brother, master VVELL-BRED——

KIT. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

COB. Strangers? let me see, one, two; masse I know not well, there are so many.

KIT. How? so many?

COB. I, there's some fiue, or sixe of them, at the most.

KIT. A swarme, a swarme,
Spight of the deuill, how they sting my head
VVith forked stings, thus wide, and large! But, COB,
How long hast thou beene comming hither, COB?

COB. A little while, sir.

KIT. Did'st thou come running?

COB. No, sir.

KIT. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!
Bane to my fortunes: what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rankt in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine owne free thoughts,
And now become a slaue? VVhat? neuer sigh,
Be of good cheere, man: for thou art a cuckold,
'Tis done, 'tis done! nay, when such flowing store,
Plentie it selfe, falls in my wiues lap,
The *Cornu-copiæ* will be mine, I know. But, COB,
VVhat entertaynement had they? I am sure
My sister, and my wife, would bid them welcome! ha?

COB. Like inough, sir, yet, I heard not a word of it.

KIT. No: their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voyce
Drown'd in a floud of ioy, at their arriuall,
Had lost her motion, state, and facultie.
COB, which of them was't, that first kist my wife?
(My sister, I should say) my wife, alas,
I feare not her: ha? who was it, say'st thou?

COB. By my troth, sir, will you haue the truth of it?

KIT.

KIT. Oh I, good COB : I pray thee, heartily.

COB. Then, I am a vagabond, and fitter for *Bride-well*,then your worships companie, if I saw any bodie to be kist,vnlesse they would haue kist the post, in the middle of the ware-house ; for there I left them all,at their *tabacco*, with a poxe.

KIT. How ? were they not gone in, then, e're thou cam'st ?

COB. Oh no sir.

KIT. Spite of the deuill!what doe I stay here,then ? COB, follow me.

COB. Nay,soft and faire, I haue egges on the spit; I cannot goe yet, sir. Now am I for some fiue and fiftie reasons hammering,hammering reuenge : oh, for three or foure gallons of vineger, to sharpen my wits. Reuenge, vineger reuenge : vineger, and mustard reuenge : nay, and hee had not lyen in my house,'t would neuer haue grieu'd me, but being my guest, one,that Ile be sworne,my wife ha's lent him her smock off her back,while his one shirt ha's beene at washing ; pawn'd her neckerchers for cleane bands for him ; sold almost all my platters, to buy him *tabacco*; and he to turne monster of ingratitude,and strike his lawfull host ! well, I hope to raise vp an host of furie for't : here comes Iustice CLEMENT.

Act III. *Scene* VII.

CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, FORMALL, COB.

WHat's master KITELY gone ? Roger ?

FOR. I, sir.

CLEM. 'Hart of me!what made him leaue vs so abruptly! How now, sirra ? what make you here ? what would you haue, ha ?

COB. And't please your worship , I am a poore neighbour of your worships———

CLEM. A poore neighbour of mine ? why, speake poore neighbour.

COB. I dwell,sir,at the signe of the water-tankerd,hard by the greene lattice : I haue paid scot,and lot there,any time this eighteene yeeres.

CLEM. To the greene lattice ?

COB. No, sir, to the parish : mary, I haue seldome scap't scot-free, at the lattice.

CLEM. O, well ! what businesse ha's my poore neighbour with me ?

COB. And't like your worship, I am come,to craue the peace of your worship.

CLEM. Of mee knaue ? peace of mee, knaue ? did I e're hurt thee ? or threaten thee ? or wrong thee ? ha ?

COB. No, sir, but your worships warrant, for one that ha's wrong'd me, sir : his armes are at too much libertie,I would faine haue them bound to a treatie of peace, an'my credit could compasse it, with your worship.

CLEM. Thou goest farre inough about for't, I am sure.

KNO.

KNO. Why, doest thou goe in danger of thy life for him? friend?

COB. No sir; but I goe in danger of my death, euery houre, by his meanes: an' I die, within a twelue-moneth and a day, I may sweare, by the law of the land, that he kill'd me.

CLEM. How? how knaue? sweare he kill'd thee? and by the law? what pretence? what colour hast thou for that?

COB. Mary, and't please your worship, both black, and blew; colour inough, I warrant you. I haue it here, to shew your worship.

CLEM. What is he, that gaue you this, sirra?

COB. A gentleman, and a souldier, he saies he is, o' the citie here.

CLEM. A souldier o' the citie? What call you him?

COB. Captayne BOBADIL.

CLEM. BOBADIL? And why did he bob, and beate you, sirrah? How began the quarrell betwixt you? ha: speake truely knaue, I aduise you.

COB. Mary, indeed, and please your worship, onely because I spake against their vagrant *tabacco*, as I came by 'hem, when they were taking on't, for nothing else.

CLEM. Ha? you speake against *tabacco*? FORMALL, his name.

FORM. What's your name, sirra?

COB. OLIVER, sir, OLIVER COB, sir.

CLEM. Tell OLIVER COB, he shall goe to the iayle, FORMALL.

FORM. OLIVER COB, my master, Iustice CLEMENT, saies, you shall goe to the iayle.

COB. O, I beseech your worship, for gods sake, deare master Iustice.

CLEM. Nay, gods pretious: and such drunkards, and tankards, as you are, come to dispute of *tabacco* once; I haue done! away with him.

COB. O, good master Iustice, sweet old gentleman.

KNO. Sweet OLIVER, would I could doe thee any good: Iustice CLEMENT, let me intreat you, sir.

CLEM. What? a thred-bare rascall! a begger! a slaue that neuer drunke out of better then pisse-pot mettle in his life! and he to depraue, and abuse the vertue of an herbe, so generally receiu'd in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabbins of souldiers! ROGER, away with him, by gods pretious—I say, goe too.

COB. Deare master Iustice; Let mee bee beaten againe, I haue deseru'd it: but not the prison, I beseech you.

KNO. Alas, poore OLIVER!

CLEM. ROGER, make him a warrant (hee shall not goe) I but feare the knaue.

FORM. Doe not stinke, sweet OLIVER, you shall not goe, my master will giue you a warrant.

COB. O, the Lord maintayne his worship, his worthy worship.

CLEM. Away, dispatch him. How now, master KNO'WEL! In dumps? In dumps? Come, this becomes not.

KNO. Sir, would I could not feele my cares——

CLEM.

CLEM. Your cares are nothing! they are like my cap, soone put on, and as soone put off. What? your sonne is old inough, to gouerne himselfe: let him runne his course, it's the onely way to make him a stay'd man. If he were an vnthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liuer, then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but, being none of these, mirth's my witnesse, an' I had twise so many cares, as you haue, I'ld drowne them all in a cup of sacke. Come, come, let's trie it: I muse, your parcell of a souldier returnes not all this while.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

DOWNE-RIGHT, DAME KITELY.

VVELl sister, I tell you true: and you'll finde it so, in the end.

DAME. Alas brother, what would you haue mee to doe? I cannot helpe it: you see, my brother brings 'hem in, here, they are his friends.

DOW. His friends? his fiends. S'lud, they doe nothing but hant him, vp and downe, like a sort of vnluckie sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villanie, that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the deuill with some of 'hem; and 't were not more for your husbands sake, then any thing else, I'ld make the house too hot for the best on hem: they should say, and sweare, hell were broken loose, e're they went hence. But, by gods will, 'tis no bodies fault, but yours: for, an' you had done, as you might haue done, they should haue beene perboyl'd, and bak'd too, euery mothers sonne, e're they should ha' come in, e're a one of 'hem.

DAME. God's my life! did you euer heare the like? what a strange man is this! Could I keepe out all them, thinke you? I should put my selfe, against halfe a dozen men? should I? Good faith, you'ld mad the patient'st body in the world, to heare you talke so, without any sense, or reason!

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

Mrs. BRIDGET, Mr. MATTHEW, DAME KITELY, DOWNE-RIGHT, WEL-BRED, STEPHEN, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, BRAYNE-WORME, CASH.

SEruant (in troth) you are too prodigall
Of your wits treasure, thus to powre it forth,
Vpon so meane a subiect, as my worth?

MAT. You say well, mistris; and I meane, as well.

DOWN.

DOWN. Hoy-day, here is stuffe!

WELL. O, now stand close: pray heauen, shee can get him to reade: He should doe it, of his owne naturall impudencie.

BRID. Seruant, what is this same, I pray you?

MATT. Mary, an *Elegie*, an *Elegie*, an odde toy——

DOWN. To mock an ape withall. O, I could sow vp his mouth, now.

DAME. Sister, I pray you let's heare it.

DOWN. Are you rime-giuen, too?

MATT. Mistris, Ile reade it, if you please.

BRID. Pray you doe, seruant.

DOWN. O, here's no fopperie! Death, I can endure the stocks, better.

E. KN. What ayles thy brother? can he not hold his water, at reading of a ballad?

WELL. O, no: a rime to him, is worse then cheese, or a bag-pipe. But, marke, you loose the protestation.

MATT. Faith, I did it in an humour; I know not how it is: but, please you come neere, sir. This gentleman ha's iudgement, hee knowes how to censure of a—— pray you sir, you can iudge.

STEP. Not I, sir: vpon my reputation, and, by the foot of PHAROAH.

WELL. O, chide your cossen, for swearing.

E. KN. Not I, so long as he do's not forsweare himselfe.

BOB. Master MATTHEW, you abuse the expectation of your deare mistris, and her faire sister: Fie, while you liue, auoid this prolixitie.

MATT. I shall, sir: well, *Incipere dulce.*

E. KN. How! *Insipere dulce?* a sweet thing to be a foole, indeed.

WELL. What, doe you take *Insipere*, in that sense?

E. KN. You doe not? you? This was your villanie, to gull him with a *motte.*

WELL. O, the Benchers phrase: *paucaverba, pauca verba.*

MATT. *Rare creature, let me speake without offence,*
ould god my rude wordes had the influence,
To rule thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

E. KN. This is in HERO and LEANDER?

WELL. O, I! peace, we shall haue more of this.

MATT. *Be not vnkinde, and faire, mishapen stuffe*
Is of behauiour boysterous, and rough:

Master Stephen answeres with shaking his head.

WELL. How like you that, sir?

E. KN. S'light, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feele and there be any braine in it!

MATT. But obserue the *catastrophe*, now,
And I in dutie will exceede all other,
As you in beautie doe excell loues mother.

E. KN. Well, Ile haue him free of the wit-brokers, for hee vtters nothing, but stolne remnants.

WEL.

WEL. O, forgiue it him.

E. KN. A filtching rogue? hang him. And, from the dead? it's worse then sacrilege.

WEL. Sister, what ha' you here? verses? pray you, lets see. Who made these verses? they are excellent good!

MAT. O, master WEL-BRED, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i'the morning, I made 'hem, *extempore*, this morning.

WEL. How? *extempore?*

MAT. I, would I might bee hang'd else: aske Captayne BOBADILL. He saw me write them, at the—(poxe on it) the starre, yonder.

BRAY. Can he find, in his heart, to curse the starres, so?

E. KN. Faith, his are euen with him: they ha' curst him ynough alreadie.

STEP. Cosen, how doe you like this gentlemans verses?

E. KN. O, admirable! the best that euer I heard, cousse!

STEP. Body o' CAESAR! they are admirable! The best, that euer I heard, as I am a souldier.

DOW. I am vext, I can hold ne're a bone of mee still! Heart, I thinke, they meane to build, and breed here!

WEL. Sister, you haue a simple seruant, here, that crownes your beautie, with such *encomions*, and deuises: you may see, what it is to be the mistris of a wit! that can make your perfections so transparent, that euery bleare eye may looke through them, and see him drown'd ouer head, and eares, in the deepe well of desire. Sister KITELY, I maruaile, you get you not a seruant, that can rime, and doe tricks, too.

DOWN. Oh monster! impudence it selfe! tricks?

DAME. Tricks, brother? what tricks?

BRID. Nay, speake, I pray you, what tricks?

DAME. I, neuer spare any body here: but say, what tricks?

BRID. Passion of my heart! doe tricks?

WEL. S'light, here's a trick vyed, and reuyed! why, you munkies, you? what a catter-waling doe you keepe? ha's hee not giuen you rimes, and verses, and tricks?

DOW. O, the fiend!

WEL. Nay, you, lampe of virginitie, that take it in snuffe so! come, and cherish this tame *poeticall furie*, in your seruant, you'll be begg'd else, shortly, for a concealement: goe to, reward his muse. You cannot giue him lesse then a shilling, in conscience, for the booke, he had it out of, cost him a teston, at least. How now, gallants? Mr. MATTHEW? Captayne? What? all sonnes of silence? no spirit?

DOW. Come, you might practise your ruffian-tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wusse: this is no tauerne, nor drinking-schole, to vent your exploits in.

WEL. How now! whose cow ha's calu'd?

DOW. Mary, that ha's mine, sir. Nay, Boy, neuer looke askance at me, for the matter; Ile tell you of it, I, sir, you, and your companions, mend your selues, when I ha' done?

WEL. My companions?

DOW. Yes sir, you companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither: your hang-byes here. You must haue your Poets, and your potlings, your *soldado's*, and *foolado's*, to follow you vp and downe the citie, and here they must come to domineere, and swagger. Sirrha, you, ballad-singer, and slops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home: or (by this steele) Ile cut off your eares, and that, presently.

WEL. S'light, stay, let's see what he dare doe: cut off his eares? cut a whetstone. You are an asse, doe you see? touch any man here, and by this hand, Ile runne my rapier to the hilts in you.

They all draw, and they of the house make out to part them.

DOW. Yea, that would I faine see, boy.

DAME. O Iesu! murder. THOMAS, GASPAR!

BRID. Helpe, helpe, THOMAS.

E. KN. Gentlemen, forbeare, I pray you.

BOB. Well, sirrah, you, HOLOFERNES: by my hand, I will pinck your flesh, full of holes, with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heauen: Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of Saint GEORGE, Ile not kill him.

They offer to fight againe, and are parted.

CASH. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

DOW. You whorson, bragging coystrill!

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

To them.

KITELY.

WHy, how now? what's the matter? what's the stirre here?
Whence springs the quarrell? THOMAS! where is he?
Put vp your weapons, and put off this rage.
My wife and sister, they are cause of this,
What, THOMAS? where is this knaue?

CASH. Here, sir.

WEL. Come, let's goe: this is one of my brothers ancient humours, this.

STEP. I am glad, no body was hurt by his ancient humour.

KITE. Why, how now, brother, who enforst this brawle?

DOW. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for god, nor the deuill! And, they must come here to reade ballads, and rogery, and trash! Ile marre the knot of 'hem ere I sleepe, perhaps: especially BOB, there: he that's all manner of shapes! and *Songs, and sonnets*, his fellow.

BRID. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,
To sudden, in your humour: and, you know

My

My brother WEL-BREDS temper will not beare
Anie reproofe, chiefly in such a presence,
Where euery slight disgrace, he should receiue,
Might wound him in opinion, and respect.
DOWN. Respect? what talke you of respect 'mong such,
As ha' nor sparke of manhood, nor good manners?
'Sdeynes I am asham'd, to heare you! respect?
BRID. Yes, there was one a ciuill gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himselfe!
KITE. O, that was some loue of yours, sister!
BRID. A loue of mine? I would it were no worse, brother!
You'lld pay my portion sooner, then you thinke for.
DAME. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding faire disposition, and of verie excellent good parts!
KITE. Her loue, by heauen! my wifes minion!
Faire disposition? excellent good parts?
Death, these phrases are intollerable!
Good parts? how should shee know his parts?
His parts? Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plaine, too cleere: THOMAS, come hither.
What, are they gone? CASH. I, sir, they went in.
My mistris, and your sister———
KITE. Are any of the gallants within!
CASH. No, sir, they are all gone.
KITE. Art thou sure of it?
CASH. I can assure you, sir.
KITE. What gentleman was that they prais'd so, THOMAS?
CASH. One, they call him master KNO'WELL, a handsome yong gentleman, sir.
KITE. I, I thought so: my mind gaue me as much.
Ile die, but they haue hid him i'the house,
Somewhere; Ile goe and search: goe with me, THOMAS.
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

Act IIII *Scene* IIII.

COB, TIB.

WHat TIB, TIB, I say.
TIB. How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard? O, husband, ist you? what's the newes?
COB. Nay, you haue stonn'd me, Ifaith! you ha'giu'n me a knock o' the forehead, will stick by me! cuckold? 'Slid, cuckold?
TIB. Away, you foole, did I know it was you, that knockt?

Come, come, you may call me as bad, when you list.

COB. May I? TIB, you are a whore.

TIB. You lye in your throte, husband.

COB. How, the lye? and in my throte too? doe you long to bee stab'd, ha?

TIB. Why, you are no souldier, I hope?

COB. O, must you be stab'd by a souldier? Masse, that's true! when was BOBADILL here? your Captayne? that rogue, that foist, that fencing *Burgullian?* Ile tickle him, ifaith.

TIB. Why, what's the matter? trow!

COB. O, he has basted me, rarely, sumptiously! but I haue it here in black and white; for his black, and blew: shall pay him. O, the Iustice! the honestest old braue *Troian* in *London*! I doe honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put me once in a villanous filthy feare; mary, it vanisht away, like the smoke of *tabacco:* but I was smok't soundly first. I thanke the deuill, and his good angell, my guest. Well, wife, or TIB (which you will) get you in, and lock the doore, I charge you, let no body in to you; wife, no body in, to you: those are my wordes. Not Captayne BOB himselfe, nor the fiend, in his likenesse; you are a woman; you haue flesh and bloud enough in you, to be tempted: therefore, keepe the doore, shut, vpon all commers.

TIB. I warrant you, there shall no body enter here, without my consent.

COB. Nor, with your consent, sweet TIB, and so I leaue you.

TIB. It's more, then you know, whether you leaue me so.

COB. How?

TIB. Why, sweet.

COB. Tut, sweet, or sowre, thou art a flowre,
Keepe close thy dore, I aske no more.

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

ED. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, STEPHEN, BRAYNE-WORME.

WEll BRAYNE-WORME, performe this businesse, happily,
And thou makest a purchase of my loue, for-euer,

WEL. Ifaith, now let thy spirits vse their best faculties. but, at any hand, remember the message, to my brother: for, there's no other meanes, to start him.

BRAY. I warrant you, sir, feare nothing: I haue a nimble soule ha's wakt all forces of my phant'sie, by this time, and put 'hem in true motion. What you haue possest mee withall, Ile discharge it amply, sir. Make it no question.

WEL.

WEL. Forth, and prosper, BRAYNE-WORME. Faith, NED, how dost thou approue of my abilities in this deuise?

E. KN. Troth, well, howsoeuer: but, it will come excellent, if it take.

WEL. Take, man? why, it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarrie not: but, tell me, ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister BRIDGET, as thou pretend'st?

E. KN. Friend, am I worth beliefe?

WEL. Come, doe not protest. In faith, shee is a maid of good ornament, and much modestie: and, except I conceiu'd very worthily of her, thou shouldest not haue her.

E. KN. Nay, that I am afraid will bee a question yet, whether I shall haue her, or no?

WEL. Slid, thou shalt haue her; by this light, thou shalt.

E. KN. Nay, doe not sweare.

WEL. By this hand, thou shalt haue her: Ile goe fetch her, presently. Point, but where to meet, and as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

E. KN. Hold, hold, be temperate.

WEL. Why, by——what shall I sweare by? thou shalt haue her, as I am——

E. KN. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied: and doe beleeue, thou wilt omit no offered occasion, to make my desires compleat.

WEL. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

FORMALL, KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

WAs your man a souldier, sir?

KNO. I, a knaue, I tooke him begging o'the way,
This morning, as I came ouer *More*-fields!
O, here he is! yo'haue made faire speed, beleeue me:
Where, i'the name of sloth, could you be thus——

BRAY. Mary, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should haue had little comfort of your worships seruice.

KNO. How so?

BRAY. O, sir! your comming to the citie, your entertainement of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my imployment, are as open to your sonne, as to your selfe!

KNO. How should that be! vnlesse that villaine, BRAYNE-WORME,
Haue told him of the letter, and discouer'd
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceale? 'tis so!

BRAY. I am, partly, o'the faith, 'tis so indeed.

KNO. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

BRAY. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; vnlesse it bee by the black art! Is not your sonne a scholler, sir?

KNO. Yes, but I hope his soule is not allied
Vnto such hellish practise: if it were,
I had iust cause to weepe my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.
But, where didst thou find them, FITZ-SWORD?

BRAY. You should rather aske, where they found me, sir, for, Ile bee sworne I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a suddain) a voice calls, Mr. KNO-WEL'S man; another cries, souldier: and thus, halfe a dosen of 'hem, till they had cal'd me within a house where I no sooner came, but thy seem'd men, and out flue al their rapiers at my bosome, with some three or foure score oathes to accompanie 'hem, & al to tel me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confesse where you were, and how I was imployed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me (as I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an *Anatomie* o' me, first, and so I told 'hem) they lockt mee vp into a roome i' the top of a high house, whence, by great miracle (hauing a light heart) I slid downe, by a bottom of pack-thred, into the street, and so scapt. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it, while I was lockt vp, there were a great many rich merchants, and braue citizens wiues with 'hem at a feast, and your sonne, Mr. EDWARD, with-drew with one of 'hem, and has pointed to meet her anon, at one COBS house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there, your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preyes, and faile he will not.

KNO. Nor, will I faile, to breake his match, I doubt not.
Goe thou, along with Iustice CLEMENT'S man,
And stay there for me. At one COBS house, sai'st thou?

BRAY. I sir, there you shall haue him. Yes? Inuisible? Much wench, or much sonne! 'Slight, when hee has staid there, three or foure houres, trauelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliuer'd of aire: ô, the sport, that I should then take, to looke on him, if I durst! But, now, I meane to appeare no more afore him in this shape. I haue another trick, to act, yet. O, that I were so happy, as to light on a nupson, now, of this Iustices nouice. Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

FORM. Not a whit, sir. 'Pray you, what doe you meane? sir?

BRAY. I was putting vp some papers—— ——

FORM. You ha' beene lately in the warres, sir, it seemes.

BRAY. Mary haue I, sir; to my losse: and expence of all, almost——

FORM. Troth sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it———

BRAY. O, sir———

FORM. But, to heare the manner of your seruices, and your deuices in the warres, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reades in the *Romane* histories, or sees, at *Mile-end*.

BRAY

BRAY. No, I assure you, sir, why, at any time when it please you, I shall be readie to discourse to you, all I know : and more too, somewhat.

FORM. No better time, then now, sir ; wee'll goe to the wind-mill : there we shall haue a cup of neate grist, wee call it. I pray you, sir, let mee request you, to the wind-mill.

BRAY. Ile follow you, sir, and make grist o' you, if I haue good lucke.

Act IIII. *Scene* VII.

MATTHEW, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBADILL, STEPHEN, DOWNE-RIGHT. *To them.*

SIr, did your eyes euer tast the like clowne of him, where we were to day, Mr. WEL-BRED'S halfe brother? I thinke, the whole earth cannot shew his paralell, by this day-light.

E. KN. We were now speaking of him : Captayne BOBADIL tells me, he is fall'n foule o' you, too.

MAT. O, I, sir, he threatned me, with the bastinado.

BOB. I, but I thinke, I taught you preuention, this morning, for that— You shall kill him, beyond question : if you be so generously minded.

MAT. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick !

BOB. O, you doe not giue spirit enough, to your motion, you are too tardie, too heauie ! ô, it must be done like lightning, hay? *He practises at a post.*

MAT. Rare Captaine !

BOB. Tut, 'tis nothing, and 't be not done in a—*punto* !

E. KN. Captaine, did you euer proue your selfe, vpon any of our masters of defence, here?

MAT. O, good sir ! yes, I hope, he has.

BOB. I will tell you, sir. Vpon my first comming to the citie, after my long trauaile, for knowledge (in that mysterie only) there came three, or foure of 'hem to me, at a gentlemans house, where it was my chance to be resident, at that time, to intreat my presence at their scholes, and withall so much importun'd me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was asham'd of their rude demeanor, out of all measure : well, I told 'hem, that to come to a publike schoole, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in *diameter*) to my humour, but, if so they would giue their attendance at my lodging, I protested to doe them what right or fauour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. KN. So, sir, then you tried their skill?

BOB. Alas, soone tried ! you shall heare sir. Within two or three daies after, they came ; and, by honestie, faire sir, beleeue mee, I grac't them exceedingly, shew'd them some two or three tricks of preuention, haue purchas'd 'hem, since, a credit, to admiration ! they cannot denie this: and yet now, they hate mee, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Kn. This is strange, and barbarous ! as euer I heard !

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They haue assaulted me some three, foure, fiue, sixe of them together, as I haue walkt alone, in diuers skirts i' the towne, as *Turne-bull*, *White-chappell*, *Shore-ditch*, which were then my quarters, and since vpon the *Exchange*, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie : where I haue driuen them afore me, the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pittying to hurt them, beleeue me. Yet, all this lenitie will not ore-come their spleene : they will be doing with the pismier, raysing a hill, a man may spurne abroad, with his foot, at pleasure. By my selfe, I could haue slaine them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to beare any other then this bastinado for 'hem : yet, I hold it good politie, not to goe disarm'd, for though I bee skilfull, I may bee oppress'd with multitudes.

E. Kn. I, beleeue me, may you sir : and (in my conceit) our whole nation should sustaine the losse by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no : what's a peculiar man, to a nation ? not seene.

E. Kn. O, but your skill, sir !

Bob. Indeed, that might be some losse; but, who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of priuate, and vnder seale; I am a gentleman, and liue here obscure, and to my selfe : but, were I knowne to her Maiestie, and the Lords (obserue mee) I would vnder-take (vpon this poore head, and life) for the publique benefit of the state, not only to spare the intire liues of her subiects in generall, but to saue the one halfe, nay, three parts of her yeerely charge, in holding warre, and against what enemie soeuer. And, how would I doe it, thinke you ?

E. Kn. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceiue.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteene, more, to my selfe, throughout the land ; gentlemen they should bee of good spirit, strong, and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character, that I haue : and I would teach these nineteene, the speciall rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reuerso*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto* : till they could all play very neare, or altogether as well as my selfe. This done, say the enemie were fortie thousand strong, we twentie would come into the field, the tenth of *March*, or thereabouts ; and wee would challenge twentie of the enemie ; they could not, in their honour, refuse vs, well, wee would kill them : challenge twentie more, kill them ; twentie more, kill them ; twentie more, kill them too ; and thus, would wee kill, euery man, his twentie a day, that's twentie score ; twentie score, that's two hundreth ; two hundreth a day, fiue dayes a thousand ; fortie thousand ; fortie times fiue, fiue times fortie, two hundreth dayes kills them all vp, by computation. And this, will I venture my poore gentleman-like carcasse, to performe (prouided, there bee no treason practis'd vpon vs) by faire, and discreet manhood, that is, ciuilly by the sword.

E. Kn.

E. KN. Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captaine, at all times?

BOB. Tut, neuer misse thrust, vpon my reputation with you.

E. KN. I would not stand in DOWNE-RIGHTS state, then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in *London*.

BOB. Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman doe his mind: but, I will bastinado him (by the bright sunne) where-euer I meet him.

MAT. Faith, and Ile haue a fling at him, at my distance.

E. KN. Gods so', looke, where he is: yonder he goes. *Downe-right walkes ouer the stage.*

DOW. What peeuish luck haue I, I cannot meet with these bragging raskalls?

BOB. It's not he? is it?

E. KN. Yes faith, it is he?

MAT. Ile be hang'd, then, if that were he.

E. KN. Sir, keepe your hanging good, for some greater matter, for I assure you, that was he.

STEP. Vpon my reputation, it was hee.

BOB. Had I thought it had beene he, he must not haue gone so: but I can hardly be induc'd, to beleeue, it was he, yet.

E. KN. That I thinke, sir. But see, he is come againe!

DOW. O, PHAROAHS foot, haue I found you? Come, draw, to your tooles: draw, gipsie, or Ile thresh you.

BOB. Gentleman of valour, I doe beleeue in thee, heare me——

DOW. Draw your weapon, then.

BOB. Tall man, I neuer thought on it, till now (body of me) I had a warrant of the peace, serued on me, euen now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Mr. MATTHEW.

DOW. 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

BOB. Hold, hold, vnder thy fauour, forbeare. *He beates him, and disarmes him: Matthew runnes away.*

DOW. Prate againe, as you like this, you whoreson foist, you. You'le controll the point, you? Your consort is gone? had he staid, he had shar'd with you, sir.

BOB. Well, gentlemen, beare witnesse, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. KN. No faith, it's an ill day, Captaine, neuer reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allowes you, to defend your selfe: that'll proue but a poore excuse.

BOB. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in faire sort. I neuer sustain'd the like disgrace (by heauen) sure I was strooke with a plannet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. KN. I, like inough, I haue heard of many that haue beene beaten vnder a plannet: goe, get you to a surgean. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your *passada's*, and your *mountanto's*, Ile none of them. O, manners! that this

this age should bring forth such creatures ! that Nature should bee at leisure to make hem ! Come, cousse.

STEP. Masse, Ile ha' this cloke.

E. KN. Gods will, 'tis DOWNE-RIGHT'S.

STEP. Nay, it's mine now, another might haue tane vp, aswell as I : Ile weare it, so I will.

E. KN. How, an' he see it ? hee'll challenge it, assure your selfe.

STEP. I, but he shall not ha' it ; Ile say, I bought it.

E. KN. Take heed, you buy it not, too deare, cousse.

Act IIII. *Scene* VIII.

KITELY, WEL-BRED, DAME KIT. BRIDGET, BRAYNE-WORME, CASH.

NOw, trust me brother, you were much to blame,
T'incense his anger, and disturbe the peace,
Of my poore house, where there are sentinells,
That euery minute watch, to giue alarmes,
Of ciuill warre, without adiection
Of your assistance, or occasion.

WELL. No harme done, brother, I warrant you : since there is no harme done. Anger costs a man nothing : and a tall man is neuer his owne man, till he be angrie. To keepe his valure in obscuritie, is to keepe himselfe, as it were, in a cloke-bag. What's a musitian, vnlesse he play? what's a tall man, vnlesse he fight ? For, indeed, all this, my wise brother stands vpon, absolutely : and, that made me fall in with him, so resolutely.

DAME. I, but what harme might haue come of it, brother ?

WELL. Might, sister ? so, might the good warme clothes, your husband weares, be poyson'd, for any thing he knowes : or the wholesome wine he drunke, euen now, at the table———

KITE. Now, god forbid : O me. Now, I remember,
My wife drunke to me, last ; and chang'd the cup :
And bade me weare this cursed sute to day.
See, if heau'n suffer murder vndiscour'd !
I feele me ill ; giue me some *mithridate,*
Some *mithridate* and oile, good sister, fetch me ;
O, I am sicke at heart ! I burne, I burne.
If you will saue my life, goe, fetch it me.

WELL. O, strange humour ! my verie breath ha's poyson'd him.

BRID. Good brother, be content, what doe you meane ?
The strength of these extreme conceits, will kill you.

DAME. Beshrew your heart-bloud, brother WELL-BRED, now; for

for putting such a toy into his head.

WELL. Is a fit *simile*, a toy? will he be poyson'd with a *simile?* Brother KITELY, what a strange, and idle imagination is this? For shame, bee wiser. O'my soule, there's no such matter.

KITE. Am I not sicke? how am I, then, not poyson'd? Am I not poyson'd? how am I, then, so sicke?

DAME. If you be sicke, your owne thoughts make you sicke.

WELL. His iealousie is the poyson, he ha's taken.

BRAY. Mr. KITELY, my master, Iustice CLEMENT, salutes you; and desires to speake with you, with all possible speed. *He comes disguis'd like Iustice Clements man.*

KITE. No time, but now? when, I thinke, I am sicke? very sicke! well, I will wait vpon his worship. THOMAS, COB, I must seeke them out, and set 'hem sentinells, till I returne. THOMAS, COB, THOMAS.

WELL. This is perfectly rare, BRAYNE-WORME! but how got'st thou this apparell, of the Iustices man?

BRAY. Mary sir, my proper fine pen-man, would needs bestow the grist o'me, at the wind-mil, to hear some martial discourse; where so I marshal'd him, that I made him drunke, with admiration! &, because, too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him starke naked, as he lay along asleepe, and borrowed his sute, to deliuer this counterfeit message in, leauing a rustie armor, and an old browne bill to watch him, till my returne: which shall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparell, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

WELL. Well, thou art a successefull merry knaue, BRAYNE-WORME, his absence will be a good subiect for more mirth. I pray thee, returne to thy yong master, and will him to meet me, and my sister BRIDGET, at the tower instantly: for, here, tell him, the house is so stor'd with iealousie, there is no roome for loue, to stand vpright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and, then the tower, I know no better aire: nor where the libertie of the house may doe vs more present seruice. Away.

KITE. Come hether, THOMAS. Now, my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt haue it: lay to both thine eares.
Harke, what I say to thee. I must goe forth, THOMAS.
Be carefull of thy promise, keepe good watch,
Note euery gallant, and obserue him well,
That enters in my absence, to thy mistris:
If shee would shew him roomes, the iest is stale,
Follow 'hem, THOMAS, or else hang on him,
And let him not goe after; marke their lookes;
Note, if shee offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy, about him;
But praise his legge; or foot; or if shee say,
The day is hot, and bid him feele her hand,

How

How hot it is ; ô, that's a monstrous thing !
Note me all this, good THOMAS, marke their sighes,
And, if they doe but whisper, breake 'hem off :
Ile beare thee out in it. Wilt thou doe this ?
Wilt thou be true, my THOMAS? CAS. As truth's selfe, sir.

KITE. Why, I beleeue thee : where is COB, now ? COB?

DAME. Hee's euer calling for COB ! I wonder, how hee imployes COB, so !

WELL. Indeed, sister, to aske how hee imploies COB, is a necessarie question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easie for you to be satisfied in : but this Ile assure you, COBS wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and, often-times, your husband hants her house, mary, to what end, I cannot altogether accuse him, imagine you what you thinke conuenient. But, I haue knowne, faire hides haue foule hearts, e're now, sister.

DAME. Neuer said you truer then that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. THOMAS, fetch your cloke, and goe with me, Ile after him presently: I would to fortune, I could take him there, ifaith. Il'd returne him his owne, I warrant him.

WELL. So, let 'hem goe : this may make sport anon. Now, my faire sister in-law, that you knew, but how happie a thing it were to be faire, and beautifull ?

BRID. That touches not me, brother.

WELL. That's true ; that's euen the fault of it : for, indeede, beautie stands a woman in no stead, vnlesse it procure her touching. But, sister, whether it touch you, or no, it touches your beauties ; and, I am sure, they will abide the touch ; an' they doe not, a plague of all ceruse, say I : and, it touches mee to in part, though not in the——Well, there's a deare and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly, and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bone-fires of zeale, at his heart, in honor of your perfections. I haue alreadie engag'd my promise to bring you, where you shall heare him confirme much more. NED KNO'WELL is the man, sister. There's no exception against the partie. You are ripe for a husband ; and a minutes losse to such an occasion, is a great trespasse in a wise beautie. What say you, sister? On my soule hee loues you. Will you giue him the meeting ?

BRID. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine owne constancie, brother, if I durst not meet a man : but this motion of yours, sauours of an old knight-aduenturers seruant, a little too much, me thinkes.

WELL. What's that, sister ?

BRID. Mary, of the squire.

WELL. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend, but see ! who is return'd to hinder vs ?

KITE. What villanie is this ? call'd out on a false message ? This was some plot ! I was not sent for. BRIDGET,

Where's

Where's your sister? BRID. I thinke shee be gone forth, sir.
KITE. How! is my wife gone forth? whether for gods sake?
BRID. Shee's gone abroad with THOMAS.
KITE. Abroad with THOMAS? oh, that villaine dors me.
He hath discouer'd all vnto my wife!
Beast that I was, to trust him: whither, I pray you, went shee?
BRID. I know not, sir.
WELL. Ile tell you, brother, whither I suspect shee's gone.
KITE. Whither, good brother?
WELL. To COBS house, I beleeue: but, keepe my counsaile.
KITE. I will, I will: to COBS house? doth shee hant COBS?
Shee's gone a' purpose, now, to cuckold me,
With that lewd raskall, who, to win her fauour,
Hath told her all. WEL. Come, hee's once more gone.
Sister, let's loose no time; th'affaire is worth it.

Act IIII. *Scene* IX.

MATTHEW, BOBADIL, BRAYNE-WORME, DOWNE-RIGHT. *To them.*

I Wonder, Captayne, what they will say of my going away? ha?
BOB. Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman? quick, warie, respectfull of natures faire lineaments: and that's all?
MAT. Why, so! but what can they say of your beating?
BOB. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of grosse batterie vs'd, laid on strongly, borne most paciently: and that's all.
MAT. I, but, would any man haue offered it in *Venice?* as you say?
BOB. Tut, I assure you, no: you shall haue there your *Nobilis*, your *Gentelezza*, come in brauely vpon your *reuerse*, stand you close, stand you firme, stand you faire, saue your *retricato* with his left legge, come to the *assalto* with the right, thrust with braue steele, defie your base wood! But, wherefore doe I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by IVPITER: fascinated: but I will be vn-witch'd, and reueng'd, by law.
MAT. Doe you heare? ist not best to get a warrant, and haue him arrested, and brought before Iustice CLEMENT?
BOB. It were not amisse, would we had it.
MAT. Why, here comes his man, let's speake to him.
BOB. Agreed, doe you speake.
MAT. Saue you, sir.
BRAY. With all my heart, sir?
MAT. Sir, there is one DOWNE-RIGHT, hath abus'd this gentleman, and my selfe, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would doe vs the fauour, to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master,

master, you shall bee well considered, I assure you, sir.

BRAY. Sir, you know my seruice is my liuing, such fauours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefore, you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

MAT. How is that? sir.

BRAY. Faith sir, the thing is extraordinarie, and the gentleman may be, of great accompt: yet, bee what hee will, if you will lay mee downe a brace of angells, in my hand, you shall haue it, otherwise not.

MAT. How shall we doe, Captayne? he askes a brace of angells, you haue no monie?

BOB. Not a crosse, by fortune.

MAT. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two pence, left of my two shillings in the morning for wine, and redish: let's find him some pawne.

BOB. Pawne? we haue none to the value of his demand.

MAT. O, yes. I'll pawne this iewell in my eare, and you may pawne your silke stockings, and pull vp your bootes, they will ne're be mist: It must be done, now.

BOB. Well, an' there be no remedie: Ile step aside, and pull 'hem off.

MAT. Doe you heare, sir? wee haue no store of monie at this time, but you shall haue good pawnes: looke you, sir, this iewell, and that gentlemans silke stockings, because we would haue it dispatcht, e're we went to our chambers.

BRAY. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently, what's his name, say you? DOWNE-RIGHT?

MAT. I, I, GEORGE DOWNE-RIGHT.

BRAY. What manner of man is he?

MAT. A tall bigge man, sir; hee goes in a cloke, most commonly, of silke russet, laid about with russet lace.

BRAY. 'Tis very good, sir.

MAT. Here sir, here's my iewell?

BOB. And, here, are stockings.

BRAY. Well, gentlemen, Ile procure you this warrant presently, but, who will you haue to serue it?

MAT. That's true, Captaine: that must be consider'd.

BOB. Bodie o' me, I know not! 'tis seruice of danger?

BRAY. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets o' the citie, a serieant. Ile appoint you one, if you please.

MAT. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

BOB. Wee'll leaue it to you, sir.

BRAY. This is rare! now, will I goe pawne this cloke of the Iustice's mans, at the brokers, for a varlets sute, and be the varlet my selfe; and get either more pawnes, or more monie of DOWNE-RIGHT, for the arrest.

Act IIII. *Scene* X.

KNO'WEL, TIB, CASH, DAME KITELY, KITELY, COB.

OH, here it is, I am glad : I haue found it now.
Ho ? who is within, here ?

TIB. I am within, sir, what's your pleasure !

KNO. To know, who is within, besides your selfe.

TIB. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope ?

KNO. O ! feare you the constable ? then, I doubt not.
You haue some guests within, deserue that feare,
Ile fetch him straight. TIB. O' gods name, sir.

KNO. Goe to. Come, tell me, Is not yong KNO'WEL, here?

TIB. Yong KNO-WEL ? I know none such, sir, o' mine honestie !

KNO. Your honestie ? dame, it flies too lightly from you :
There is no way, but, fetch the constable.

TIB. The constable ? the man is mad, I thinke.

CAS. Ho, who keepes house, here ?

KNO. O, this is the female copes-mate of my sonne ?
Now shall I meet him straight. DAME. Knock, THOMAS, hard.

CAS. Ho, good wife ? TIB. Why, what's the matter with you ?

DAME. Why, woman, grieues it you to ope' your doore ?
Belike, you get something, to keepe it shut.

TIB. What meane these questions,'pray yee ?

DAME. So strange you make it ? is not my husband, here ?

KNO. Her husband !

DAME. My tryed husband, master KITELY.

TIB. I hope, he needes not to be tryed, here.

DAME. No, dame : he do's it not for need, but pleasure.

TIB. Neither for need, nor pleasure, is he here.

KNO. This is but a deuice, to balke me withall.
Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my sonne, disguisd?

DAME. O, sir, haue I fore-stald your honest market ? *Shee spies her husband come: and runnes to him.*
Found your close walkes ? you stand amaz'd, now, doe you?
I faith (I am glad) I haue smokt you yet at last!
What is your iewell trow? In : come, lets see her ;
(Fetch forth your huswife, dame) if shee be fairer,
In any honest iudgement, then my selfe,
Ile be content with it : but, shee is change,
Shee feedes you fat, shee soothes your appetite,

And you are well? your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir? O, you trecher!
KNO. Shee cannot counterfeit thus palpably.
KITE. Out on thy more then strumpets impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and, haue I taken
Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion,
Pointing to old Kno'well. This horie-headed letcher, this old goat,
Close at your villanie, and would'st thou 'scuse it,
With this stale harlots iest, accusing me?
To him. O, old incontinent, do'st not thou shame,
When all thy powers in chastitie is spent,
To haue a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feede th'enticements of a lustfull woman?
DAME. Out, I defie thee, I, dissembling wretch.
By Thomas. KITE. Defie me, strumpet? aske thy pandar, here,
Can he denie it? or that wicked elder?
KNO. Why, heare you, sir. KITE. Tut, tut, tut: neuer speake.
Thy guiltie conscience will discouer thee.
KNO. What lunacie is this, that hants this man?
KITE. Well, good-wife BA'D, COBS wife; and you,
That make your husband such a hoddie-doddie;
And you, yong apple-squire; and old cuckold-maker;
Ile ha'you euery one before a Iustice:
Nay, you shall answere it, I charge you goe.
KNO. Marie, with all my heart, sir: I goe willingly.
Though I doe tast this as a trick, put on me,
To punish my impertinent search; and iustly:
And halfe forgiue my sonne, for the deuice.
KITE. Come, will you goe? DAME. Goe? to thy shame, beleeue it.
COB. Why, what's the matter, here? What's here to doe?
KITE. O, COB, art thou come? I haue beene abus'd,
And i'thy house. Neuer was man so, wrong'd!
COB. Slid, in my house? my master KITELY? Who wrongs you in my house?
KITE. Marie, yong lust in old; and old in yong, here:
Thy wife's their bawd, here haue I taken'hem.
He falls vpon his wife and beates her. COB. How? bawd? Is my house come to that? Am I prefer'd thether? Did I charge you to keepe your dores shut, IS'BEL? and doe you let'hem lie open for all commers?
KNO. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife,
This's madnesse, in thee. COB. Why? is there no cause?
KITE. Yes, Ile shew cause before the Iustice, COB:

Come,

Come, let her goe with me. COB. Nay, shee shall goe.

TIB. Nay, I will goe. Ile see, an' you may bee allow'd to make a bundle o'hempe, o'your right and lawfull wife thus, at euery cuckoldly knaues pleasure. Why doe you not goe?

KITE. A bitter queane. Come, wee'll ha' you tam'd.

Act IIII. *Scene* XI.

BRAYNE-WORME, MATTHEW, BOBADIL, STEPHEN, DOWNE-RIGHT.

WELl, of all my disguises, yet, now am I most like my selfe: being in this Serjeants gowne. A man of my present profession, neuer counterfeits, till hee layes hold vpon a debter, and sayes, he rests him, for then hee brings him to all manner of vnrest. A kinde of little kings wee are, bearing the diminutiue of a mace, made like a yong artichocke, that alwayes carries pepper and salt, in it selfe. Well, I know not what danger I vnder-goe, by this exploit, pray heauen, I come well of.

MAT. See, I thinke, yonder is the varlet, by his gowne.

BOB. Let's goe, in quest of him.

MAT. 'Saue you, friend, are not you here, by appointment of Iustice CLEMENTS man.

BRAY. Yes, an't please you, sir: he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I haue about me) to be seru'd on one DOWNE-RIGHT.

MAT. It is honestly done of you both; and see, where the partie comes, you must arrest: serue it vpon him, quickly, afore hee bee aware———

BOB. Beare backe, master MATTHEW.

BRAY. Master DOWNE-RIGHT, I arrest you, i'the queenes name, and must carry you afore a Iustice, by vertue of this warrant.

STEP. Mee, friend? I am no DOWNE-RIGHT, I. I am master STEPHEN, you doe not well, to arrest me, I tell you, truely: I am in nobodies bonds, nor bookes, I, would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making mee thus afraid afore my time.

BRAY. Why, now are you deceiued, gentlemen?

BOB. He weares such a cloke, and that deceiued vs: But see, here a comes, indeed! this is he, officer.

DOWN. Why, how now, signior gull! are you turn'd filtcher of late? come, deliuer my cloke.

STEP. Your cloke, sir? I bought it, euen now, in open market.

BRAY. Master DOVVNE-RIGHT, I haue a warrant I must serue vpon you, procur'd by these two gentlemen.

DOWN. These gentlemen? these rascals?

BRAY. Keepe the peace, I charge you, in her Maiesties name.

DOWN. I obey thee. What must I doe, officer?

BRAY. Goe before, master Iustice CLEMENT, to answere what they can obiect against you, sir. I will vse you kindly, sir.

MATT. Come, let's before, and make the Iustice, Captaine——

BOB. The varlet's a tall man! afore heauen!

DOWN. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloke?

STEP. Sir, I bought it, and I'le keepe it.

DOWN. You will. STEP. I, that I will.

DOWN. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

BRAY. Master STEPHEN, I must arrest you.

STEP. Arrest mee, I scorne it. There, take your cloke, I'le none on't.

DOWN. Nay, that shall not serue your turne, now, sir. Officer, I'le goe with thee, to the Iustices: bring him along.

STEP. Why, is not here your cloke? what would you haue?

DOWN. I'le ha' you answere it, sir.

BRAY. Sir, I'le take your word; and this gentlemans, too: for his apparance.

DOWN. I'le ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

BRAY. Sir, I may choose, to doe that: I may take bayle.

DOWN. 'Tis true, you may take baile, and choose; at another time: but you shall not, now, varlet. Bring him along, or I'le swinge you.

BRAY. Sir, I pitty the gentlemans case. Here's your money againe.

DOW. 'Sdeynes, tell not me of my money, bring him away, I say.

BRAY. I warrant you he will goe with you of himselfe, sir.

DOW. Yet more adoe?

BRAY. I haue made a faire mash on't.

STEP. Must I goe?

BRAY. I know no remedie, master STEPHEN.

DOWN. Come along, afore mee, here. I doe not loue your hanging looke behind.

STEP. Why, sir. I hope you cannot hang mee for it. Can hee, fellow?

BRAY. I thinke not, sir. It is but a whipping matter, sure!

STEP. Why, then, let him doe his worst, I am resolute.

Act V. *Scene* I.

CLEMENT, KNO'WEL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, SERVANTS.

NAy, but stay, stay, giue me leaue : my chaire, sirrha. You, master KNO'WELL, say you went thither to meet your sonne.

KNO. I, sir.

CLEM. But, who directed you, thither?

KNO. That did mine owne man, sir.

CLEM. Where is he?

KNO. Nay, I know not, now; I left him with your clarke : And appointed him, to stay here for me.

CLEM. My clarke? about what time, was this?

KNO. Mary, betweene one and two, as I take it.

CLEM. And, what time came my man with the false message to you, master KITELY?

KITE. After two, sir.

CLEM. Very good : but, mistris KITELY, how that you were at COBS? ha?

DAME. An'please you, sir, Ile tell you : my brother, WEL-BRED, told me, that COBS house, was a suspected place———

CLEM. So it appeares, me thinkes: but, on.

DAME. And that my husband vs'd thither, daily.

CLEM. No matter, so he vs'd himselfe well, mistris.

DAME. True sir, but you know, what growes, by such hants, often-times.

CLEM. I see, ranke fruits of a iealous braine, mistris KITELY : but, did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

KITE. I found her there, sir.

CLEM. Did you so? that alters the case. Who gaue you knowledge, of your wiues being there?

KITE. Marie, that did my brother WEL-BRED.

CLEM. How? WEL-BRED first tell her? then tell you, after? where is WEL-BRED?

KITE. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

CLEM. Why, this is a meere trick, a deuice; you are gull'd in this most grosly, all! alas, poore wench, wert thou beaten for this?

TIB. Yes, most pittifully, and 't please you.

COB. And worthily, I hope : if it shall proue so.

CLEM. I, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. How now, sir? what's the matter?

SER. Sir, there's a gentleman, i' the court without, desires to speake with your worship.

CLEM. A gentleman? what's he?

SER. A souldier, sir, he saies.

CLEM. A souldier? take downe my armor, my sword, quickly: a souldier speake with me! why, when knaues? come on, come on, hold my cap there, so; giue me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters, anon—Let the souldier enter, now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

He armes himselfe.

Act V. *Scene* II.

BOBADILL, MATTHEW.

BY your worships fauour———

CLEM. Nay, keepe out, sir, I know not your pretence, you send me word, sir, you are a souldier: why, sir, you shall bee answer'd, here, here be them haue beene amongst souldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

BOB. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman, and my selfe, haue beene most vnciuilly wrong'd, and beaten, by one DOWNE-RIGHT, a course fellow, about the towne, here, and for mine owne part, I protest, being a man, in no sort, giuen to this filthie humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted mee in the way of my peace; dispoil'd mee of mine honor; dis-arm'd mee of my weapons; and rudely, laid me along, in the open streets: when, I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

CLEM. O, gods precious! is this the souldier? here, take my armour of quickly, 'twill make him swoune, I feare; hee is not fit to looke on't, that will put vp a blow.

MATT. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

CLEM. Why, and he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

SER. There's one of the varlets of the citie, sir, ha's brought two gentlemen, here, one, vpon your worships warrant.

CLEM. My warrant!

SER. Yes, sir. The officer say's, procur'd by these two.

CLEM. Bid him, come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr. DOWNE-RIGHT! are you brought at Mr. FRESH-WATERS suite, here!

Act V. *Scene* III.

DOWNE-RIGHT, STEPHEN, BRAYNE-WORME.

I Faith, sir. And here's another brought at my suite.

CLEM. What are you, sir?

STEP. A gentleman, sir? O, vncle!

CLEM. Vncle? who? master KNO'WELL?

KNO. I, sir! this is a wise kinsman of mine.

STEP.

STEP. God's my witnesse, vncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously, hee charges me with stealing of his cloke, and would I might neuer stirre, if I did not find it in the street, by chance.

DOW. O, did you find it, now? you said, you bought it, ere-while.

STEP. And, you said, I stole it; nay, now my vncle is here, I'll doe well inough, with you.

CLEM. Well, let this breath a while; you, that haue cause to complaine, there, stand forth: had you my warrant for this gentlemans apprehension?

BOB. I, an't please your worship.

CLEM. Nay, doe not speake in passion so: where had you it?

BOB. Of your clarke, sir?

CLEM. That's well! an' my clarke can make warrants, and my hand not at 'hem! Where is the warrant? Officer, haue you it?

BRAY. No, sir, your worship's man, master FORMAL, bid mee doe it, for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

CLEM. Why, master DOWNE-RIGHT, are you such a nouice, to bee seru'd, and neuer see the warrant?

DOW. Sir. He did not serue it on me.

CLEM. No? how then?

DOW. Mary, sir, hee came to mee, and said, hee must serue it, and hee would vse me kindly, and so———

CLEM. O, gods pittie, was it so, sir? he must serue it? giue me my long-sword there, and helpe me of; so. Come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrha: nay, stand vp, Ile vse you kindly; I must cut off your legs, I say. *He flourishes ouer him with his long-sword.*

BRAY. O, good sir, I heseech you; nay, good master Iustice.

CLEM. I must doe it; there is no remedie. I must cut off your legs, sirrha, I must cut off your eares, you rascall, I must doe it; I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

BRAY. O, good your worship.

CLEM. Well, rise, how doest thou doe, now? doest thou feele thy selfe well? hast thou no harme?

BRAY. No, I thanke your good worship, sir.

CLEM. Why, so! I said, I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy armes, and I must cut off thy head; but, I did not doe it: so, you said, you must serue this gentleman, with my warrant, but, you did not serue him. You knaue, you slaue, you rogue, doe you say you must? sirrha, away with him, to the iayle, Ile teach you a trick, for your *must*, sir.

BRAY. Good, sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

CLEM. Tell him he shall to the iayle, away with him, I say.

BRAY. Nay, sir, if you will commit mee, it shall bee for committing more then this: I will not loose, by my trauaile, any graine of my fame certaine.

CLEM. How is this!

KNO. My man, BRAYNE-WORME!

STEP. O yes, vncle. BRAYNE-WORME ha's beene with my cossen EDWARD, and I, all this day.

CLEM. I told you all, there was some deuice!

BRAY. Nay, excellent Iustice, since I haue laid my selfe thus open to you; now, stand strong for mee: both with your sword, and your ballance.

CLEM. Bodie o'me, a merry knaue! Giue me a bowle of sack: If hee belong to you, master KNO'WELL, I bespeake your patience.

BRAY. That is it, I haue most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me, only; I'll glorie in all the rest, of my exploits.

KNO. Sir, you know, I loue not to haue my fauours come hard, from me. You haue your pardon: though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsell with my sonne, against me.

BRAY. Yes, faith, I haue, sir; though you retain'd me doubly this morning, for your selfe: first, as BRAYNE-WORME; after, as FITZ-SWORD. I was your reform'd souldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to COBS, vpon the errand, without end.

KNO. Is it possible! or that thou should'st disguise thy language so, as I should not know thee?

BRAY. O, sir, this ha's beene the day of my metamorphosis! It is not that shape alone, that I haue runne through, to day. I brought this gentleman, master KITELY, a message too, in the forme of master Iustices man, here, to draw him out o'the way, as well as your worship: while master WELL-BRED might make a conueiance of mistris BRIDGET, to my yong master.

KITE. How! my sister stolne away?

KNO. My sonne is not married, I hope!

BRAY. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as loue, a priest, and three thousand pound (which is her portion) can make 'hem: and by this time are readie to bespeake their wedding supper at the wind-mill, except some friend, here, preuent 'hem, and inuite 'hem home.

CLEM. Marie, that will I (I thanke thee, for putting me in mind on't.) Sirrah, goe you, and fetch 'hem hither, vpon my warrant. Neithers friends haue cause to be sorrie, if I know the yong couple, aright. Here, I drinke to thee, for thy good newes. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man FORMALL.

BRAY. Faith, sir, after some ceremonie past, as making him drunke, first with storie, and then with wine (but all in kindnesse) and stripping him to his shirt: I left him in that coole vaine, departed, sold your worships warrant to these two, pawn'd his liuerie for that varlets gowne, to serue it in; and thus haue brought my selfe, by my actiuitie, to your worships consideration.

CLEM. And I will consider thee, in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which hauing drunke of, this is my sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done,

or

or assisted to nothing, in my iudgement, but deserues to bee pardon'd for the wit o'the offence. If thy master, or anie man, here, be angrie with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him for't. How now? what noise is that!

SER. Sir, it is ROGER is come home.

CLEM. Bring him in, bring him in. What! drunke in armes, against me? Your reason, your reason for this.

Act V. *Scene* IIII.

FORMALL. *To them.*

I Beseech your worship to pardon me; I happen'd into ill companie by chance, that cast me into a sleepe, and stript me of all my clothes——

CLEM. Well, tell him, I am Iustice CLEMENT, and doe pardon him: but, what is this to your armour! what may that signifie?

FORM. And't please you, sir, it hung vp'i the roome, where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one o'the drawers, to come home in, because I was loth, to doe penance through the street, i'my shirt.

CLEM. Well, stand by a while. Who be these? O, the yong companie, welcome, welcome. Gi'you ioy. Nay, mistris BRIDGET, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the newes of it is come hither afore you. Master Bridegroome, I ha'made your peace, giue mee your hand: so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my roofe.

Act V. *Scene* V.

ED. KNO'WEL, WEL-BRED, BRIDGET. *To them.*

WE are the more bound to your humanitie, sir.

CLEM. Only these two, haue so little of man in'hem, they are no part of my care.

WELL. Yes, sir, let mee pray you for this gentleman, hee belongs, to my sister, the bride.

CLEM. In what place, sir?

WELL. Of her delight, sir, below the staires, and in publike: her *poet*, sir.

CLEM. A *poet*? I will challenge him my selfe, presently, at *extempore*.

Mount vp thy Phlegon muse, and testifie,
How SATVRNE, *sitting in an ebon cloud,*
Disrob'd his podex white as iuorie,
And, through the welkin, thundred all aloud.

WELL. Hee is not for *extempore*, sir. Hee is all for the pocket-*muse*, please you command a sight of it.

CLEM.

CLEM. Yes, yes, search him for a tast of his veine.

WELL. You must not denie the Queenes Iustice, Sir, vnder a writ o' rebellion.

CLEM. What! all this verse? Bodie o'me, he carries a whole realme, a common-wealth of paper, in's hose! let's see some of his subiects!

Vnto the boundlesse Ocean of thy face,
Runnes this poore riuer charg'd with streames of eyes.

How? this is stolne!

E. KN. A *Parodie*! a *parodie*! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder then it was.

CLEM. Is all the rest, of this batch? Bring me a torch; lay it together, and giue fire. Clense the aire. Here was enough to haue infected, the whole citie, if it had not beene taken in time! See, see, how our *Poets* glorie shines! brighter, and brighter! still it increases! ô, now, it's at the highest: and, now, it declines as fast. You may see. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

KNO. There's an *embleme* for you, sonne, and your studies!

CLEM. Nay, no speech, or act of mine be drawne against such, as professe it worthily. They are not borne euerie yeere, as an Alderman. There goes more to the making of a good *Poet*, then a Sheriffe, Mr. KITELY. You looke vpon me! though, I liue i'the citie here, amongst you, I will doe more reuerence, to him, when I meet him, then I will to the Major, out of his yeere. But, these paper-pedlers! these inke-dablers! They cannot expect reprehension, or reproch. They haue it with the fact.

E. KN. Sir, you haue sau'd me the labour of a defence.

CLEM. It shall be discourse for supper; betweene your father and me, if he dare vnder-take me. But, to dispatch away these, you signe o'the Souldier, and picture o'the *Poet* (but, both so false, I will not ha'you hang'd out at my dore till midnight) while we are at supper, you two shal penitently fast it out in my court, without; and, if you will, you may pray there, that we may be so merrie within, as to forgiue, or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, because, we tender your safetie, shall watch you, he is prouided for the purpose. Looke to your charge, sir.

STEP. And what shall I doe?

CLEM. O! I had lost a sheepe, an he had not bleated! Why, sir, you shall giue Mr. DOWNE-RIGHT his cloke: and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher, and a napkin, you shall haue, i'the buttrie, and keepe COB, and his wife companie, here; whom, I will intreat first to bee reconcil'd: and you to endeuour with your wit, to keepe 'hem so.

STEP. Ile doe my best.

COB. Why, now I see thou art honest, TIB, I receiue thee as my deare, and mortall wife, againe.

TIB. And, I you, as my louing, and obedient husband.

CLEM. Good complement! It will bee their bridale night too. They are

are married anew. Come, I coniure the rest,to put of all discontent. You,
Mr. DOWNE-RIGHT, your anger; you, master KNO'WELL, your cares;
master KITELY, and his wife, their iealousie.
For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Hornes i'the mind are worse then o'the head.

KITE. Sir, thus they goe from me, kisse me, sweetheart.

See, what a droue of hornes flye, in the ayre,
Wing'd with my clensed, and my credulous breath!
Watch 'hem, suspicious eyes, watch, where they fall.
See, see! on heads, that thinke th'haue none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this, will come!
When ayre raynes hornes, all may be sure of fame.

I ha'learnd so much verse out of a iealous mans part, in a play.

CLEM. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night wee'll dedicate to friendship, loue, and laughter. Master bride-groome, take your bride, and leade: euery one, a fellow. Here is my mistris. BRAYNE-WORME! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall haue their reference. Whose aduentures, this day, when our grand-children shall heare to be made a fable, I doubt not, but it shall find both spectators, and applause.

THE END.

This Comoedie was first
Acted, in the yeere
1598.

By the then L. CHAMBERLAYNE
his Seruants.

The principall Comœdians were.

WILL SHAKESPEARE.	RIC. BVRBADGE.
AVG. PHILIPS.	IOH. HEMINGS.
HEN. CONDEL.	THO. POPE.
WILL. SLYE.	CHR. BEESTON.
WILL. KEMPE.	IOH. DVKE.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

Euery
MAN OVT
OF HIS
HVMOVR.

A Comicall Satyre.

Acted in the yeere 1599. By the then
Lord Chamberlaine his
Seruants.

The Author B. I.

*Non aliena meo preſſi pede | * ſi propius ſtes,*
Te capient magis | & decies repetita placebunt.*

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY
for *Iohn Smithwicke.*

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE NOBLEST
NOVRCERIES OF HVMA-
NITY, AND LIBERTY,
IN THE KINGDOME:
The Innes of Court.

Vnderstand you, Gentlemen, not your houses: and a worthy succession of you, to all time, as being borne the Iudges of these studies. When J wrote this Poeme, *J had friendship with diuers in your societies; who, as they were great Names in learning, so they were no lesse Examples of liuing. Of them, and then (that J say no more) it was not despis'd. Now that the Printer, by a doubled charge, thinkes it worthy a longer life, then commonly the ayre of such things doth promise; J am carefull to put it a seruant to their pleasures, who are the inheriters of the first fauour borne it. Yet, J command, it lye not in the way of your more noble, and vse-full studies to the publike. For so I shall suffer for it: But, when the gowne and cap is off, and the Lord of liberty raignes; then, to take it in your hands, perhaps may make some Bencher, tincted with humanity, reade: and not repent him.*

By your true Honorer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Names of the Actors.

ASPER, The Presenter.

MACILENTE.

PVNTERVOLO. His Lady. Waiting-Gent. Huntsman. Seruingmen 2. Dog and Cat.

CARLO BVFFONE.

FASTID. BRISKE. *Cinedo* his Page.

DELIRO. *Fido* their Seruant.

FALLACE. Musicians.

SAVIOLINA.

SORDIDO. His Hinde.

FVNGOSO. Taylor. Haberdasher. Shomaker.

SOGLIARDO.

SHIFT. *Rustici.*

CLOVE. A Groome. Drawers. Constable, *and* Officers.

ORENGE.

GREX.

CORDATVS. MITIS.

Asper his Character.

HE is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproofe, without feare controuling the worlds abuses. One, whom no seruile hope of gaine, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a Parasite, either to time, place, or opinion.

Macilente.

A Man well parted, a sufficient Scholler, and trauail'd; who (wanting that place in the worlds account, which he thinks his merit capable of) falls into such an enuious apoplexie, with which his iudgement is so dazeled, and distasted, that he growes violently impatient of any opposite happinesse in another.

Puntarvolo.

A Vaine-glorious Knight, ouer-Englishing his trauels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very Iacobs *staffe of complement: a Sir, that hath liu'd to see the reuolution of time in most of his apparell. Of presence good ynough, but so palpably affected to his owne praise, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himselfe, to the floutage of his owne family. He deales vpon returnes, and strange performances, resoluing (in despight of publike derision) to sticke to his owne particular fashion, phrase, and gesture.*

Carlo Buffone.

A Publike, scurrilous, and prophane Iester; that (more swift then Circe) *with absurd* simile's *will transforme any person into deformity. A good Feast-hound, or Banket-beagell, that will sent you out a supper some three mile off, and sweare to his Patrons* (Dam him) *hee came in Oares, when hee was but wafted ouer in a Sculler. A slaue, that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palat,*

and will swill vp more sacke at a sitting, then would make all the Guard a posset. His religion is rayling, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproch.

Fastidivs Briske.

A Neat, spruce, affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes well, and in fashion; practiseth by his glasse how to salute; speakes good remnants (notwithstanding the Base-violl and Tabacco:) sweares tersely, and with variety; cares not what Ladies fauour he belyes, or great Mans familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. Hee will borrow another mans horse to praise, and backs him as his owne. Or, for a neede, on foot can post himselfe into credit with his marchant, only with the gingle of his spurre, and the jerke of his wand.

Deliro.

A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the common Councell for his wealth: a fellow sincerely besotted on his owne wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holds himselfe vnworthy of her. And in that hood-winkt humour, liues more like a suter then a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made loue to her. He doth sacrifice two-pence in iuniper to her, euery morning, before shee rises, and wakes her, with villanous-out-of-tune musick, which shee out of her contempt (though not out of her iudgement) is sure to dislike.

Fallace.

*D*Eliro's *wife, and Idoll: a proud mincing Peat, and as peruerse as he is officious. Shee dotes as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest.*

Saviolina.

A Court Lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admir'd by her selfe, and one more, her seruant Briske.

Sor-

Sordido.

A *Wretched hob-nail'd Chuffe, whose recreation, is reading of Almanacks ; and felicity, foule weather. One that neuer pray'd, but for a leane dearth, and euer wept in a fat harnest.*

Fvngoso.

THe *sonne of* Sordido, *and a student : one that has reuel'd in his time, and followes the fashion a farre off, like a spie. He makes it the whole bent of his endeuours, to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched father, to put him in the Courtiers cut : at which he earnestly aimes, but so vnluckily, that he still lights short a sute.*

Sogliardo.

A *N essentiall Clowne, brother to* Sordido, *yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it, though he buyes it. He comes vp euery Terme to learne to take Tabacco , and see new Motions. He is in his kingdome when he can get himselfe into company, where he may be well laught at.*

Shift.

A *Thred-bare Sharke. One that neuer was Souldier , yet liues vpon lendings. His profession is skeldring and odling, his banke* Poules , *and his ware-house* Pict-hatch. *Takes vp single testons vpon othes, till Doomes day. Falls vnder executions of three shillings, and enters into fiue-groat bonds. He way-layes the reports of seruices, and connes them without booke, damming himselfe he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the dyet in a bawdy house, or lay pawn'd in his chamber for rent, and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy memory, that he will salute one for an old acquaintance, that he neuer saw in his life before. He vsurps vpon cheats, quarrels, and robberies, which he neuer did, only to get him a name. His chiefe exercises are, taking the Whiffe, squiring a Cockatrice, and making priuy searches for Imparters.*

Clove and Orange.

An inseparable case of Coxcombs, City-borne; The Gemini *or Twins of foppery: that like a paire of woodden foyles, are fit for nothing, but to be practis'd vpon. Being well flatter'd, they'le lend money, and repent when they ha' done. Their glory is to inuite Plaiers, and make suppers. And in company of better ranke (to auoide the suspect of insufficiency) will inforce their ignorance, most desperately, to set vpon the vnderstanding of any thing.* Orange *is the more humorous of the two (whose small portion of iuyce being squeez'd out)* Cloue *serues to sticke him, with commendations.*

Cordatvs.

The Authors friend; A man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his Plot: Of a discreet, and vnderstanding iudgement; and has the place of a Moderator.

Mitis.

Is a person of no action, and therefore we haue reason to affoord him no Character.

EVERY MAN OVT OF HIS HVMOVR.

After the second Sounding.

GREX.

CORDATVS, ASPER, MITIS,

NAy, my deare ASPER,
MIT. Stay your mind :
ASP. Away.
Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can checke his spirit, or reine his tongue?
Or who hath such a dead vnfeeling sense,
That heauens horrid thunders cānot wake?
To see the earth, crackt with the weight of sinne,
Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heads
Blacke rau'nous ruine, with her saile-stretcht wings,
Ready to sinke vs downe, and couer vs.
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And haue his lips seal'd vp? not I : my soule
Was neuer ground into such oyly colours,
To flatter vice and daube iniquitie :
But (with an armed, and resolued hand)
Ile strip the ragged follies of the time,

Naked,

Naked, as at their birth : COR. (Be not too bold.
ASP. You trouble me) and with a whip of steele,
Print wounding lashes in their yron ribs.
I feare no mood stampt in a priuate brow,
When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publicke vice.
I feare no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries ;
No brokers, vsurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.
I feare no courtiers frowne, should I applaud
The easie flexure of his supple hammes.
Tut, these are so innate, and popular,
That drunken custome would not shame to laugh
(In scorne) at him, that should but dare to taxe'hem.
And yet, not one of these but knowes his workes,
Knowes what damnation is, the deuill, and hell,
Yet, howerly they persist,grow ranke in sinne,
Puffing their soules away in perj'rous aire,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.
MIT. Forbeare, good ASPER, be not like your name.
ASP. O, but to such, whose faces are all zeale,
And (with the words of HERCVLES) invade
Such crimes as these ! that will not smell of sinne,
But seeme as they were made of Sanctitie !
Religion in their garments, and their haire
Cut shorter than their eye-browes ! when the conscience
Is vaster than the Ocean, and deuoures
More wretches than the Counters. MIT. Gentle ASPER,
Containe your spirit in more stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts. COR. Vnlesse your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new againe,
It is in vaine, to spend it in these moods.

Here hee makes adresse to the People.

ASP. I not obseru'd this thronged round till now.
Gracious, and kind spectators, you are welcome,
APOLLO, and the MVSES feast your eyes
With gracefull obiects,and may our MINERVA
Answere your hopes, vnto their largest straine.
Yet here, mistake me not,iudicious friends.
I doe not this, to begge your patience,
Or seruilely to fawne on your applause,
Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit :
Let me be censur'd, by th'austerest brow,

Where

Where I want arte, or iudgement, taxe me freely :
Let envious Censors with their broadest eyes
Looke through and through me ; I pursue no fauour.
Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.
O, how I hate the monstrousnesse of time,
Where euery seruile imitating spirit,
(Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)
In a meere halting fury, striues to fling
His vlc'rous body in the *Thespian* spring,
And streight leap's forth a Poet ! but as lame
As VULCAN, or the founder of Cripple-gate.
MIT. In faith, this Humour will come ill to some,
You will be thought to be too peremptory.
ASP. This Humour ? good ; and why this Humour, MITIS ?
Nay doe not turne, but answere.
MIT. Answere ? what ?
ASP. I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,
I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
To giue these ignorant well-spoken dayes,
Some taste of their abuse of this word Humour.
CORD. O doe not let your purpose fall, good ASPER,
It cannot but arriue most acceptable,
Chiefly to such, as haue the happinesse,
Daily to see how the poore innocent word
Is rackt, and tortur'd. MIT. I ; I pray you proceede.
ASP. Ha ? what ? what is't ?
COR. For the abuse of Humour.
ASP. O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.
Why Humour (as 'tis *ens)* we thus define it
To be a quality of aire or water,
And in it selfe holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure : As, for demonstration,
Powre water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne :
Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)
Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind
A kind of dew ; and hence we doe conclude,
That what soe're hath fluxure, and humiditie,
As wanting power to containe it selfe,
Is Humour : so in euery humane body
The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receiue the name of Humours. Now thus farre

It may, by Metaphore, apply it selfe
Vnto the generall disposition :
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluctions, all to runne one way,
This may be truly said to be a Humour.
But that a Rooke, in wearing a pyed feather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-pild ruffe,
A yard of shoe-tie, or the *Switzers* knot
On his *French* garters, should affect a Humour!
O, 'tis more then most ridiculous.
CORD. He speakes pure truth : now if an Idiot
Haue but an apish, or phantasticke straine,
It is his Humour. ASP. Well I will scourge those Apes ;
And to these courteous eyes oppose a mirrour,
As large as is the stage, whereon we act :
Where they shall see the times deformity
Anatomiz'd in euery nerue, and sinnew,
With constant courage, and contempt of feare.
MIT. ASPER (I vrge it as your friend) take heed,
The dayes are dangerous, full of exception,
And men are growne impatient of reproofe. ASP. Ha, ha:
You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,
This earth, these men ; and all had mou'd alike.
Doe not I know the times condition?
Yes MITIS, and their soules, and who they be
That either will, or can except against me.
None, but a sort of fooles, so sicke in taste,
That they contemne all phisicke of the mind,
And like gald camels kicke at euery touch.
Good men, and vertuous spirits, that lothe their vices,
Will cherish my free labours, loue my lines,
And with the feruour of their shining grace,
Make my braine fruitfull to bring forth more obiects,
Worthy their serious, and intentiue eyes.
But why enforce I this, as fainting? no.
If any here chance to behold himselfe,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,
For if he shame to haue his follies knowne,
First he should shame to act'hem : my strict hand
Was made to ceaze on vice, and with a gripe
Crush out the humour of such spongie soules,
As licke vp euery idle vanitie.

CORD. Why this is right *Furor Poeticus !*
Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience
Will yet conceiue the best, or entertaine
This supposition, that a mad-man speakes.
ASP. What? are you ready there? MITIS sit downe :
And my CORDATVS. Sound hough, and begin.
I leaue you two, as censors, to sit here :
Obserue what I present, and liberally
Speake your opinions, vpon euery *Scene*,
As it shall passe the view of these spectators.
Nay, now, y'are tedious Sirs, for shame begin.
And MITIS, note me,if in all this front,
You can espy a gallant of this marke,
Who (to be thought one of the iudicious)
Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pull'd here,
Cryes meaw, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
Will shew more seueral motions in his face,
Then the new *London*, *Rome*, or *Niniueh,*
And (now and then) breakes a drie bisquet iest,
Which that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his owne laughter. CORD. Why? will that
Make it be sooner swallow'd? ASP. O, assure you.
Or if it did not, yet as HORACE sings,
" *Ieiunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit,*
" Meane cates are welcome still to hungry guests.
CORD. 'Tis true, but why should we obserue'hem, ASPER?
ASP. O I would know'hem, for in such assemblies,
Th'are more infectious then the pestilence :
And therefore I would giue them pills to purge,
And make'hem fit for faire societies.
How monstrous, and detested is't,to see
A fellow, that has neither arte, nor braine,
Sit like an ARISTARCHVS, or starke-asse,
Taking mens lines, with a tabacco face,
In snuffe, still spitting, vsing his wryed lookes
(In nature of a vice) to wrest, and turne
The good aspect of those that shall sit neere him,
From what they doe behold ! O,'tis most vile.
MIT. Nay, ASPER.
ASP. Peace, MITIS, I doe know your thought.
You'le say, your guests here will except at this :
Pish, you are too timorous, and full of doubt.
Then, he, a patient, shall reiect all physicke,
'Cause the physicion tels him,you are sicke :

Or, if I say, That he is vicious,
You will not heare of vertue. Come, y'are fond.
Shall I be so extrauagant to thinke,
That happy iudgements, and composed spirits,
Will challenge me for taxing such as these?
I am asham'd. CORD. Nay, but good pardon vs:
We must not beare this peremptorie saile,
But vse our best endeuours how to please.
ASP. Why, therein I commend your carefull thoughts,
And I will mixe with you in industrie
To please, but whom? attentiue auditors,
Such as will ioyne their profit with their pleasure,
And come to feed their vnderstanding parts:
For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,
And speake away my spirit into ayre;
For these, Ile melt my braine into inuention,
Coine new conceits, and hang my richest words
As polisht jewels in their bounteous eares.
But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience;
If I dwell here, they'le not begin, I see:
Friends sit you still, and entertaine this troupe
With some familiar, and by-conference,
Ile haste them sound. Now gentlemen, I goe
To turne an actor, and a Humorist,
Where (ere I doe resume my present person)
We hope to make the circles of your eyes
Flow with distilled laughter: if we faile,
We must impute it to this onely chance,
"*Arte* hath an enemy cal'd *Ignorance*.
CORD. How doe you like his spirit, MITIS?
MIT. I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident.
CORD. Why, doe you suspect his merit?
MIT. No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.
CORD. O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if he had no enemies, I should esteeme his fortunes most wretched at this instant.
MIT. You haue seene his play, CORDATVS? pray you, how is't?
CORD. Faith sir, I must refraine to iudge, only this I can say of it, 'tis strange, and of a particular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Vetus Comœdia:* a worke that hath bounteously pleased me, how it will answere the generall expectation, I know not.
MIT. Does he obserue all the lawes of *Comedie* in it?
CORD. What lawes meane you?
MIT. Why, the equall diuision of it into *Acts*, and *Scenes*, according to the *Terentian* manner, his true number of Actors; the furnishing of the

Scene

Scene with GREX, or CHORVS, and that the whole Argument fall within compasse of a dayes businesse.

CORD. O no, these are too nice obseruations.

MIT. They are such as must be receiued, by your fauour, or it cannot be authentique.

CORD. Troth, I can discerne no such necessity.

MIT. No?

CORD. No, I assure you, Signior. If those lawes you speake of, had beene deliuered vs, *ab initio*, and in their present vertue and perfection, there had beene some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comœdia*, was at first nothing but a simple, and continued *Song*, sung by one only person, till SVSARIO inuented a second, after him EPICHARMVS a third; PHORMVS, and CHIONIDES deuised to haue foure Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which CRATINVS (long after) added a fift, and sixt; EVPOLIS more; ARISTOPHANES more then they: euery man in the dignitie of his spirit and iudgement, supplyed some-thing. And (though that in him this kinde of *Poeme* appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of it chang'd since, in MENANDER, PHILEMON, CECILIVS, PLAVTVS, and the rest; who haue vtterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all liberty, according to the elegancie and disposition of those times, wherein they wrote? I see not then, but we should enioy the same licence, or free power, to illustrate and heighten our inuention as they did; and not bee tyed to those strict and regular formes, which the nicenesse of a few (who are nothing but forme) would thrust vpon vs.

MIT. Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his *Scene?*

COR. Marry, *Insula Fortunata*, Sir.

MIT. O, the fortunate Iland? masse, he has bound himselfe to a strict law there.

COR. Why so?

MIT. He cannot lightly alter the *Scene*, without crossing the seas.

COR. He needs not, hauing a whole Iland to run through, I thinke.

MIT. No? how comes it then, that in some one Play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdomes, past ouer with such admirable dexteritie?

COR. O, that but shewes how well the Authors can trauaile in their vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their auditorie. But leauing this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sowre the best-settled patience in the Theatre.

MIT. They haue answered your wish Sir: they sound.

CORD. O, here comes the *Prologue:* Now sir! if you had staid a little longer, I meant to haue spoke your prologue for you, I faith.

The third sounding.

PROLOGVE.

PROL. Mary, with all my heart, Sir, you shall doe it yet, and I thanke you.

CORD. Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?

PROL. You could not haue studied to ha' done me a greater benefit at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I spoke it) I must of necessity haue beene out.

CORD. Why, but doe you speake this seriously?

PROL. Seriously! I (wit's my helpe doe I) and esteeme my selfe indebted to your kindnesse for it.

CORD. For what?

PROL. Why, for vndertaking the prologue for me.

CORD. How? did I vndertake it for you?

PROL. Did you! I appeale to all these gentlemen, whether you did or no? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now; but 'twill not serue.

CORD. 'Fore me, but it must serue: and therefore speake your prologue.

PROL. And I doe, let me die poyson'd with some venemous hisse, and neuer liue to looke as high as the two-penny roome againe.

MIT. He has put you to it, sir.

COR. Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this? Gentlemen, good faith I can speake no prologue, howsoeuer his weake wit has had the fortune to make this strong vse of me, here before you: but I protest———

CARLO BVFFONE.

He enters with a boy, and wine.

CARL. Come, come, leaue these fustian protestations: away, come, I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glasse, quickly, I may bid these gentlemen welcome; giue 'hem a health here: I marl'e whose wit 'twas to put a prologue in yon'd sack-buts mouth: they might well thinke hee'd be out of tune, and yet you'ld play vpon him too.

CORD. Hang him, dull blocke.

CARL. O good words, good words, a well-timberd fellow, he would ha' made a good columne, and he had beene thought on, when the house was a building. O, art thou come? well said; giue mee boy, fill, so. Here's a cup of wine sparkles like a diamond. Gentlewomen (I am sworne to put them in first) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad prologue, I drinke this good draught to your health here, *Canarie*, the very *Elixi'r* and spirit of wine. This is that our *Poet* calls *Castalian* liquor, when hee comes abroad (now and

and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good meale among Players, where he has *Caninum appetitum:* mary, at home he keepes a good philosophicall diet, beanes and butter milke: an honest pure Rogue, hee will take you off three, foure, fiue of these, one after another, and looke vilanously when he has done, like a one-headed CERBERVS (he do'not heare me I hope) and then (when his belly is well ballac't, and his braine rigg'd a little) he sailes away withall, as though he would worke wonders when he comes home. He has made a Play here, and he calls it, *Euery Man out of his humour:* Sbloud, and he get me out of the humour hee has put mee in, Ile trust none of his Tribe againe, while I liue. Gentles, all I can say for him, is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you: but there's an old rule, *No pledging your owne health.* Mary, if any here be thirsty for it, their best way (that I know) is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and drinke so much of the play, in at their eares. *Exit.*

GREX.

MIT. What may this fellow be, CORDATVS?

COR. Faith, if the time will suffer his description, Ile giue it you. He is one, the Author calls him CARLO BVFFONE, an impudent common iester, a violent rayler, and an incomprehensible *Epicure*; one, whose company is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none; hee will sooner lose his soule then a iest, and prophane euen the most holy things, to excite laughter: no honorable or reuerend personage whatsoeuer, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd into all manner of varietie, by his adult'rate *simile's*.

MIT. You paint forth a monster.

COR. He will preferre all Countries before his natiue, and thinkes he can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his affectionate conceit of forraine Atheistical policies: but stay--Obserue these, hee'le appeare himselfe anon.

MIT. O, this is your enuious man (MACILENTE) I thinke.

COR. The same, sir.

Act I. *Scene* I.

MACILENTE.

Vri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facilè ferre.
Tis true; but, Stoique, where (in the vast world)
Doth that man breathe, that can so much command
His bloud, and his affection? well: I see,
I striue in vaine to cure my wounded soule;
For euery cordiall that my thoughts apply,
Turnes to a cor'siue, and doth eate it farder.
There is no taste in this Philosophie,
Tis like a potion that a man should drinke,

But turnes his stomacke with the sight of it.
I am no such pild *Cinique*, to beleeue
That beggery is the onely happinesse ;
Or (with a number of these patient fooles)
To sing : *My minde to me a kingdome is*,
When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode.
I looke into the world, and there I meet
With obiects, that doe strike my bloud-shot eyes
Into my braine : where, when I view my selfe ;
Hauing before obseru'd, this man is great,
Mighty, and fear'd : that, lou'd and highly fauour'd :
A third, thought wise and learned : a fourth, rich,
And therefore honor'd : a fifth, rarely featur'd :
A sixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes :
When I see these (I say) and view my selfe,
I wish the organs of my sight were crackt ;
And that the engine of my griefe could cast
Mine eye-balls, like two globes of wild-fire forth,
To melt this vnproportion'd frame of nature.
Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixt my heart,
And often (i' the strength of apprehension)
Made my cold passion stand vpon my face,
Like drops of dew on a stiffe cake of yce.

G R E X.

COR. This alludes well to that of the Poet,
Inuidus suspirat, gemit, incutitq; dentes,
Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.

MIT. O peace, you breake the *Scene*.

MACI. Soft, who be these ?
I'le lay me downe a while till they be past.

G R E X.

COR. Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.

MIT. What is he ?

COR. A tame Rooke, youle take him presently : List.

Act I. *Scene* II.

SOGLIARDO, CARLO BVFFONE, MACILENTE.

NAy looke you CARLO : this is my Humour now ! I haue land and money, my friends left me well, and I will be a Gentleman whatsoeuer it cost me.

CAR

SOG. Tut, and I take an humour of a thing once, I am like your taylors needle, I goe through : but, for my name, Signior, how thinke you? will it not serue for a gentlemans name, when the Signior is put to it? Ha?

CAR. Let me heare : how is't?

SOG. *Signior Insulso Sogliardo :* me thinkes it sounds well.

CAR. O excellent! tut, and all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a gentleman : I know many *Sogliardos* gentlemen.

SOG. Why, and for my wealth I might be a Iustice of Peace.

CAR. I, and a Constable for your wit.

SOG. All this is my Lordship you see here, and those Farmes you came by.

CAR. Good steps to gentility too, mary : but SOGLIARDO, if you affect to be a gentleman indeede, you must obserue all the rare qualities, humours, and complements of a gentleman.

SOG. I know it, signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too good to learne, Ile assure you.

CAR. Inough sir: Ile make admirable vse i'the proiection of my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here. Ile bethinke me, for you sir.

SOG. Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thanke you, and thinke on you.

G R E X.

CORD. Is not this purely good?

MACIL. Sbloud, why should such a prick-eard hine as this,
Be rich? Ha? a foole? such a transparent gull
That may be seene through? wherefore should he haue land,
Houses, and lordships? O, I could eate my entrailes,
And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow.

CAR. First (to be an accomplisht gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the time) you must giue o're house-keeping in the countrey, and liue altogether in the city amongst gallants; where, at your first apparance, 'twere good you turn'd foure or fiue hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel (you may doe it without going to a coniurer) and be sure, you mixe your selfe stil, with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular; studie their carriage, and behauiour in all : learne to play at *Primero* and *Passage,* and (euer when you lose) ha'two or three peculiar othes to sweare by, that no man else sweares : but aboue all, protest in your play, and affirme, *Vpon your credit*; *As you are a true gentleman* (at euery cast) you may doe it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

SOG. O admirable rare! he cannot choose but be a gentleman, that ha's these excellent gifts : more, more, I beseech you.

CAR. You must endeuour to feede cleanly at your Ordinarie, sit melancholy, and picke your teeth when you cannot speake : and when you come to Playes, be humorous, looke with a good startch't face, and ruffle your

your brow like a new boot; laugh at nothing but your owne iests, or else as the Noblemen laugh. That's a speciall grace you must obserue.

SOG. I warrant you, sir.

CAR. I, and sit o'the stage, and flout: prouided, you haue a good suit.

SOG. O, I'le haue a suit only for that, sir.

CAR. You must talke much of your kinred, and allies.

SOG. Lies! no Signior, I shall not neede to doe so, I haue kinred i'the city to talke of: I haue a neece is a marchants wife; and a nephew, my brother SORDIDOS sonne, of the Innes of Court.

CAR. O, but you must pretend alliance with Courtiers and great persons: and euer when you are to dine or suppe in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chaine (though it be copper it's no matter) to bring you letters, feign'd from such a Nobleman, or such a Knight, or such a Ladie, *To their worshipfull, right rare, and noble qualified friend or kinsman, Signior Insulso Sogliardo*, giue your selfe stile enough. And there (while you intend circumstances of newes, or enquiry of their health, or so) one of your familiars (whom you must carry about you still) breakes it vp (as 'twere in a iest) and reades it publikely at the table: at which, you must seeme to take as vnpardonable offence, as if he had torne your Mistris colours, or breath'd vpon her picture; and pursue it with that hot grace, as if you would aduance a challenge vpon it presently.

SOG. Stay, I doe not like that humour of challenge, it may be accepted; but I'le tell you what's my humour now: I will doe this. I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the Taylors to haue the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter, as you talke of (broke open and all) shall be left: O, the Taylor vvill presently giue out what I am, vpon the reading of it, vvorth twentie of your Gallants.

CAR. But then you must put on an extreme face of discontentment at your mans negligence.

SOG. O, so I vvill, and beat him too: I'le haue a man for the purpose.

MACIL. You may; you haue land and crownes: O partiall fate!

CARL. Masse well remembred, you must keepe your men gallant, at the first, fine pyed liueries, laid vvith good gold lace, there's no losse in it, they may rip't off and pawne it, vvhen they lacke victuals.

SOG. By'r Ladie, that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

CAR. Debt? why, that's the more for your credit sir: it's an excellent policy to owe much in these daies, if you note it.

SOG. As how good Signior? I would faine be a Polititian.

CAR. O! looke where you are indebted any great summe, your creditor obserues you with no lesse regard, then if hee were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to giue you the least cause of offence, lest he loose his money. I assure you (in these times) no man has his seruant more obsequious and pliant, then gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time) you pay but a moitie, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptedly, then if you gaue'hem a new-yeares gift.

SOG.

SOG. I perceiue you, sir: I will take vp, and bring my selfe in credit sure.

CAR. Mary this, alwaies beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poore needie *Ludgathians*: they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent tragedies they stirre, nor how they play fast and loose with a poore gentlemans fortunes, to get their owne. Mary, these rich fellowes (that ha' the vvorld, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses) they are ten times more placable, they; either feare, hope, or modestie, restraines them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not run a penny more in arrerage for them, and you list your selfe.

SOG. No? how should I keepe 'hem then?

CAR. Keepe 'hem? Sbloud let them keepe themselues, they are no sheepe, are they? What? you shall come in houses, where plate, apparrell, iewels, and diuers other pretie commodities lye negligently scattered, and I would ha' those *Mercuries* follow me (I trow) should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

SOG. That's not so good, me thinkes.

CAR. Why, after you haue kept 'hem a fortnight, or so, and shew'd 'hem ynough to the world, you may turne 'hem away, and keepe no more but a boy, it's ynough.

SOG. Nay, my humour is not for boyes, Ile keepe men, and I keepe any; and Ile giue coats, that's my humour: but I lacke a cullisen.

CAR. Why, now you ride to the citie, you may buy one, Ile bring you where you shall ha' your choise for money.

SOG. Can you, sir?

CAR. O, I: you shall haue one take measure of you, and make you a *Coat of armes*, to fit you of vvhat fashion you vvill.

SOG. By word of mouth, I thanke you, Signior; Ile be once a little prodigall in a humour, i' faith, and haue a most prodigious coat.

MACI. Torment and death! breake head and braine at once,
To be deliuer'd of your fighting issue.
Who can endure to see blinde *Fortune* dote thus?
To be enamour'd on this dustie turfe?
This clod? a whorson puck-fist? O god, god, god, god, &c.
I could runne wild vvith griefe now, to behold
The ranknesse of her bounties, that doth breed
Such bull-rushes; these mushrompe gentlemen,
That shoot vp in a night to place, and vvorship.

CAR. Let him alone, some stray, some stray.

SOG. Nay, I will examine him before I goe, sure.

CAR. The Lord of the soile ha's al vvefts, and straies here? ha's he not?

SOG. Yes, sir.

CAR. Faith, then I pitty the poore fellow, he's falne into a fooles hands.

SOG.

SOG. Sirrah, who gaue you commission to lye in my lordship?

MACI. Your lordship?

SOG. How? my lordship? doe you know me, sir?

MACI. I doe know you, sir.

CAR. S'heart, he answeres him like an *eccho*.

SOG. Why, who am I, Sir?

MACI. One of those that fortune fauours.

CAR. The *Periphrasis* of a foole; Ile obserue this better.

SOG. That fortune fauours? how meane you that, friend?

MACI. I meane simply. That you are one that liues not by your vvits.

SOG. By my wits? No sir, I scorne to liue by my wits, I. I haue better meanes, I tell thee, then to take such base courses, as to liue by my wits. Sbloud, doest thou thinke I liue by my wits?

MACI. Me thinkes, Iester, you should not relish this well.

CAR. Ha? does he know me?

MACI. Though yours bee the worst vse a man can put his wit to, of thousands, to prostitute it at euery tauerne and ordinarie; yet (mee thinkes) you should haue turn'd your broad side at this, and haue beene readie with an *Apologie*, able to sinke this hulke of ignorance into the bottome, and depth of his contempt.

CAR. Sbloud 'tis MACILENTE! Signior, you are well encountred, how is't? O, we must not regard what hee saies man, a trout, a shallow foole, he ha's no more braine then a butter-flie, a meere stuft suit, he looks like a mustie bottle, new vvickerd, his head's the corke, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd, Signior.

MACI. You are? Gramercie, good IANVS.

SOG. Is he one of your acquaintance? I loue him the better for that.

CAR. Gods precious, come away man, what doe you meane? and you knew him as I doe, you'ld shun him, as you'ld doe the plague?

SOG. Why, sir?

CAR. O, hee's a blacke fellow, take heed on him.

SOG. Is he a Scholler, or a Souldier?

CAR. Both, both; a leane mungrell, he lookes as if he were chapfalne, with barking at other mens good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him, he carries oile and fire in his pen, vvill scald vvhere it drops: his spirit's like powder, quick, violent: hee'le blow a man vp with a jest: I feare him vvorse then a rotten wall do's the cannon, shake an houre after, at the report. Away, come not neere him.

SOG. For Gods sake let's be gone, and he be a Scholler, you know I cannot abide him, I had as leeue see a Cockatrice, specially as cockatrices goe now.

CAR. What, you'le stay, signior? this gentleman SOGLIARDO, and I, are to visit the knight PVNTARVOLO, and from thence to the citie, wee shall meet there.

MACI.

MACI. I, vvhen I cannot shun you, vve will meet.
'Tis strange! of all the creatures I haue seene,
I enuie not this BVFFON, for indeede
Neither his fortunes, nor his parts deserue it:
But I doe hate him, as I hate the deuill,
Or that brasse-visag'd monster *Barbarisme*.
O, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouth'd curre,
That bites at all, but eates on those that feed him.
A slaue, that to your face will (serpent-like)
Creepe on the ground, as he would eate the dust;
And to your backe will turne the taile, and sting
More deadly then a scorpion: Stay, who's this?
Now for my soule, another minion
Of the old lady *Chance's:* I'le obserue him.

Act I. *Scene* III.

SORDIDO, MACILENTE, HINE.

O Rare! good, good, good, good, good! I thanke my Starres, I thanke my Starres for it.

MACI. Said I not true? doth not his passion speake
Out of my diuination? O my senses,
Why loose you not your powers, and become
Dull'd, if not deadded vvith this spectacle?
I know him, 'tis SORDIDO, the farmer,
A Boore, and brother to that swine vvas here.

SORD. Excellent, excellent, excellent! as I vvould wish, as I vvould vvish.

MACI. See how the strumpet *Fortune* tickles him,
And makes him swoune vvith laughter, ô, ô, ô.

SORD. Ha, ha, ha, I vvill not sow my grounds this yeere. Let mee see, vvhat haruest shall vve haue? *Iune, Iuly, August?*

MACI. What is't, a Prognostication rap's him so?

SORD. The xx, xxi, xxij, daies, raine and vvinde, O good, good! the xxiij, and xxiiij, raine and some winde, good! the xxv, raine, good still! xxvi, xxvij, xxviij, winde and some raine; vvould it had beene raine and some vvinde: vvell 'tis good (when it can be no better) xxix, inclining to raine: inclining to raine? that's not so good now. xxx, and xxxi, vvinde and no raine: no raine? S'lid stay; this is vvorse and vvorse: what saies he of *S. Swithins?* turne back, looke, *S. Swithins:* no raine?

MACI. O, here's a precious durty damned rogue,
That fats himselfe vvith expectation
Of rotten weather, and vnseason'd howers;
And he is rich for it, an elder brother!

His

His barnes are full ! his reekes, and mowes vvell trod !
His garners cracke vvith store ! O, tis vvell ; ha, ha, ha :
A plague consume thee, and thy house.

SORD. O here, *S. Swithins*, the xv day, variable vveather, for the most part raine, good ; for the most part raine : Why, it should raine fortie daies after, now, more or lesse, it vvas a rule held, afore I vvas able to hold a plough, and yet here are two daies, no raine ; ha? it makes me muse. Weele see how the next moneth begins, if that bee better. *September*, first, second, third, and fourth daies, rainy, and blustering ; this is vvell now : fift, sixt, seuenth, eight, and ninth, rainy, vvith some thunder ; I mary, this is excellent ; the other was false printed sure : the tenth, and eleuenth, great store of raine ; O good, good, good, good, good ! the twelth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, raine ; good still : fifteenth, and sixteenth, raine ; good still : seuenteenth, and eighteenth, raine, good still ; nineteenth, and twentieth, good still, good still, good still, good still, good still ! one and twentieth, some raine ; some raine ? vvell, vve must be patient, and attend the heauens pleasure, vvould it vvere more though : the one and tvventieth, tvvo and tvventieth, three and tvventieth, great tempest of raine, thunder, and lightning.

O good againe, past expectation good !
I thanke my blessed angell ; neuer, neuer,
Laid I penny better out, then this,
To purchase this deare booke : not deare for price,
And yet of me as dearely priz'd as life,
Since in it, is contain'd the very life,
Bloud, strength, and sinnewes of my happinesse.
Blest be the houre, vvherein I bought this booke,
His studies happy, that compos'd the booke,
And the man fortunate, that sold the booke.
Sleepe vvith this charme, and be as true to me,
As I am ioy'd, and confident in thee.

The Hine enters with a paper.

MACI. Ha, ha, ha ? I'not this good ? Is't not pleasing this ?
Ha, ha, ha ! God pardon me ! ha, ha !
Is't possible that such a spacious villaine
Should liue, and not be plagu'd ? or lies he hid
Within the vvrinckled bosome of the vvorld,
Where heauen cannot see him ? Sbloud (me thinkes)
'Tis rare, and strange, that he should breathe, and vvalke,
Feede vvith disgestion, sleepe, enjoy his health,
And (like a boist'rous vvhale, svvallowing the poore)
Still swimme in vvealth, and pleasure ! is't not strange ?
Vnlesse his house, and skin were thunder-proofe,
I vvonder at it ! Me thinkes, novv, the hecticke,
Gout, leprosie, or some such loth'd disease
Might light vpon him ; or that fire (from heauen)

Might

Might fall vpon his barnes ; or mice, and rats
Eate vp his graine ; or else that it might rot
Within the hoary reekes, e'ne as it stands :
Me thinkes this might be well ; and after all
The deuill might come and fetch him. I, 'tis true !
Meane time he surfets in prosperitie,
And thou (in enuie of him) gnaw'st thy selfe,
Peace, foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
" Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit.
SORD. Who brought this same, sirha ?
HINE. Mary, sir, one of the Iustices men, he saies 'tis a precept, and all their hands be at it :
SORD. I, and the prints of them sticke in my flesh,
Deeper then i'their letters : They haue sent me
Pils wrapt in paper here, that should I take 'hem,
Would poison all the sweetnesse of my booke,
And turne my honey into hemlocke juyce.
But I am wiser then to serue their precepts,
Or follow their prescriptions. Here's a deuice,
To charge me bring my graine vnto the markets :
I, much, when I haue neither barne nor garner,
Nor earth to hide it in, I'le bring it ; till then,
Ech corne I send shall be as big as *Paules*.
O, but (say some) the poore are like to starue.
Why let 'hem starue, what's that to me ? are bees
Bound to keepe life in drones, and idle moths ? no :
Why such are these (that terme themselues the poore,
Only because they would be pittied,
But are indeed a sort of lazie beggers)
Licencious rogues, and sturdie vagabonds,
Bred (by the sloth of a fat plentious yeere)
Like snakes, in heat of summer, out of dung,
And this is all that these cheape times are good for :
Whereas a holsome, and penurious dearth
Purges the soile of such vile excrements,
And kils the vipers vp. HINE. O, but master,
Take heed they heare you not. SORD. Why so ?
HINE. They will exclaime against you. SORD. I, their exclaimes
Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a mountaine !
Poore wormes, they hisse at me, whilst I at home
Can be contented to applaud my selfe,
To sit and clap my hands, and laugh, and leape,
Knocking my head against my roofe, with ioy
To see how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.
Sirrah, goe, hie you home, and bid your fellowes,

Get all their flailes readie, again' I come. HINE. I will, Sir.

SORD. I'le instantly set all my hines to thrashing
Of a whole reeke of corne, which I will hide
Vnder the ground ; and with the straw thereof
I'le stuffe the out-sides of my other mowes :
That done, I'le haue 'hem emptie all my garners,
And i' the friendly earth bury my store,
That, when the searchers come, they may suppose
All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.
And, to lend more opinion to my want,
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar dog,
(Which else would still be baying at my dore)
Each market day, I will be seene to buy
Part of the purest wheat, as for my houshold :
Where when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,
Twill yeeld me treble gaine, at this deare time,
Promisd in this deare booke : I haue cast all.
Till then I will not sell an eare, I'le hang first.
O, I shall make my prizes as I list,
My house and I can feed on pease, and barley,
What though a world of wretches starue the while ?
" He that will thriue, must thinke no courses vile.

GREX.

COR. Now, Signior, how approue you this ? haue the Humorists exprest themselues truly or no ?

MIT. Yes (if it be well prosecuted) 'tis hitherto happy ynough : but me thinks, MACILENTE went hence too soone, hee might haue beene made to stay,and speake somewhat in reproofe of SORDIDO'S wretchednesse, now at the last.

COR. O, no, that had beene extremely improper, besides,he had continued the *Scene* too long with him, as't was, being in no more action.

MIT. You may enforce the length,as a necessary reason ; but for propriety, the *Scene* would very well haue borne it, in my iudgement.

COR. O, worst of both : why, you mistake his Humour vtterly then.

MIT. How ? doe I mistake it ? is't not enuie ?

COR. Yes, but you must vnderstand, Signior, he enuies him not as he is a villaine, a wolfe i' the common-wealth, but as he is rich, and fortunate; for the true condition of enuie, is, *Dolor alienæ fælicitatis*,to haue our eyes continually fixt vpon another mans prosperitie, that is, his chiefe happinesse, and to grieue at that. Whereas, if we make his monstrous, and abhord actions our obiect, the griefe (we take then) comes neerer the nature of hate, then enuie, as being bred out of a kinde of contempt and lothing, in our selues.

MIT. So you'le infer it had beene hate, not enuie in him, to reprehend

hend the humour of SORDIDO?

CORD. Right, for what a man truly enuies in another, he could alwaies loue, and cherish in himselfe: but no man truly reprehends in another, what he loues in himselfe; therefore reprehension is out of his hate. And this distinction hath he himselfe made in a speech there (if you markt it) where he saies, *I enuie not this* BVFFON, *but I hate him*.

MIT. Stay, sir: *I enuie not this* BVFFON, *but I hate him*: why might he not as well haue hated SORDIDO, as him?

COR. No, sir, there was subiect for his enuie in SORDIDO; his wealth: So was there not in the other. He stood possest of no one eminent gift, but a most odious, and fiend-like disposition, that would turne charitie it selfe into hate, much more enuie, for the present.

MIT. You haue satisfied mee, sir; O, here comes the Foole and the Iester, againe, methinkes.

COR. 'Twere pitty they should be parted, sir.

MIT. What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?

COR. No, sir, this is one Monsieur FASTIDIVS BRISKE, otherwise cal'd the fresh Frenchefied courtier.

MIT. A humorist too?

COR. As humorous as quick-siluer, doe but obserue him, the *Scene* is the country still, remember.

Act II. *Scene* I.

FAST. BRISKE, CINEDO, CARLO BVFFONE, SOGLIARDO.

CINEDO, watch when the knight comes, and giue vs word.

CINE. I will, sir.

FAST. How lik'st thou my boy, CARLO?

CAR. O, well, well. He lookes like a colonell of the *Pigmies* horse, or one of these motions, in a great antique clock: he would shew well vpon a habberdashers stall, at a corner shop, rarely.

FAST. S'heart, what a damn'd witty rogue's this? how he confounds with his *simile's?*

CARL. Better with *simile's*, then smiles: and whither were you riding now, Signior?

FAST. Who, I? what a silly iest's that? whither should I ride, but to the court?

CARL. O, pardon me, sir, twentie places more: your hot-house, or your whore-house———

FAST. By the vertue of my soule, this knight dwels in *Elizium*, here.

CARL. Hee's gone now, I thought he would flie out presently. These be our nimble-spirited *Catso's*, that ha' their euasions at pleasure, will run

ouer a bog like your wild *Irish:* no sooner started, but they'le leape from one thing to another, like a squirrell, heigh: dance! and doe tricks i' their discourse, from fire to water, from water to aire, from aire to earth, as if their tongues did but e'en licke the foure elements ouer, and away.

FAST. Sirrha, CARLO, thou neuer saw'st my grey-hobbie yet, didst thou?

CARL. No: ha' you such a one?

FAST. The best in *Europe* (my good villaine) thoul't say, when thou seest him.

CARL. But when shall I see him?

FAST. There was a noble man i' the court offered me 100. pound for him, by this light: a fine little fiery slaue, he runs like a (oh) excellent, excellent! with the very sound of the spurre.

CARL. How? the sound of the spurre?

FAST. O, it's your only humour now extant, sir: a good gingle, a good gingle.

CARL. Sbloud, you shall see him turne morris-dancer, he ha's got him bels, a good sute, and a hobby-horse.

SOGL. Signior, now you talke of a hobby-horse, I know where one is, will not be giuen for a brace of angels.

FAST. How is that, Sir?

SOGL. Mary, sir, I am telling this gentleman of a hobby-horse, it was my fathers indeed, and (though I say it———

CARL. That should not say it) on, on.

SOGL. He did dance in it, with as good humour, and as good regard, as any man of his degree whatsoeuer, being no gentleman: I haue danc't in it my selfe too.

CARL. Not since the humour of gentilitie was vpon you? did you?

SOGL. Yes, once; mary, that was but to shew what a gentleman might doe, in a humour.

CARL. O, very good.

GREX.

MIT. Why, this fellowes discourse were nothing, but for the word Humour.

COR. O, beare with him, and he should lacke matter, and words too, 'twere pittifull.

SOG. Nay, looke you, sir, there's ne're a gentleman i' the countrey has the like humours, for the hobby-horse, as I haue; I haue the method for the threeding of the needle and all, the———

CAR. How, the method.

SOG. I, the leigeritie for that, and the wigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, and the trauels of the egge from finger to finger, all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlor. I'le keepe it for a monument, as long as I liue, sure.

CAR.

CAR. Doe so; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent trophee, to hang ouer your tombe.

SOG. Masse, and I'le haue a tombe (now I thinke on't) 'tis but so much charges.

CAR. Best build it in your life time then, your heires may hap to forget it else.

SOG. Nay, I meane so, Ile not trust to them.

CAR. No, for heires, and executors, are growne damnably carelesse, specially, since the ghosts of testators left walking: how like you him, Signior?

FAST. 'Fore heauens, his humour arrides me exceedingly.

CAR. Arrides you?

FAST. I, pleases me (a pox on't) I am so haunted at the court, and at my lodging, with your refin'd choise spirits, that it makes me cleane of another garbe, another sheafe, I know not how! I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, 'tis against my *genius*.

SOG. Signior CARLO.

GREX.

COR. This is right to that of HORACE, *Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt:* so this gallant, labouring to auoid popularitie, fals into a habit of affectation, ten thousand times hatefuller then the former.

CAR. Who, hee? a gull, a foole, no salt in him i' the earth, man: hee looks like a fresh salmon kept in a tub, hee'le be spent shortly. His braine's lighter then his feather already, and his tongue more subiect to lie, then that's to wag: he sleepes with a muske-cat euery night, and walkes all day hang'd in pomander chaines for penance: he ha's his skin tan'd in ciuet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetnesse of his youth lasting in the sense of his sweet lady. A good emptie puffe, he loues you well, Signior.

SOGL. There shall be no loue lost, sir, I'le assure you.

FAST. Nay, CARLO, I am not happy i' thy loue, I see: pr'y thee suffer me to enioy thy company a little (sweet *mischiefe)* by this aire, I shall enuy this gentlemans place in thy affections, if you be thus priuate, yfaith. How now? is the knight arriu'd?

CINEDO.

CINE. No, sir, but 'tis guest he will arriue presently, by his fore-runners.

FAST. His hounds! by MINERVA an excellent figure; a good boy.

CARL. You should giue him a french crowne for it: the boy would finde two better figures i' that, and a good figure of your bounty beside.

FAST. Tut, the boy wants no crownes.

CARL. No crowne: speake i' the singular number, and wee'le beleeue you.

FAST. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceited now. Sirra *(damnation)* I haue heard this knight PVNTARVOLO, reported to bee a gentleman of

exceeding good humour ; thou know'st him : pr'ythee, how is his disposition ? I ne're was so fauour'd of my starres,as to see him yet. Boy, doe you looke to the hobby ?

CINE. I, sir, the groome has set him vp.

FAST. 'Tis well : I rid out of my way of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his-- Nay, good *wickednesse*, his humour, his humour.

CARL. Why, he loues dogs, and hawkes, and his wife, well : he has a good riding face, and he can sit a great horse ; hee will taint a staffe well at tilt : when he is mounted, he lookes like the signe of the *George*, that's all I know ; saue, that in stead of a dragon, he will brandish against a tree,and breake his sword as confidently vpon the knottie barke, as the other did vpon the skales of the beast.

FAST. O, but this is nothing to that's deliuerd of him. They say hee has dialogues, and discourses betweene his horse,himselfe,and his dogge : and that he will court his owne lady,as shee were a stranger neuer encounter'd before.

CARL. I, that he will, and make fresh loue to her euery morning : this gentleman has beene a spectator of it, *Signior Insulso*.

Hee leapes from whispring with the boy.

SOGL. I am resolute to keepe a page : say you sir ?

CARL. You haue seene *Signior Puntaruolo* accost his lady ?

SOGL. O, I sir.

FAST. And how is the manner of it, pr'ythee, good Signior ?

SOGL. Faith sir, in very good sort, he has his humours for it, sir : as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting, or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting gentlewoman,shee lookes out, and then hee speakes, and then shee speakes--very pretty yfaith, gentlemen.

FAST. Why, but doe you remember no particulars, Signior ?

SOGL. O, yes sir : first, the gentlewoman, shee lookes out at the window.

CARL. After the trumpet has summon'd a parle ? not before ?

SOGL. No, sir, not before : and then saies he--ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

CARL. What saies he ? be not rapt so.

SOGL. Saies he--ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

FAST. Nay, speake, speake.

SOGL. Ha, ha, ha, saies he : God saue you, saies he : ha, ha, &c.

CARL. Was this the ridiculous motiue to all this passion ?

SOGL. Nay, that, that comes after, is--ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

CARL. Doubtlesse, he apprehends more then he vtters, this fellow : or else.

A cry of hounds within.

SOGL. List, list, they are come from hunting : stand by, close vnder this tarras, and you shall see it done, better then I can shew it.

CARL. So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the obseruation else.

SOGL. Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

FAST.

FAST. O, with-draw, with-draw, it cannot bee but a most pleasing obiect.

Act II. *Scene* II.

PVNTARVOLO, HVNTSMAN, GENTLEWOMAN. *To the rest.*

FOrrester, giue winde to thy horne. Inough, by this, the sound hath toucht the eares of the enclosed: Depart, leaue the dogge, and take with thee what thou hast deseru'd, the horne, and thankes.

CARL. I, mary, there's some taste in this.

FAST. Is't not good?

SOGL. Ah, peace, now aboue, now aboue!

PVNT. Stay: mine eye hath (on the instant) through the bountie of the window, receiu'd the forme of a *Nymph*. I will step forward three paces: of the which, I will barely retire one; and (after some little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace salute her (one, two, and three.) Sweet lady, God saue you. *The gentlewoman appeares at the window.*

GENT. No, forsooth: I am but the waiting gentlewoman.

CARL. He knew that before.

PVNT. Pardon me: *Humanum est errare.*

CARL. He learn'd that of his chaplaine.

PVNT. To the perfection of complement (which is the Diall of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are requir'd these three specials: the *gnomon*, the *puntilio's*, and the *superficies*: the *superficies*, is that we call, place; the *puntilio's*, circumstance; and the *gnomon*, ceremony: in either of which, for a stranger to erre, 'tis easie and facile, and such am I.

CARL. True, not knowing her *horizon*, he must needes erre: which I feare, he knowes too well.

PVNT. What call you the lord of the castle? sweet face.

GENT. The lord of the castle is a knight, sir; Signior PVNTARVOLO.

PVNT. PVNTARVOLO? O.

CARL. Now must he ruminate.

FAST. Does the wench know him all this while, then?

CARL. O, doe you know me, man? why, therein lies the sirrup of the iest; it's a proiect, a designement of his owne, a thing studied, and rehearst as ordinarily at his comming from hawking, or hunting, as a jigge after a play.

SOGL. I, e'en like your jigge, sir.

PVNT. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice! of what yeeres is the knight, faire damsell?

GENT. Faith, much about your yeeres, sir.

PVNT.

PVNT. What complexion, or what stature beares he?

GENT. Of your stature, and very neere vpon your complexion.

PVNT. Mine is melancholy:

CARL. So is the dogges, iust.

PVNT. And doth argue constancie, chiefly in loue. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

GENT. O, the most courteous knight in Christian land, sir.

PVNT. Is he magnanimous?

GENT. As the skin betweene your browes, sir.

PVNT. Is he bountifull?

CARL. 'Slud, he takes an inuentory of his owne good parts.

GENT. Bountifull? I, sir, I would you should know it; the poore are seru'd at his gate, early, and late, sir.

PVNT. Is he learned?

GENT. O, I sir, he can speake the *French*, and *Italian*.

PVNT. Then he is trauail'd?

GENT. I, forsooth, he hath beene beyond-sea, once, or twise.

CARL. As far as *Paris*, to fetch ouer a fashion, and come back againe.

PVNT. Is he religious?

GENT. Religious? I know not what you call religious, but hee goes to church, I am sure.

FAST. S'lid, me thinkes, these answeres should offend him.

CARL. Tut, no; he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacity, that speakes 'hem.

PVNT. Would I might see his face.

CARL. Shee should let down a glasse from the window at that word, and request him to looke in't.

PVNT. Doubtlesse, the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified? doth the castle containe him?

GENT. No, sir, he is from home, but his lady is within.

PVNT. His lady? what, is shee faire? splendidious? and amiable?

GENT. O, Lord, sir!

PVNT. Pr'y thee, deare *Nymph*, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

Gent. leaues the window.

CARL. That he may erect a new dyall of complement, with his *gnomons*, and his *puntilio's*.

FAST. Nay, thou art such another *Cinique* now, a man had need walke vprightly before thee.

CARL. Heart, can any man walke more vpright then hee does? Looke, looke; as if he went in a frame, or had a sute of wanescot on: and the dogge watching him, lest he should leape out on't.

FAST. O, villaine!

CARL. Well, and e'er I meet him in the city, I'le ha' him ioynted, I'le pawne him in east-cheape, among the butchers else.

FAST. Peace, who be these, CARLO?

Act

Act II. *Scene* III.

SORDIDO, FVNGOSO, LADY. *To the rest.*

YOnder's your god-father ; doe your duty to him, sonne.

SOG. This, sir ? a poore elder brother of mine, sir, a yeoman, may dispend some seuen or eight hundred a yeere : that's his son, my nephew, there.

PVNT. You are not ill-come, neighbour SORDIDO, though I haue not yet said, well-come : what, my god-sonne is growne a great *proficient* by this ?

SORD. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

FAST. What does he studie ? the law ?

SOGL. I sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

CARL. What call you your nephew, signior ?

SOGL. Mary, his name is FVNGOSO.

CARL. FVNGOSO ? O, he lookt somwhat like a spunge in that pinckt yellow doublet, me thought : well, make much of him ; I see he was neuer borne to ride vpon a moile.

GENT. My lady will come presently, sir. *Returnd aboue.*

SOGL. O, now, now.

PVNT. Stand by, retire your selues a space : nay, pray you, forget not the vse of your hat ; the aire is piercing. *Sordido & Fungoso with-draw to the other part of the stage, while the lady is come to the window.*

FAST. What ? will not their presence preuaile against the current of his humour ?

CARL. O, no : it's a meere floud, a torrent, carries all afore it.

PVNT. *What more then heauenly pulchritude is this ?*
What magazine, or treasurie of blisse ?
Dazle, you organs to my optique sense,
To view a creature of such eminence :
O, I am planet-strooke, and in yond sphere,
A brighter starre then VENVS *doth appeare !*

FAST. How ? in verse !

CARL. An extasie, an extasie, man.

LADY. Is your desire to speake with me, sir knight ?

CARL. He will tell you that anon ; neither his braine, nor his body, are yet moulded for an answere.

PVNT. Most debonaire, and luculent lady, I decline mee low, as the *basis* of your altitude.

GREX.

CORD. He makes congies to his wife in geometricall proportions.

MIT. Is't possible there should be any such Humorist ?

CORD. Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is.

PVNT. I haue scarse collected my spirits, but lately scatter'd in the admiration

miration of your forme ; to which (if the bounties of your minde be any way responsible) I doubt not, but my desires shall finde a smooth, and secure passage. I am a poore knight errant (lady) that hunting in the adjacent forrest, was by aduenture in the pursuit of a hart, brought to this place ; which hart (deare Madame) escaped by enchantment : the euening approching (my selfe, and seruant wearied) my suit is, to enter your faire castle, and refresh me.

LADY. Sir knight, albeit it be not vsuall with me (chiefly in the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard of those innated vertues, and faire parts, which so striue to expresse themselues, in you ; I am resolu'd to entertaine you to the best of my vnworthy power : which I acknowledge to bee nothing, valew'd with what so worthy a person may deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

Shee departs : Puntaruolo falls in with Sordido, and his sonne.

PVNT. Most admir'd lady, you astonish me !

CARL. What ? with speaking a speech of your owne penning ?

FAST. Nay, looke ; pr'y thee peace.

CARL. Pox on't : I am impatient of such fopperie.

FAST. O, let's heare the rest.

CARL. What ? a tedious chapter of courtship, after sir LANCELOT, and queene GVEVENER ? away. I mar'le in what dull cold nooke he found this lady out ? that (being a woman) shee was blest with no more copie of wit, but to serue his humour thus. 'Slud, I thinke he feeds her with porridge, I : shee could ne're haue such a thick braine else.

SOGL. Why, is porridge so hurtfull, signior ?

CARL. O, nothing vnder heauen more preiudiciall to those ascending subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call, *acumen ingenij*, then your grosse fare : why, I'le make you an instance : your city wiues, but obserue 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fooles i' the world bred, then they are generally ; and yet you see (by the finenesse and delicacy of their diet, diuing into the fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on larkes, sparrowes, potato-pies, and such good vnctuous meats) how their wits are refin'd, and rarefi'd ! and sometimes a very *quintessence* of conceit flowes from 'hem, able to drowne a weake apprehension.

FAST. Peace, here comes the lady.

Lady with her gent. descended, seeing them, turnes in againe.

LADY. Gods me, here's company : turne in againe.

FAST. S'light, our presence has cut off the conuoy of the iest.

CARL. All the better ; I am glad on't : for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let's discouer, and salute the knight.

Carlo, and the other two, step forth.

PVNT. Stay : who be these that addresse themselues towards vs ? what, CARLO ? now, by the sincerity of my soule, welcome ; welcome gentlemen : and how doest thou, thou grand scourge ; or, second *vntrusse* of the time ?

CARL. Faith, spending my mettall, in this reeling world (here and there) as the sway of my affection carries me, and perhaps stumble vpon a yeoman pheuterer, as I doe now ; or one of *Fortunes* moiles, laden with treasure,

treasure, and an empty cloke-bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

PVNT. Peace, you, ban-dogge, peace: what briske *Nimfadoro* is that in the white virgin boot there?

CARL. Mary, sir, one, that I must entreat you take a very particular knowledge of, and with more then ordinary respect: Monsieur FASTIDIVS.

PVNT. Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsaft abiding here, and more reall entertainment, this my house stood on the *Muses* hill; and these my orchards were those of the *Hesperide's*.

FAST. I possesse as much in your wish, sir, as if I were made lord of the *Indies*; and I pray you, beleeue it.

CARL. I haue a better opinion of his faith, then to thinke it will be so corrupted.

SOGL. Come, brother, I'le bring you acquainted with gentlemen, and good fellowes, such as shall doe you more grace, then———

SORD. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance: Doe you take heede, lest ——— *Carlo is cõming toward them.*

SOGL. Husht: my brother, sir, for want of education, sir, somewhat nodding to the boore, the clowne: but I request you in priuate, sir.

FVNG. By heauen, it's a very fine sute of clothes!

GREX.

COR. Doe you obserue that, signior? there's another humour has new crackt the shell.

MIT. What? he is enamour'd of the fashion, is he?

COR. O, you forestall the iest.

FVN. I mar'le what it might stand him in!

SOG. Nephew?

FVN. 'Fore mee, it's an excellent sute, and as neatly becomes him. What said you, vncle?

SOG. When saw you my neece?

FVN. Mary, yester-night I supt there. That kinde of boot does very rare too!

SOG. And what newes heare you?

FVN. The guilt spurre and all! would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding good. Say you, vncle?

SOG. Your minde is carried away with somewhat else: I aske what newes you heare?

FVN. Troth, we heare none. In good faith, I was neuer so pleas'd with a fashion, daies of my life! O (and I might haue but my wish) I'ld aske no more of god now, but such a suit, such a hat, such a band, such a doublet, such a hose, such a boot, and such a———

SOG. They say, there's a new Motion of the city of *Niniueh*, with IONAS,

IONAS, and the whale, to be seene at Fleet-bridge? you can tell, cousin?

FVN. Here's such a world of question with him, now: Yes, I thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture: would he would once be satisfi'd. Let me see, the doublet, say fifty shillings the doublet, and betweene three or foure pound the hose; then bootes, hat, and band: some ten or eleuen pound would doe it all, and suit me *for the heauens*.

SOG. I'le see all those deuices, and I come to *London* once.

FVN. Godss'lid, and I could compasse it, 'twere rare: harke you, vncle.

SOG. What saies my nephew?

FVN. Faith vncle, I'ld ha' desir'd you to haue made a motion for me to my father in a thing, that---walke aside and I'le tell you, sir, no more but this: there's a parcell of law---bookes, (some twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more then halfe the money they cost; and I thinke for some twelue pound, or twenty marke, I could goe neere to redeeme 'hem; there's PLOWDEN, DIAR, BROOKE, and FITZ-HERBERT, diuers such, as I must haue ere long: and you know, I were as good saue fiue or sixe pound as not, vncle. I pray you, moue it for me.

SOG. That I will: when would you haue me doe it? presently?

FVN, O, I, I pray you, good vncle: God send mee good luck; Lord (and't be thy will) prosper it: O, my starres, now, now, if it take now, I am made for euer.

FAST. Shall I tell you, sir? by this aire, I am the most beholding to that lord, of any gentleman liuing; hee does vse mee the most honorably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed, then can be vtter'd with any opinion of truth.

PVNT. Then, haue you the count GRATIATO?

FAST. As true noble a gentleman too, as any breathes; I am exceedingly endear'd to his loue: by this hand (I protest to you, signior, I speake it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but) there's hee, and the count FRVGALE, signior ILLVSTRE, signior LVCVLENTO, and a sort of 'hem; that (when I am at court) they doe share me amongst 'hem. Happy is he can enioy me most priuate. I doe wish my selfe sometime an vbiquitarie for their loue, in good faith.

CARL. There's ne're a one of these, but might lie a weeke on the rack, ere they could bring forth his name; and yet he powres them out as familiarly, as if he had seene 'hem stand by the fire i' the presence, or ta'ne tabacco with them, ouer the stage, i' the lords roome.

PVNT. Then you must of necessity know our court-starre there? that planet of wit, MADDONA SAVIOLINA?

FAST. O, lord sir! my mistris.

PVNT. Is shee your mistris?

FAST. Faith, here be some slight fauours of hers, sir, that doe speake it, *shee is*: as this scarfe, sir, or this ribband in mine eare, or so; this feather grew in her sweet fanne sometimes, though now it be my poore fortunes to weare it, as you see, sir: slight, slight, a foolish toy.

PVNT.

PVNT. Well, shee is the lady of a most exalted, and ingenious spirit.

FAST. Did you euer heare any woman speake like her? or enricht with a more plentifull discourse?

CARL. O, villanous! nothing but sound, sound, a meere *eccho*; shee speakes as shee goes tir'd, in cob-web lawne, light, thin: good enough to catch flies withall.

PVNT. O, manage your affections.

FAST. Well, if thou beest not plagu'd for this blasphemie, one day—

PVNT. Come, regard not a iester: it is in the power of my purse, to make him speake well, or ill, of me.

FAST. Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my credit, and iudgement) shee has the most harmonious, and musicall straine of wit, that euer tempted a true eare; and yet to see, a rude tongue would profane heauen, if it could.

PVNT. I am not ignorant of it, sir.

FAST. Oh, it flowes from her like *nectar*, and shee doth giue it, that sweet, quick grace, and exornation in the composure, that (by this good aire, as I am an honest man, would I might neuer stirre, sir, but) shee does obserue as pure a phrase, and vse as choise figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be i'the *Arcadia*.

CARL. Or rather in *Greenes* workes, whence she may steale with more security.

SORD. Well, if ten pound will fetch 'hem, you shall haue it, but I'le part with no more.

FVNG. I'le trie what that will doe, if you please.

SORD. Doe so: and when you haue 'hem, studie hard.

FVNG. Yes, sir. And I could studie to get forty shillings more now! well, I will put my selfe into the fashion, as farre as this will goe presently.

SORD. I wonder it raines not! the Almanack saies wee should haue store of raine, to day.

PVNT. Why, sir, to morrow I will associate you to court my selfe; and from thence to the city, about a businesse, a proiect I haue, I will expose it to you, sir: CARLO, I am sure, has heard of it.

CARL. What's that, sir?

PVNT. I doe intend, this yeere of *Iubile*, comming on, to trauaile: and (because I will not altogether goe vpon expence) I am determined to put forth some fiue thousand pound, to be paid me, fiue for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my wife, and my dog, from the *Turkes* court in *Constantinople*. If all, or either of vs miscarry in the iourney, 'tis gone: if we be successefull, why, there will be fiue and twenty thousand pound, to entertaine time withall. Nay, goe not neighbour SORDIDO, stay to night, and helpe to make our societie the fuller. Gentlemen, frolick: CARLO? what? dull now?

CARL. I was thinking on your proiect, sir, and you call it so: is this the dog goes with you?

PVNT. This is the dogge, sir.

CARL. He do'not goe bare-foot, does he?

PVNT. Away, you traitor, away.

CARL. Nay, afore god, I speake simply; he may pricke his foot with a thorne, and be as much as the whole venter is worth. Besides, for a dog that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge iourney to *Constantinople*: I'le tell you now (and he were mine) I'ld haue some present conference with a physicion, what antidotes were good to giue him, preseruatiues against poison: for (assure you) if once your money be out, there'll be diuers attempts made against the life of the poore *animal*.

PVNT. Thou art still dangerous.

FAST. Is signior DELIROS wife your kinswoman?

SOGL. I, sir, shee is my neece, my brothers daughter here, and my nephewes sister.

SORD. Doe you know her, sir?

FAST. O, God sir, Signior DELIRO, her husband, is my marchant.

FVNG. I, I haue seene this gentleman there, often.

FAST. I crie you mercy, sir: let me craue your name, pray you.

FVNG. FVNGOSO, sir.

FAST. Good signior FVNGOSO, I shall request to know you better, sir.

FVNG. I am her brother, sir.

FAST. In faire time, sir.

PVNT. Come, gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

FAST. Nay, pray you, sir; we shall meet at signior DELIRO'S often.

SOGL. You shall ha' me at the *Heralds* office, sir, for some weeke or so, at my first comming vp. Come, CARLO.

GREX.

MIT. Me thinkes, CORDATVS, he dwelt somewhat too long on this *Scene*; it hung i' the hand.

COR. I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and t'haue made the humours perspicuous enough.

MIT. True, as his subiect lies: but hee might haue altered the shape of his argument, and explicated 'hem better in single *Scenes*.

COR. That had beene single indeed: why? be they not the same persons in this, as they would haue beene in those? and is it not an obiect of more state, to behold the *Scene* full, and relieu'd with varietie of speakers to the end, then to see a vast emptie stage, and the actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt downe with a feather, into the eye of the spectators?

MIT. Nay, you are better traded with these things then I, and therefore I'le subscribe to your iudgement; mary, you shall giue mee leaue to make obiections.

COR. O, what else? it's the speciall intent of the author, you should doe

doe so : for thereby others (that are present) may as well be satisfied, who happily would obiect the same you doe.

MIT. So, sir : but when appeares MACILENTE againe ?

COR. Mary, hee staies but till our silence giue him leaue : here hee comes, and with him signior DELIRO, a marchant, at whose house hee is come to sojourne : Make your owne obseruation now, onely transferre your thoughts to the city, with the *Scene* ; where, suppose they speake.

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

DELIRO, MACILENTE, FIDO, FALLACE.

I'Le tell you by and by, sir.
Welcome (good MACILENTE) to my house,
To sojourne euen for euer : if my best
In cates, and euery sort of good intreaty
May moue you stay with me. MACI. I thanke you, sir : *Deliro censeth. His boy strewes flowres.*
And yet the muffled *fates* (had it pleas'd them)
Might haue suppli'd me, from their owne full store,
Without this word (I thanke you) to a foole.
I see no reason, why that dog (call'd *Chaunce)*
Should fawne vpon this fellow, more then me :
I am a man, and I haue limmes, flesh, bloud,
Bones, sinewes, and a soule, as well as he :
My parts are euery way as good as his,
If I said better ? why, I did not lie.
Nath'lesse, his wealth (but nodding on my wants)
Must make me bow, and crie : (I thanke you, sir.)

DELI. Dispatch, take heed your mistris see you not.

FIDO. I warrant you, sir. I'le steale by her softly.

DELI. Nay, gentle friend, be merry, raise your lookes
Out of your bosome, I protest (by heauen)
You are the man most welcome in the world.

MACI. (I thanke you, sir,) I know my *cue*, I thinke.

FIDO. Where wil you haue 'hem burne, sir? DELI. Here, good FIDO: *With more perfumes and herbes.*
What ? shee did not see thee ? FIDO. No, sir. DELI. That's well :
Strew, strew, good FIDO, the freshest flowres, so.

MACI. What meanes this, signior DELIRO ? all this censing ?

DELI. Cast in more frankincense, yet more, well said.
O, MACILENTE, I haue such a wife !
So passing faire, so passing farre vnkind,
But of such worth, and right to be vnkind,
(Since no man can be worthy of her kindnesse.)

MACI. What can there not ? DELI. No, that is sure as death,

No man aliue ! I doe not say, is not,
But cannot possibly be worth her kindnesse !
Nay, it is certaine, let me doe her right.
How, said I ? doe her right ? as though I could,
As though this dull grosse tongue of mine could vtter
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite rights,
That sit (as high as I can looke) within her !
MACI. This is such dotage, as was neuer heard.
DELI. Well, this must needs be granted. MACI. Granted, quoth you?
DELI. Nay, MACILENTE ; doe not so discredit
The goodnesse of your iudgement to denie it,
For I doe speake the very least of her.
And I would craue, and beg no more of heauen,
For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To vtter first in fit termes, what shee is,
And then the true ioyes I conceiue in her.
MACI. Is't possible, shee should deserue so well,
As you pretend ? DELI. I, and shee knowes so well
Her owne deserts, that (when I striue t'enioy them)
Shee weighs the things I doe, with what shee merits :
And (seeing my worth out-weigh'd so in her graces)
Shee is so solemne, so precise, so froward,
That no obseruance I can doe to her,
Can make her kind to me : if shee find fault,
I mend that fault ; and then shee saies, I faulted,
That I did mend it. Now, good friend, aduise me,
How I may temper this strange splene in her.
MACI. You are too amorous, too obsequious,
And make her too assur'd, shee may command you.
When women doubt most of their husbands loues,
They are most louing. Husbands must take heed
They giue no gluts of kindnesse to their wiues,
But vse them like their horses ; whom they feed
Not with a manger--full of meat together,
But halfe a pecke at once : and keepe them so
Still with an appetite to that they giue them..
He that desires to haue a louing wife,
Must bridle all the shew of that desire :
Be kind, not amorous ; nor bewraying kindnesse,
As if loue wrought it, but considerate duty.
" Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues still seeke them,
" For when they come vnsought, they seldome like them.
DELI. Beleeue me, MACILENTE, this is gospell.
O, that a man were his owne man so much,
To rule himselfe thus. I will striue i'faith,

To

To be more strange and carelesse : yet, I hope
I haue now taken such a perfect course,
To make her kind to me, and liue contented,
That I shall find my kindnesse well return'd,
And haue no need to fight with my affections.
Shee (late) hath found much fault with euery roome
Within my house ; one was too big (shee said)
Another was not furnisht to her mind,
And so through all : all which, now, I haue alter'd.
Then here, shee hath a place (on my back-side)
Wherein shee loues to walke ; and that (shee said)
Had some ill smels about it. Now, this walke
Haue I (before shee knowes it) thus perfum'd
With herbes, and flowres, and laid in diuers places,
(As 'twere on altars, consecrate to her)
Perfumed gloues, and delicate chaines of amber,
To keepe the aire in awe of her sweet nostrils :
This haue I done, and this I thinke will please her.
Behold, shee comes. FALL. Here's a sweet stinke indeed:
What, shall I euer be thus crost, and plagu'd ?
And sicke of husband ? O, my head doth ake,
As it would cleaue asunder with these sauours,
All my room's alter'd, and but one poore walke
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
(My braine doth sweat so) I haue caught the plague.
DELI. Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too sweet?
Thou said'st of late, it had sowre aires about it,
And found'st much fault, that I did not correct it.
FALL. Why, and I did find fault, sir? DELI. Nay, deare wife ;
I know, thou hast said, thou hast lou'd perfumes,
No woman better. FALL. I, long since perhaps,
But now that sense is alter'd : you would haue me
(Like to a puddle, or a standing poole)
To haue no motion, nor no spirit within me.
No, I am like a pure, and sprightly riuer,
That moues for euer, and yet still the same ;
Or fire, that burnes much wood, yet still one flame.
DELI. But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden,
Smelling on roses, and on purple flowres,
And since, I hope, the humour of thy sense
Is nothing chang'd. FALL. Why, those were growing flowres,
And these, within my walke, are cut and strew'd.
DELI. But yet they haue one sent. FALL. I ! haue they so?

In your grosse iudgement. If you make no difference
Betwixt the sent of growing flowres, and cut ones,
You haue a sense to taste lamp-oile, yfaith.
And with such iudgement haue you chang'd the chambers,
Leauing no roome, that I can ioy to be in,
In all your house : and now my walke, and all,
You smoke me from, as if I were a foxe,
And long, belike, to driue me quite away.
Well, walke you there, and I'le walke where I list.
DELI. What shall I doe? ô, I shall neuer please her,
MACI. Out on thee, dotard! what starre rul'd his birth?
That brought him such a starre? blind *Fortune* still
Bestowes her gifts on such as cannot vse them :
How long shall I liue, ere I be so happy,
To haue a wife of this exceeding forme?
DELI. Away, with'hem, would I had broke a ioynt,
Fido beares all away. When I deuis'd this, that should so dislike her.
Away, beare all away. FALL. I, doe : for feare
Ought that is there should like her. O, this man,
How cunningly he can conceale himselfe!
As though he lou'd? nay, honour'd, and ador'd?
DELI. Why, my sweetheart?
FALL. Sweetheart! ô! better still!
And asking, why? wherefore? and looking strangely,
As if he were as white as innocence.
Alas, you'r simple, you : you cannot change,
Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with wonder :
No, no, not you! 'tis pitty o'your naturalls.
I did but cast an amorouseye, e'en now,
Vpon a paire of gloues, that somewhat lik't me,
And straight he noted it, and gaue command,
All should be ta'ne away. DELI. Be they my bane then.
What, sirra, FIDO, bring in those gloues againe,
You tooke from hence. FALL. S'body, sir, but doe not,
Bring in no gloues, to spite me : if you doe———
DELI. Ay, me, most wretched ; how am I misconstru'd?
MACI. O, how shee tempts my heart-strings, with her eye,
To knit them to her beauties, or to breake?
What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make
Me such a woman? but a man, a beast,
That hath no blisse like to others. Would to heauen
(In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd
To some faire water-*Nymph*, that (set vpon
The deepest whirle-pit of the rau'nous seas,)

My

My adamantine eyes might head-long hale
This iron world to me, and drowne it all.

G R E X.

COR. Behold, behold, the translated gallant.
MIT. O, he is welcome.

Act II. *Scene* V.

FVNGOSO. *To the rest.*

SAue you brother, and sister, saue you, sir; I haue commendations for you out i'the countrey : (I wonder they take no knowledge of my sute :) mine vncle SOGLIARDO is in towne. Sister, me thinkes, you are melancholy : why are you so sad? I thinke you tooke me for master FASTIDIVS BRISKE (sister) did you not.

FALL. Why should I take you for him ?

FVNG. Nay, nothing--I was lately in master FASTIDIVS his company, and, me thinkes, we are very like.

DELI. You haue a faire sute, brother, 'giue you ioy on't.

FVNG. Faith, good ynough to ride in, brother, I made it to ride in.

FALL. O, now I see the cause of his idle demand, was his new suit.

DELI. Pray you good brother, trie, if you can change her mood.

FVNG. I warrant you , let mee alone. I'le put her out of her dumps. Sister, how like you my suit ?

FALL. O, you are a gallant in print now, brother.

FVNG. Faith, how like you the fashion ? it's the last edition, I assure you.

FALL. I cannot but like it, to the desert.

FVNG. Troth, sister, I was faine to borrow these spurres, I ha' left my gowne in gage for 'hem, pray you lend me an angell.

FALL. Now, beshrow my heart, then.

FVNG. Good truth, I'le pay you againe at my next exhibition : I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

FALL. I care not.

FVNG. I had spurres of mine owne before, but they were not ginglers. Monsieur FASTIDIVS will be here anon, sister.

FALL. You iest ?

FVNG. Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and that I'ld be loth to say, in truth.

FALL. When did you see him ?

FVNG. Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at sir PVNTARVOLO'S : nay, sweet sister.

MACI. I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole
Should weare a suit of sattin? he? that rooke?
That painted jay, with such a deale of out-side?
What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Good heauen, giue me patience, patience, patience.
A number of these popenjayes there are,
Whom, if a man conferre, and but examine
Their inward merit, with such men as want;
Lord, lord, what things they are!
FALL. Come, when will you pay me againe, now?
FVNG. O god, sister!
MACI. Here comes another.

Act II. *Scene* VI.

To the rest.

FASTIDIVS BRISKE.

SAue you, signior DELIRO: how do'st thou, sweet lady? Let mee kisse thee.
FVNG. How? a new sute? Ay me.
DELI. And how do's master FASTIDIVS BRISKE?
FAST. Faith, liue in court, signior DELIRO; in grace, I thanke god, both of the noble masculine, and feminine. I must speake with you in priuate, by and by.
DELI. When you please, sir.
FALL. Why looke you so pale, brother?
FVNG. S'lid, all this money is cast away, now.
MACI. I, there's a newer edition come forth.
FVNG. Tis but my hard fortune! well, I'le haue my sute chang'd, I'le goe fetch my taylor presently, but first I'le deuise a letter to my father. Ha' you any pen, and inke, sister?
FALL. What would you doe withall?
FVNG. I would vse it. S'light, and it had come but foure daies sooner, the fashion.
FAST. There was a countesse gaue me her hand to kisse to day, i' the presence: did me more good by that light, then—and yesternight sent her coach twise to my lodging, to intreat mee accompany her, and my sweet mistris, with some two, or three namelesse ladies more: O, I haue beene grac't by 'hem beyond all aime of affection: this 's her garter my dagger hangs in: and they doe so commend, and approue my apparell, with my iudicious wearing of it, it 's aboue wonder.
FALL. Indeed sir, 'tis a most excellent sute, and you doe weare it as extraordinary.
FAST. Why, I'le tell you now (in good faith) and by this chaire, which (by the grace of god) I intend presently to sit in, I had three sutes in one yeere,

yeere, made three great ladies in loue with me : I had other three, vn-did three gentlemen in imitation : and other three, gat three other gentlemen widdowes of three thousand pound a yeere.

DELI. Is't possible ?

FAST. O, beleeue it, sir ; your good face is the witch, and your apparell the spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their circle.

FALL. Ah, the sweet grace of a courtier !

MACI. Well, would my father had left mee but a good face for my portion yet ; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate wit that goes with it, I had not car'd : I might haue past for somewhat i' the world then.

FAST. Why, assure you, signior, rich apparell has strange vertues : it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an excellent wit : he that enioyes it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means : it helps the deformities of nature, and giues lustre to her beauties; makes continuall holy-day where it shines ; sets the wits of ladies at worke, that otherwise would be idle : furnisheth your two-shilling ordinarie ; takes possession of your stage at your new play ; and enricheth your oares, as scorning to goe with your scull.

MACI. Pray you, sir, adde this ; it giues respect to your fooles, makes many theeues, as many strumpets, and no fewer bankrupts.

FALL. Out, out, vnworthy to speake, where he breatheth.

FAST. What's he, signior ?

DELI. A friend of mine, sir.

FAST. By heauen, I wonder at you, citizens, what kinde of creatures you are !

DELI. Why, sir ?

FAST. That you can consort your selues, with such poore seame-rent fellowes.

FALL. He saies true.

DELI. Sir, I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) he's a man worthy of regard.

FAST. Why? what ha's he in him, of such vertue to be regarded ? ha?

DELI. Mary, he is a scholler, sir.

FAST. Nothing else ?

DELI. And he is well trauail'd.

FAST. He should get him clothes ; I would cherish those good parts of trauaile in him, and preferre him to some nobleman of good place.

DELI. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my friends right) and, I doubt not, but his desert shall more then answere my praise.

FAST. Why, and he had good clothes, I'ld carry him to court with me to morrow.

DELI. He shall not want for those, sir, if gold and the whole city will furnish him.

FAST. You say well, sir : faith, signior DELIRO, I am come to haue you

you play the *Alchymist* with me, and change the *species* of my land, into that mettall you talke of.

DELI. With all my heart, sir, what summe will serue you?

FAST. Faith, some three, or foure hundred.

DELI. Troth, sir, I haue promist to meet a gentleman this morning, in *Paules*, but vpon my returne I'le dispatch you.

FAST. I'le accompany you thither.

DELI. As you please, sir; but I goe not thither directly.

FAST. 'Tis no matter, I haue no other designement in hand, and therefore as good goe along.

DELI. I were as good haue a quartane feauer follow me now, for I shall ne're bee rid of him: (bring mee a cloke there, one) Still, vpon his grace at court, am I sure to bee visited; I was a beast to giue him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him, once, and— Come, signior MACILENTE, I must conferre with you, as wee goe. Nay, deare wife, I beseech thee, forsake these moods: looke not like winter thus. Here, take my keyes, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before thee, choose any obiect that delights thee: If thou wilt eate the spirit of gold, and drinke dissolu'd pearle in wine, 'tis for thee.

FALL. So, sir.

DELI. Nay, my sweet wife.

FALL. Good lord! how you are perfum'd! in your termes, and al! pray you leaue vs.

DELI. Come, gentlemen.

FAST. Adiew, sweet lady.

FALL. I, I! Let thy words euer sound in mine eares, and thy graces disperse contentment through all my senses! O, how happy is that lady aboue other ladies, that enioyes so absolute a gentleman to her seruant! A countesse giue him her hand to kisse? ah, foolish countesse! hee's a man worthy (if a woman may speake of a mans worth) to kisse the lips of an empresse.

Returnd with his taylor.

FVNG. What's master FASTIDIVS gone, sister?

FALL. I, brother (he has a face like a *Cherubin*!)

FVNG. Gods me, what lucke's this? I haue feteht my taylor and all: which way went he, sister? can you tell?

FALL. Not I, in good faith (and he has a body like an angell!)

FVNG. How long is't since he went?

FALL. Why, but e'en now: did you not meet him? (and a tongue able to rauish any woman i'the earth!)

FVNG. O, for gods sake (I'le please you for your paines:) but e'en now, say you? Come, good, sir: S'lid, I had forgot it too: Sister, if any body aske for mine vncle SOGLIARDO, they shall ha' him at the *Heralds* office, yonder by *Paules*.

FALL. Well, I will not altogether despaire: I haue heard of a citizens wife, has beene belou'd of a courtier; and why not I? heigh, ho: well, I will

will into my priuate chamber, locke the dore to mee, and thinke ouer all his good parts, one after another.

GREX.

MIT. Well, I doubt, this last *Scene* will endure some grieuous torture.

COR. How? you feare 'twill be rackt, by some hard construction?

MIT. Doe not you?

COR. No, in good faith: vnlesse mine eyes could light mee beyond sense. I see no reason, why this should be more liable to the racke, then the rest: you'le say, perhaps, the city will not take it well, that the marchant is made here to dote so perfectly vpon his wife; and shee againe, to bee so *Fastidiously* affected, as shee is?

MIT. You haue vtter'd my thought, sir, indeed.

COR. Why (by that proportion) the court might as wel take offence at him we call the courtier, and with much more pretext, by how much the place transcends, and goes before in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that any noble, or true spirit in court (whose sinowie, and altogether vn-affected graces, very worthily expresse him a courtier) will make any exception at the opening of such an emptie trunke, as this BRISKE is! or thinke his owne worth empeacht, by beholding his motley inside?

MIT. No sir, I doe not.

COR. No more, assure you, will any graue, wise citizen, or modest matron, take the obiect of this folly in DELIRO, and his wife: but rather apply it as the foile to their owne vertues. For that were to affirme, that a man, writing of NERO, should meane all Emperors: or speaking of MACHIAVEL, comprehend all States-men; or in our SORDIDO, all Farmars; and so of the rest: then which, nothing can be vtter'd more malicious, or absurd. Indeed, there are a sort of these narrow-ey'd decypherers, I confesse, that will extort strange, and abstruse meanings out of any subiect, be it neuer so conspicuous and innocently deliuer'd. But to such (where e're they sit conceal'd) let them know, the author defies them, and their writing-tables; and hopes, no sound or safe iudgement will infect it selfe with their contagious comments, who (indeed) come here only to peruert, and poison the sense of what they heare, and for nought else.

MIT. Stay, what new *Mute* is this, that walkes so suspiciously?

COR. O, mary this is one, for whose better illustration; we must desire you to presuppose the stage, the middle isle in *Paules*; and that, the west end of it.

MIT. So, sir: and what followes?

COR. Faith, a whole volume of humour, and worthy the vnclasping.

MIT. As how? what name doe you giue him first?

COR. He hath shift of names, sir: some call him APPLE IOHN, some Signior WHIFFE, mary, his maine standing name is CAVALIER SHIFT: the rest are but as cleane shirts to his natures.

MIT. And what makes he in *Paules*, now?

COR.

COR. Troth, as you see, for the aduancement of a *Siquis*, or two; wherein he has so varied himselfe, that if any one of 'hem take, he may hull vp and downe i' the humorous world, a little longer.

MIT. It seemes then, he beares a very changing saile?

COR. O, as the wind, sir: here comes more.

Act III. *Scene* I.

SHIFT, ORANGE, CLOVE.

THis is rare, I haue set vp my bills, without discouery.

ORAN. What? Signior WHIFFE? what fortune has brought you into these west parts?

SHIFT. Troth, signior, nothing but your rheume; I haue beene taking an ounce of tabacco hard by here, with a gentleman, and I am come to spit priuate, in *Paules*. Saue you sir.

ORAN. Adieu, good Signior WHIFFE.

CLOVE. Master APPLE IOHN? you are well met: when shall we sup together, and laugh, and be fat with those good wenches? ha?

SHIFT. Faith, sir, I must now leaue you, vpon a few humours, and occasions: but when you please, sir.

CLOVE. Farewell, sweet APPLE IOHN: I wonder, there are no more store of gallants here!

GREX.

MIT. What be these two, signior?

COR. Mary, a couple sir, that are meere strangers to the whole scope of our play; only come to walke a turne or two, i' this *Scene* of *Paules*, by chance.

ORAN. Saue you, good master CLOVE.

CLOVE. Sweet master ORANGE.

GREX.

MIT. How? CLOVE, and ORANGE?

COR. I, and they are well met, for 'tis as drie an ORANGE as euer grew: nothing, but *Salutation*; and, *O god, sir*; and, *It pleases you to say so, Sir*; one that can laugh at a iest for company with a most plausible, and extemporall grace; and some houre after, in priuate, aske you what it was: the other, monsieur CLOVE, is a more spic't youth: he will sit you a whole afternoone sometimes, in a booke-sellers shop, reading the *Greeke*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*; when he vnderstands not a word of either: if he had the tongues, to his sutes, he were an excellent linguist.

CLOVE. Doe you heare this reported, for certainty?

ORAN. O god, sir.

Act III. *Scene* II.

PVNTARVOLO, CARLO.

SIrrah, take my cloke : and you sir knaue, follow mee closer. If thou losest my dogge, thou shalt die a dogs death ; I will hang thee.

CARL. Tut, feare him not, hee's a good leane slaue, he loues a dog well, I warrant him ; I see by his lookes, I : masse hee's somwhat like him. S'lud poison him , make him away with a crooked pinne , or somewhat, man ; thou maist haue more security of thy life : and so sir, what? you ha' not put out your whole venter yet ? ha' you ?

PVNT. No, I doe want yet some fifteene,or sixteene hundred pounds : but my lady (my wife) is out of her humour ; shee does not now goe.

CARL. No ? how then ?

PVNT. Mary, I am now enforc't to giue it out,vpon the returne of my selfe, my dogge, and my cat.

CARL. Your cat ? where is shee ?

PVNT. My squire has her there, in the bag : Sirrah, looke to her : How lik'st thou my change, CARLO ?

CARL. Oh, for the better, sir ; your cat has nine liues, and your wife ha' but one.

PVNT. Besides, shee will neuer bee sea-sicke, which will saue mee so much in conserues : when saw you signior SOGLIARDO ?

CARL. I came from him but now, he is at the *Heralds* office yonder : he requested me to goe afore, and take vp a man or two for him in *Paules*, against his cognisance was ready.

PVNT. What ? has he purchast armes, then ?.

CARL. I, and rare ones too : of as many colours, as e're you saw any fooles coat in your life. I'le goe looke among yond' bills, and I can fit him with legs to his armes———

PVNT. With legs to his armes ! Good : I will goe with you, sir.

They goe to looke vpon the bills.

Act III. *Scene* III.

FASTIDIVS, DELIRO, MACILENTE.

COme, let's walke in *Mediterraneo :* I assure you, sir , I am not the least respected among ladies ; but let that passe : doe you know how to goe into the presence, sir ?

MACI. Why, on my feet, sir.

FAST. No, on your head,sir : for 'tis that must beare you out, I assure you : as thus, sir. You must first haue an especial care so to weare your hat, that it oppresse not confusedly this your predominant, or fore-top ; because (when you come at the presence dore) you may,with once or twice stroking vp your fore-head thus, enter, with your predominant perfect : that is, standing vp stiffe.

MACI. As if one were frighted?

FAST. I, sir.

MACI. Which indeed, a true feare of your mistris should doe, rather then gumme water, or whites of egges: is't not so, sir?

FAST. An ingenious obseruation: giue mee leaue to craue your name, Sir.

DELI. His name is, MACILENTE, sir.

FAST. Good signior MACILENTE: if this gentleman, signior DELIRO, furnish you (as he saies he will) with clothes, I will bring you, to morrow by this time, into the presence of the most diuine, and *acute* lady in court: you shall see sweet silent rhetorique, and dumbe eloquence speaking in her eye; but when shee speakes her selfe, such an anatomie of wit, so sinewiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest modell of pleasure that euer was to behold. Oh! shee strikes the world into admiration of her; (ô, ô, ô) I cannot expresse 'hem, beleeue me.

MACI. O, your onely admiration, is your silence, sir.

PVNT. 'Fore god, CARLO, this is good; let's reade 'hem againe.

If there be any lady, or gentlewoman of good carriage, that is desirous to entertaine (to her priuate vses) a yong, straight, and vpright gentleman, of the age of fiue, or sixe and twenty at the most: who can serue in the nature of a gentleman vsher, and hath little legges of purpose, and a blacke satten sute of his owne, to goe before her in: which sute (for the more sweetning) now lies in lauander: and can hide his face with her fanne, if neede require: or sit in the cold at the staire foot for her, as well as another gentleman: Let her subscribe her name and place, and diligent respect shall be giuen. This is aboue measure excellent! ha?

CARL. No, this, this! here's a fine slaue.

PVNT. *If this city, or the suburbs of the same, doe affoord any yong gentleman, of the first, second, or third head, more or lesse, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come to his hands, that (to bee as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is affected to entertaine the most gentleman-like vse of tabacco: as first, to giue it the most exquisite perfume: then, to know all the delicate sweet formes for the assumption of it: as also the rare corollarie, and practice of the* Cuban *ebolition,* EVRIPVS, *and whiffe; which hee shall receiue, or take in, here at* London, *and euaporate at* Vxbridge, *or farder, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties: May it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to specifie*

cifie the place, or ordinarie where hee vses to eate, and lie; and most sweet attendance, with tabacco, and pipes of the best sort, shall be ministred: STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LECTOR.

PVNT. Why this is without *paralell*, this!

CARL. Well, I'le marke this fellow for SOGLIARDO'S vse presently.

PVNT. Or rather, SOGLIARDO, for his vse.

CARL. Faith, either of 'hem will serue, they are both good properties: I'le designe the other a place too, that we may see him.

PVNT. No better place, then the Mitre, that wee may bee spectators with you, CARLO. Soft, behold, who enters here: Signior SOGLIARDO! saue you.

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

SOGLIARDO. *To them.*

SAue you, good sir PVNTARVOLO; your dogge's in health, sir, I see: how now, CARLO?

CARL. Wee haue ta'ne simple paines, to choose you out followers here.

PVNT. Come hither, signior.

CLOVE. Monsieur ORANGE, yond' gallants obserue vs; pr'ythee let's talke fustian a little, and gull 'hem: makẽ 'hem beleeue vve are great schollers. *They shew him the bills.*

ORANG. O lord, sir.

CLOVE. Nay, pr'ythee let's, beleeue me, you haue an excellent habit in discourse.

ORANG. It pleases you to say so, sir.

CLOVE. By this church, you ha'la: nay, come, begin: ARISTOTLE *in his Dæmonologia, approues* SCALIGER *for the best Nauigator in his time: and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Heautontimorumenos:* you vnderstand the *Greeke*, sir?

ORANG. O god, sir.

MACIL. For societies sake he does. O, here be a couple of fine tame parrats.

CLOVE. Now, sir, vvhereas the *Ingenuitie* of the time, and the soules *Synderisis* are but *Embrions* in nature, added to the panch of *Esquiline*, and the *Inter-vallum* of the *Zodiack*, besides the *Eclipticke line* being *opticke*, and not *mentall*, but by the *contemplatiue* & *theoricke* part thereof, doth demonstrate to vs the *vegetable circumference*, and the *ventositie* of the *Tropicks*, and whereas our *intellectuall*, or *mincing capreall* (according to the *Metaphisicks)* as you may reade in PLATO'S *Histriomastix*---You conceiue me, sir?

ORANG. O lord, sir.

CLOVE. Then comming to the pretty *Animall*, as *Reason long since is fled to animalls*, you know, or indeed for the more *modellizing*, or *enamelling*,

or rather *diamondizing* of your *subiect*, you shall perceiue the *Hypothesis*, or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long since had their *initiall inceptions* and *notions)* to be meerely *Pythagoricall*, *Mathematicall*, and *Aristocraticall*--- For looke you, sir, there is euer a kinde of *concinnitie* and *species*--- Let vs turne to our former discourse, for they marke vs not.

FAST. Masse, yonder's the knight PVNTARVOLO.

DELI. And my cousin SOGLIARDO, me thinkes.

MACI. I, and his familiar that haunts him, the deuill vvith the shining face.

DELI. Let 'hem alone, obserue 'hem not.

SOGL. Nay, I will haue him, I am resolute for that. By this parchment, gentlemen, I haue beene so toil'd among the *Harrots* yonder, you will not beleeue, they doe speake i' the strangest language, and giue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you knew.

Sogliardo, Puntaruolo, Carlo, walke.

CARL. But ha' you armes? ha' you armes?

SOGL. Yfaith, I thanke them, I can write my selfe gentleman now, here's my pattent, it cost me thirtie pound, by this breath.

PVNT. A very faire coat, well charg'd, and full of armorie.

SOGL. Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you haue seene a coat haue, how like you the crest, sir?

PVNT. I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

SOGL. Mary, sir, it is your Bore without a head *Rampant.*

PVNT. A Boore without a head, that's very rare!

CARL. I, and rampant too: troth, I commend the *Heralds* wit, hee has decyphered him well: A swine without a head, without braine, wit, any thing indeed, ramping to gentilitie. You can blazon the rest, signior? can you not?

SOGL. O, I, I haue it in writing here of purpose, it cost me two shillings the tricking.

CARL. Let's heare, let's heare.

PVNT. It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, & ridiculous escutcheon, that euer this eye survis'd. Saue you, good monsieur FASTIDIVS.

They salute as they meet in the walke.

CARL. Silence, good knight: on, on.

SOGL. GYRONY, of eight *peeces*; AZVRE and GVLES, betweene three *plates*; a CHEV'RON, *engrailed checkey*, OR, VERT, and ERMINES; on a *cheefe* ARGENT betweene two ANN'LETS, *sables*; a Bores head, *Proper.*

CARL. How's that? on a *cheefe* ARGENT?

SOGL. On a *cheefe* ARGENT, a Bores head *Proper*, betweene two ANN'LETS *sables.*

Here they shift. Fastidius mixes with Puntaruolo, Carlo, and Sogliardo, Deliro, and Macilente, Clowe and Orange, fou couple.

CARL. S'lud, it's a hogs-cheeke, and puddings in a pewter field this.

SOGL. How like you 'hem, signior?

PVNT. Let the word bee, *Not without mustard*; your crest is very rare, sir.

CARL. A frying pan, to the crest, had had no fellow.

FAST.

FAST. Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little, signior, I will salute the knight.

CARL. Come, lap't vp, lap't vp.

FAST. You are right well encountred, sir, how do's your faire dog?

PVNT. In reasonable state, sir: what citizen is that you were consorted with? a marchant of any worth?

FAST. 'Tis signior DELIRO, sir.

PVNT. Is it he? Saue you, sir. *Salute.*

DELI. Good sir PVNTARVOLO.

MACI. O, what copie of foole would this place minister, to one endew'd with patience, to obserue it?

CARL. Nay, looke you sir, now you are a gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood, and habit, to a more austere forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your gentilitie, and scorne euery man. Speake nothing humbly, neuer discourse vnder a nobleman, though you ne're saw him but riding to the *Starre-chamber*, it's all one. Loue no man. Trust no man. Speake ill of no man to his face: nor well of any man behind his backe. Salute fairely on the front, and wish 'hem hang'd vpon the turne. Spread your selfe vpon his bosome publikely, whose heart you would eate in priuate. These be principles, thinke on 'hem, I'le come to you againe presently.

PVNT. Sirra, keepe close; yet not so close: thy breath will thaw my ruffe.

SOGL. O, good cousin, I am a little busie, how do's my neece? I am to walke with a knight, here.

Act III. *Scene* V.

FVNGOSO. TAYLOR. *To them.*

O He is here, looke you sir, that's the gentleman.

TAIL. What, he i' the blush-colour'd sattin?

FVNG. I, he sir: though his sute blush, hee blushes not, looke you, that's the sute, sir: I would haue mine, such a sute without difference, such stuffe, such a wing, such a sleeue, such a skirt, belly, and all; therefore, pray you obserue it. Haue you a paire of tables?

FAST. Why, doe you see, sir? they say I am phantasticall: why, true, I know it, and I pursue my humour still, in contempt of this censorious age. S'light, and a man should doe nothing, but what a sort of stale iudgements about this towne will approue in him, he were a sweet asse: I'ld beg him yfaith. I ne're knew any more find fault with a fashion, then they that knew not how to put themselues in to't. For mine owne part, so I please mine owne appetite, I am carelesse what the fustie world speakes of me. Puh.

FVNG. Doe you marke, how it hangs at the knee there?

TAIL. I warrant you, sir.

FVNG. For gods sake,doe,note all : doe you see the collar, sir ?

TAIL. Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch, sir.

FVNG. Pray heau'n, it doe not, you'le make these linings serue? and helpe me to a chapman for the out-side, will you ?

TAIL. I'le doe my best, sir : you'le put it off presently ?

FVNG. I, goe with mee to my chamber, you shall haue it— but make haste of it, for the loue of a customer, for I'le sit i' my old sute, or else lie a bed, and reade the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

CARL. O, if euer you were strucke with a iest, gallants, now, now. I doe vsher the most strange peece of militarie profession,that euer was discouer'd in *Insula Paulina*.

FAST. Where ? where ?

PVNT. What is he, for a creature ?

CARL. A pimpe, a pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the rarest *superficies* of a humour ; hee comes euery morning to emptie his lungs in *Paules* here : and offers vp some fiue,or sixe *Hecatomb's* of faces,and sighes, and away againe. Here he comes ; nay, walke,walke,be not seene to note him, and we shall haue excellent sport.

Act III. *Scene* VI.

To them.

SHIFT.

PVN. 'Lid, hee vented a sigh e'ne now, I thought he would haue blowne vp the church.

CAR. O, you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires ere hee depart.

FAST. See,now he is expostulating with his rapier ! looke, looke.

CARL. Did you euer,in your daies,obserue better passion ouer a hilt ?

PVNT. Except it were in the person of a cutlers boy, or that the fellow were nothing but vapour, I should thinke it impossible.

CARL. See, againe,he claps his sword o' the head, as who should say, well, goe to.

FAST. O violence ! I wonder the blade can containe it selfe , being so prouokt.

CARL. *With that, the moody squire thumpt his brest,*
And rear'd his eyen to heauen, for reuenge.

SOGL. Troth,and you be good gentlemen, let's make 'hem friends,and take vp the matter, betweene his rapier, and him.

CARL. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the matter , for this rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a hanger on,and the good gentleman would happily be rid of him.

FAST. By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected, I'le aske him.

MACI. O, here's rich stuffe, for lifes sake, let vs goe.

A man would wish himselfe a senselesse pillar,
Rather then view these monstrous prodigies :
Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se,
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit ———
FAST. Signior.
SHIFT. At your seruice.
FAST. Will you sell your rapier ?
CARL. Sbloud, he is turn'd wild vpon the question, hee lookes as hee had seene a serjeant.
SHIFT. Sell my rapier ? now fate blesse me.
PVNT. *Amen.*
SHIFT. You ask't me, if I would sell my rapier, sir ?
FAST. I did indeed.
SHIFT. Now, lord haue mercy vpon me.
PVNT. *Amen*, I say still.
SHIFT. S'lud sir, what should you behold in my face, sir, that should moue you (as they say,sir) to aske me, sir, if I would sell my rapier ?
FAST. Nay (let me pray you,sir) bee not mou'd : I protest, I would rather haue beene silent, then any way offensiue, had I knowne your nature.
SHIFT. Sell my rapier ? 'ods lid ! Nay, sir (for mine owne part) as I am a man that has seru'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to injure any gentleman in the degree of falling foule, but (sell my rapier?) I will tell you sir, I haue seru'd with this foolish rapier,where some of vs dare not appeare in haste, I name no man : but let that passe. (Sell my rapier ?) death to my lungs. This rapier,sir,has trauail'd by my side, sir, the best part of *France* and the *low Countrey :* I haue seene *Vlishing*, *Brill*, and the *Haghe*,with this rapier, sir, in my lord of *Leysters* time : and (by gods will) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would—— Looke you sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort, and so likewise your friends here, if you haue any disposition to trauell, for the sight of seruice,or so, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to diuers officers and commanders in the *low Countries*, that shall for my cause doe you all the good offices,that shall pertaine or belong to gentlemen of your—— Please you to shew the bountie of your minde, sir, to impart some ten groates, or halfe a crowne to our vse, till our abilitie be of grow'th to returne it,and we shall thinke our selfe—— Sbloud ! sell my rapier ?
SOGL. I pray you, what said he, signior, hee's a proper man.
FAST. Mary, he tells me, if I please to shew the bountie of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his vse, or so.
PVNT. Breake his head, and giue it him.
CARL. I thought he had beene playing o' the *Iewes* trump, I.
SHIFT. My rapier ? no sir : my rapier is my guard, my defence, my reuenew, my honour : (if you cannot impart, be secret, I beseech you) and I will maintaine it, where there is a graine of dust, or a drop of water.

(Hard

(Hard is the choise when the valiant must eat their armes, or clem:) Sell my rapier? no, my deare, I will not bee diuorc't from thee, yet, I haue euer found thee true as steele——and (you cannot impart sir?) Saue you gentlemen: (neuerthelesse if you haue a fancie to it, sir.)

FAST. Pr'y thee away: is Signior DELIRO departed?

CAR. Ha'you seene a pimpe out-face his owne wants better?

SOG. I commend him, that can dissemble'hem so well.

PVNT. True, and hauing no better a cloke for it, then he has neither.

FAST. Gods precious, what mischieuous lucke is this! adiew gentlemen.

PVNT. Whither? in such haste, Monsieur FASTIDIVS!

FAST. After my marchant, signior DELIRO, sir.

CARL. O hinder him not, hee may hap lose his tide, a good flounder i'faith.

ORAN. Harke you, signior WHIFFE, a word with you.

Orange and Clouecall Shift aside.

CARL. How? signior WHIFFE?

ORAN. What was the difference betweene that gallant that's gone, and you, sir.

SHIFT. No difference: he would ha'giu'n mee fiue pound for my rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all.

CLOVE. O, was't no otherwise? wee thought you had beene vpon some termes.

SHIFT. No other then you saw, sir.

CLOVE. Adieu, good Master APPLE-IOHN.

CARL. How? WHIFFE, and APPLE-IOHN too? Heart, what'll you say if this be the *appendix*, or labell to both yond' indentures?

PVNT. It may be.

CARL. Resolue vs of it, IANVS, thou that look'st euery way: or thou HERCVLES, that hast trauail'd all countries.

PVNT. Nay, CARLO, spend not time in inuocations now, 'tis late.

CARL. Signior, here's a gentleman desirous of your name, sir.

SHIFT. Sir, my name is CAVALIER SHIFT: I am knowne sufficiently in this walke, sir.

CARL. SHIFT? I heard your name varied e'en now, as I take it.

SHIFT. True, sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent *Tabbacconist*) to giue me the stile of signior WHIFFE: as I am a poore esquire about the towne here, they call mee Master APPLE-IOHN. Varietie of good names does well, sir.

CARL. I, and good parts, to make those good names: out of which I imagine yond' bils to be yours.

SHIFT. Sir, if I should denie the manuscripts, I were worthie to be banisht the middle I'le, for euer.

CARL. I take your word, sir: this gentleman has subscrib'd to 'hem, and is most desirous to become your pupill. Mary you must vse expedition. *Signior Insulso Sogliardo*, this is the professor.

SOGL.

SOGL. In good time, sir; nay,good sir,house your head:doe you professe these sleights in tabacco?

SHIFT. I,doe more then professe, sir, and (if you please to bee a practitioner) I wil vndertake in one fortnight to bring you,that you shal take it plausibly in any ordinarie, theatre, or the tilt-yard,if need be, i' the most popular assembly that is.

PVNT. But you cannot bring him to the *whiffe*,so soone?

SHIFT. Yes,as soone, sir: hee shall receiue the first, second, and third *whiffe*, if it please him, and (vpon the receit) take his horse, drinke his three cups of *Canarie*, and expose one at *Hounslow*, a second at *Staines*, and a third at *Bagshot*.

CARL. Baw-waw!

SOGL. You will not serue mee, sir, will you? I'le giue you more then countenance.

SHIFT. Pardon me, sir, I doe scorne to serue any man.

CARL. Who? he serue? Sbloud he keepes high men,and low men, he; he has a faire liuing at *Fullam*.

SHIFT. But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower, if you please.

SOGL. Sir, you shall stay, and dine with mee, and if wee can agree, weele not part in haste: I am verie bountifull to men of qualitie. Where shall we goe, signior?

PVNT. Your Miter is your best house.

SHIFT. I can make this dogge take as many *whiffes* as I list, and hee shall retaine, or efume them,at my pleasure.

PVNT. By your patience, follow me, fellowes.

SOGL. Sir, PVNTARVOLO!

PVNT. Pardon mee, my dogge shall not eate in his companie, for a million.

CARL. Nay, bee not you amaz'd, signior WHIFFE, what e're that stiffeneckt gentleman say's.

SOGL. No, for you doe not know the humour of the dogge, as wee doe: where shall we dine, CARLO? I would faine goe to one of these ordinaries, now I am a gentleman.

CARL. So you may,were you neuer at any yet?

SOGL. No faith, but they say,there resorts your most choise gallants.

CARL. True, and the fashion is,when any stranger comes in among'st 'hem,they all stand vp and stare at him, as he were some vnknowne beast, brought out of *Affrick*: but that'll bee help't with a good aduenturous face. You must be impudent ynough, sit downe,and vse no respect;when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'le thinke you haue trauail'd: though you argue,a whole day, in silence thus, & discourse in nothing but laughter,'twill passe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, discharge a good full oth, and offer a great wager,'twill be admirable.

SOGL.

SOGL. I warrant you, I am resolute : come, good signior, there's a poore french crowne,for your ordinarie.

SHIFT. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least portcullice of coine before.

GREX.

MIT. I trauell with another obiection, signior, which I feare will bee enforc'd against the author, ere I can be deliuer'd of it.

COR. What's that, sir ?

MIT. That the argument of his *Comœdie* might haue beene of some other nature, as of a duke to be in loue with a countesse, and that countesse to bee in loue with the dukes sonne, and the sonne to loue the ladies waiting maid : some such crosse wooing, with a clowne to their seruing-man, better then to be thus neere, and familiarly allied to the time.

COR. You say well, but I would faine heare one of these *autumne*-judgements define once, *Quid sit Comœdia?* if he cannot, let him content himselfe with CICEROS definition (till hee haue strength to propose to himselfe a better) who would haue a *Comœdie* to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum consuetudinis, Imago veritatis* ; a thing throughout pleasant, and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners : if the maker haue fail'd in any particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not, why-- be you (that are for them) silent, as I will bee for him ; and giue way to the actors.

Act III. *Scene* VII.

SORDIDO, HINE.

With a halter about his necke.

NAy, gods-precious, if the weather and season bee so respectlesse, that beggers shall liue as well as their betters ; and that my hunger, and thirst for riches, shall not make them hunger and thirst with pouertie ; that my sleepes shall be broken, and their hearts not broken ; that my coffers shall bee full, and yet care ; theirs emptie, and yet merry! Tis time,that a crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud cannot beare this crosse.

GREX.

MIT. What, will he hang himselfe ?

COR. Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despaire.

MIT. Beshrow me, he will be out of his humour then, indeed.

SOR. Tut,these star-monger knaues,who would trust 'hem ? one saies, darke and rainy, when 'tis as cleere as christall ; another saies,tempestuous blasts, and stormes, and 'twas as calme as a milke-bowle ; here bee sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with : You skie-staring cocks-combs you, you fat braines, out vpon you ; you are good for nothing

thing but to sweat night-caps, and make rug-gownes deare! You learned men, and haue not a legion of deuils, *a vostre seruice! a vostre seruice!* by heauen, I thinke I shall die a better scholler then they! but soft, how now, sirra.

HINE. Here's a letter come from your sonne, sir.

SORD. From my sonne, sir? what would my sonne, sir? some good newes, no doubt.

Sweet and deare father (desiring you first to send mee your blessing, which is more worth to me then gold or siluer) I desire you likewise to be aduertised, that this Shrouetide (contrary to custome) we vse alwaies to haue reuels; which is indeed dancing, and makes an excellent shew in truth; especially if wee gentlemen bee well attir'd, which our seniors note, and thinke the better of our fathers, the better we are maintain'd, and that they shall know if they come vp, and haue any thing to doe in the law: therefore, good father, these are (for your owne sake as well as mine) to re-desire you; that you let me not want, that which is fit for the setting vp of our name, in the honorable volume of gentilitie, that I may say to our calumniators, with TVLLIE, Ego sum ortus domus meæ, tu occasus tuæ. *And thus (not doubting of your fatherly beneuolence) I humbly aske you blessing, and pray god to blesse you.*

Yours, if his owne.

How's this? *Yours, if his owne?* is he not my sonne, except he be his owne sonne? Belike this is some new kinde of subscription the gallants vse. Wel, wherefore doest thou stay, knaue? Away: goe. Here's a letter indeede; reuels? and beneuolence? is this a weather to send beneuolence? or is this a season to reuell in? Slid the deuil and all takes part to vexe me, I thinke! this letter would neuer haue come now else, now, now, when the sunne shines, and the aire thus cleere. Soule, if this hold, we shall shortly haue an excellent crop of corne spring out of the high waies: the streets, and houses of the towne will be hid with the ranknesse of the fruits, that grow there in spight of good husbandry. Goe to, I'le preuent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will preuent the sight of it. I haue this remedie, heauen. Stay; I'le trie the paine thus a little, ô, nothing, nothing. Well now, shall my sonne gaine a beneuolence by my death? or any body be the better for my gold, or so forth? No, aliue, I kept it from 'hem, and (dead) my ghost shall walke about it, and preserue it, my son and daughter shall starue ere they touch it, I haue hid it as deep as hell from the sight of heauen, and to it I goe now. *Falls off*

Act III. *Scene* VIII.

RVSTICI.

RVST. 1. AYe me, what pittifull sight is this! help, help, help.

RVST. 2. How now? what's the matter?

RVST. 1. O, here's a man has hang'd himselfe, helpe to get him againe.

RVST. 2. Hang'd himselfe? Slid carry him afore a iustice, 'tis *chance medley*, o' my word.

RVST. 3. How now, what's here to doe?

RVST. 4. How comes this?

RVST. 2. One has executed himselfe, contrary to order of law, and by my consent he shall answer't.

RVST. 5. Would he were in case, to answere it.

RVST. 1. Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.

SORD. Oh.

RVST. 5. Masse, 'twas well you vvent the foot-way, neighbour.

RVST. 1. I, and I had not cut the halter.

SORD. How! cut the halter? Aye me, I am vndone, I am vndone.

RVST. 2. Mary, if you had not beene vndone, you had beene hang'd, I can tell you.

SORD. You thred-bare horse-bread-eating rascals, if you vvould needes haue beene meddling, could you not haue vntied it, but you must cut it? and in the midst too! Aye me.

RVST. 1. Out on me, 'tis the catterpiller SORDIDO! how cursed are the poore, that the viper was blest vvith this good fortune?

RVST. 2. Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poore?

RVST. 3. I, and to saue so wretched a caytife?

RVST. 4. Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him.

RVST. 2. Some desperate furie possesse thee, that thou maist hang thy selfe too.

RVST. 5. Neuer maist thou be sau'd, that sau'd so damn'd a monster.

SORDID. What curses breathe these men! how haue my deeds
Made my lookes differ from another mans,
That they should thus detest, and lothe my life!
Out on my wretched humour, it is that
Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eyes.
Pardon me (gentle friends) I'le make faire mends
For my foule errors past, and twenty-fold
Restore to all men, vvhat with vvrong I rob'd them:
My barnes, and garners shall stand open still
To all the poore that come, and my best graine

Be

Be made almes-bread,to feed halfe-famisht mouthes.
Though hitherto amongst you I haue liu'd,
Like an vnsauourie muck-hill to my selfe,
Yet now, my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,
Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vses.
Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing
My life, and soule together. O, how deeply
The bitter curses of the poore doe pierce!
I am by wonder chang'd; come in with me
And witnesse my repentance: now I proue,
" No life is blest, that is not grac't with loue.

RVST. 2. O miracle! see vvhen a man ha's grace!

RVST. 3. Had't not beene pitty, so good a man should haue beene cast away?

RVST. 2. Well,I'le get our clarke put his conuersion in the *Acts*, and *Monuments*.

RVST. 4. Doe, for I warrant him hee's a *Martyr*.

RVST. O god, how he wept, if you mark't it! did you see how the teares trill'd?

RVST. 5. Yes, beleeue me,like master vicars bowles vpon the greene, for all the world.

3. *or* 4. O neighbour, god's blessing o'your heart, neighbour, 'twas a good gratefull deed.

GREX.

COR. How now, MITIS? what's that you consider so seriously?

MIT. Troth, that which doth essentially please me, the vvarping condition of this greene,and soggy multitude: but in good faith, signior,your author hath largely out-stript my expectation in this *Scene*, I will liberally confesse it. For, when I saw SORDIDO so desperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him, then.

COR. What? you suppos'd he should haue hung himselfe, indeed?

MIT. I did, and had fram'd my obiection to it ready, which may yet be very fitly vrg'd, and with some necessity: for though his purpos'd violence lost th'effect, and extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the obiect, was more then the nature of a *Comœdie* vvill in any sort admit.

COR. I? vvhat thinke you of PLAVTVS, in his *Comœdie*, called *Cistellaria*, there? vvhere he brings in ALCESIMARCHVS vvith a drawne sword ready to kill himselfe, and as hee is e'ne fixing his brest vpon it, to bee restrain'd from his resolu'd outrage, by SILENIVM, and the bawd: is not his authoritie of power to giue our *Scene* approbation?

MIT. Sir, I haue this only euasion left me, to say, *I thinke it bee so indeed, your memorie is happier then mine*: but I wonder,what engine hee vvill vse to bring the rest out of their humours!

COR. That will appeare anon, neuer preoccupie your imagination withall.

withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the *Scene* still, which now remoues it selfe from the country,to the court. Here comes MACILENTE, and Signior BRISKE, freshly suted, lose not your selfe, for now the *Epitasis*, or busie part of our subiect, is in act.

Act III. *Scene* IX.

MACILENTE, BRISKE, CINEDO, SAVIOLINA.

FAST. WEll, now, signior MACILENTE, you are not onely welcome to the court, but also to my mistris withdrawing chamber: Boy, get me some tabacco, I'le but goe in, and shew I am here, and come to you presently, sir.

MACI. What's that he said? by heauen, I markt him not:
My thoughts, and I, were of another world.
I was admiring mine owne out-side here,
To thinke what priuiledge, and palme it beares
Here, in the court! Be a man ne're so vile
In wit, in judgement, manners, or what else;
If he can purchase but a silken couer,
He shall not only passe, but passe regarded:
Whereas, let him be poore, and meanely clad,
Though ne're so richly parted; you shall haue
A fellow (that knowes nothing but his beefe,
Or how to rince his clammy guts in beere)
Will take him by the shoulders, or the throat,
And kicke him downe the staires. Such is the state
Of vertue, in bad clothes! ha, ha, ha, ha,
That raiment should be in such high request!
How long should I be, ere I should put off
To the lord *Chancelors* tombe, or the *Shriues* posts?
By heauen (I thinke) a thousand, thousand yeere.
His grauitie, his wisedome, and his faith,
To my dread Soueraigne (graces that suruiue him)
These I could well endure to reuerence,
But not his tombe: no more then I'ld commend
The chappell organ, for the guilt without,
Or this base violl, for the varnisht face.

FAST. I feare I haue made you stay somewhat long, sir, but is my tabacco readie, boy?

CINE. I, sir.

FAST. Giue me, my mistris is vpon comming, you shall see her presently, sir, *(Tab.)* you'le say you neuer accosted a more piercing wit. This tabacco is not dryed, boy, or else the pipe's defectiue. Oh, your wits of *Italie*

Italie are nothing comparable to her! her braine's a verie quiuer of iests! and she do's dart them abroad with that sweete loose, and iudiciall aime, that you would——here she comes sir.

MACI. 'Twas time, his inuention had beene bogd else. *She is seene and goes in againe.*

SAVI. Giue me my fanne there.

MACI. How now, Monsieur BRISKE?

FAST. A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes mee with a cold shiuering (me thinkes.)

MACI. I like such tempers well, as stand before their mistresses with feare and trembling, and before their maker, like impudent mountaines.

FAST. By this hand, I'ld spend twentie pound my vauting-horse stood here now, she might see me doe but one tricke?

MACI. Why,do's she loue actiuitie?

CINE. Or if you had but your long stockings on,to be dancing a galliard, as she comes by.

FAST. I eyther. O, these stirring humours make ladies mad with desire:shee comes. My good GENIVS embolden me, boy, the pipe quickly.

MACI. What? will he giue her musicke?

FAST. A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

SAVI. Faire seruant, I'le thanke you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

FAST. How, like you that answere? is't not admirable?

MACI. I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire trifles, sir.

FAST. Troth,sweet ladie, I shall *(Tab.)* be prepar'd to giue you thanks for those thankes, and *(Tab.)* studie more officious, and obsequious regards *(Tab.)* to your faire beauties. *(Tab.)* mend the pipe, boy. *He takes,and takes tabacco betweene.*

MACI. I ne're knew tabacco taken as a *parenthesis*, before.

FAST. Fore god (sweete ladie) beleeue it, I doe honour the meanest rush in this chamber, for your loue.

SAVI. I, you need not tell mee that, sir, I doe thinke,you doe prize a rush, before my loue.

MACI. Is this the wonder of nations?

FAST. O, by this ayre, pardon me, I said, for your loue, by this light: but it is the accustomed sharpnesse of your ingenuitie, sweete mistresse, to———Masse your violl's new strung, methinkes.

MACI. Ingenuitie. I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her, which he had done most notably, if he had said wit,for ingenuitie, as he meant it. *He takes downe the violl, and playes betweene.*

FAST. By the soule of musicke, ladie *(hum, hum.)*

SAVI. Would we might heare it once.

FAST. I doe more adore, and admire your *(hum, hum)* predominant perfections, then *(hum, hum)* euer I shall haue power, and facultie to expresse *(hum.)*

SAVI. Vpon the violl *de Gambo*, you meane?

FAST. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand.

SAVI. Nay, rather by the fingers.

MACI. It makes good harmonie with her wit.

FAST. Sweet ladie, tune it. Boy, some tabacco.

MACI. Tabacco againe? he do's court his mistresse with verie excee-
ding good changes.

FAST. Signior MACILENTE, you take none, sir? *(Tab.)*

MACI. No, vnlesse I had a Mistresse, signior, it were a great indecorum for me to take tabacco.

FAST. How like you her wit? *(Tab.)*

MACI. Her ingenuitie is excellent, sir.

FAST. You see the subiect of her sweet fingers, there? *(Tab.)* Oh, shee tickles it so, that *(Tab.)* shee makes it laugh most diuinely; *(Tab.)* I'le tell you a good iest now, and your selfe shall say it's a good one: I haue wisht my selfe to be that instrument (I thinke) a thousand times, and not so few, by heauen *(Tab.)*

MACI. Not vnlike, sir: but how? to be cas'd vp, and hung by on the wall?

FAST. O, no, sir, to be in vse I assure you; as your iudicious eyes may testifie. *(Tab.)*

SAVI. Here, seruant, if you will play, come.

FAST. Instantly, sweet ladie. *(Tab.)* In good faith, here's most diuine tabacco!

SAVI. Nay, I cannot stay to dance after your pipe.

FAST. Good! nay, deare ladie, stay: by this sweete smoake, I thinke your wit be all fire. *(Tab.)*

MACI. And, hee's the *Salamander* belongs to it.

SAVI. Is your tabacco perfum'd, seruant? that you sweare by the sweet smoke?

FAST. Still more excellent! (before heauen, and these bright lights) I thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of ingenuitie, I. (*Tab.*)

MACI. True, as your discourse is: ô abominable!

FAST. Will your ladiship take any?

SAVI. O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a woodcockes head.

FAST. Meaning my head, ladie?

SAVI. Not altogether so, sir; but (as it were fatall to their follies that thinke to grace themselues with taking tabacco, when they want better entertainment) you see your pipe beares the true forme of a woodcockes head.

FAST. O admirable *simile!*

SAVI. 'Tis best leauing of you in admiration, sir.

MACI. Are these the admired lady-wits, that hauing so good a plainesong, can runne no better diuision vpon it? S'heart, all her iests are of the stampe, (*March* was fifteene yeres ago.) Is this the Comet, Monsieur FASTIDIVS, that your gallants wonder at so?

FAST.

FAST. Hart of a gentleman, to neglect mee afore presence thus! Sweet sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace. By the *Muses*, I was neuer in so vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the floud too. Report it not for a million, good sir; let me be so farre endear'd to your loue.

G R E X.

MIT. What followes next, signior CORDATVS? this gallants humour is almost spent, me thinkes, it ebbes apace, with this contrarie breath of his mistresse.

COR. O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a generall drought of humour among all our actors, and then, I feare not but his wil fall as low as any. See, who presents himselfe here!

MIT. What, i'the old case?

COR. Yfaith, which makes it, the more pittifull, you vnderstand where the *Scene* is?

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

FALLACE. FVNGOSO.

WHy, are you so melancholy, brother?

FVNG. I am not melancholy, I thanke you, sister.

FALL. Why are you not merrie then? there are but two of vs in all the world, and if wee should not bee comforts one to another, god helpe vs.

FVNG. Faith, I cannot tell, sister, but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy, to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats, to make his sonne a gentleman: and yet when he has cut 'hem, he will see his sonnes throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his owne throat. I must bee the first head of our house, and yet he will not giue me the head till I bee made so. Is any man term'd a gentleman that is not alwayes i'the fashion? I would know but that.

FALL. If you bee melancholy for that, brother, I thinke I haue as much cause to bee melancholy, as one: for I'le be sworne, I liue as little in the fashion, as any woman in *London*. By the faith of a Gentlewoman, (beast that I am to say it) I ha'not one friend i'the world besides my husband. When saw you master FASTIDIVS BRISKE, brother?

FVNG. But a while since, sister, I thinke: I know not well in truth. By this hand, I could fight with all my heart, me thinkes.

FALL. Nay, good brother, be not resolute.

FVNG. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answere neyther.

FALL. Oh, sweete FASTIDIVS BRISKE! ô fine courtier! thou art hee mak'st me sigh, and say, how blessed is that woman that hath a courtier to her husband! and how miserable a dame shee is, that hath neyther

husband, nor friend i' the court! O, sweet FASTIDIVS! ô, fine courtier! How comely he bowes him in his court'sie! how full hee hits a woman betweene the lips when hee kisses! how vpright hee sits at the table! how daintily he carues! how sweetly he talkes, and tels newes of this lord, and of that lady! how cleanely he wipes his spoone, at euery spoonfull of any whit-meat he eates, and what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him, still! O, sweet FASTIDIVS! ô fine courtier!

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

DELIRO, MVSICIANS, MACILENTE, FVNGOSO.

SEe, yonder shee is, gentlemen. Now (as euer you'll beare the name of musicians) touch your instruments sweetly, shee has a delicate eare, I tell you: play not a false note, I beseech you.

MVSI. Feare not, signior DELIRO.

DELI. O, begin, begin, some sprightly thing: Lord, how my imagination labours with the successe of it. Well said, good yfaith! heauen grant it please her. I'le not be seene, for then shee'le be sure to dislike it.

FALL. Hey---da! this is excellent! I'le lay my life, this is my husbands dotage. I thought so; nay, neuer play peeke-boe with me, I know, you doe nothing but studie how to anger me, sir.

DELI. Anger thee, sweet wife? why didst thou not send for musicians to supper last night, thy selfe?

FALL. To supper, sir? now, come vp to supper, I beseech you: as though there were no difference between supper time, when folkes should be merry, and this time when they would be melancholy? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife, if I had no more iudgement to please her.

DELI. Be pleas'd, sweet wife, and they shall ha' done: and would to fate, my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

MACI. Saue you, lady, where is master DELIRO?

DELI. Here, master MACILENTE: you are welcome from court, sir; no doubt you haue beene grac't exceedingly of master BRISKES Mistris, and the rest of the ladies, for his sake?

MACI. Alas, the poore *phantasticke!* hee's scarce knowne
To any lady there; and those that know him,
Know him the simplest man of all they know:
Deride, and play vpon his amorous humours,
Though he but apishly doth imitate
The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies pumps,
Holding the cloth for them, praising their wits,
And seruilely obseruing euery one,
May doe them pleasure: fearefull to be scene
With any man (though he be ne're so worthy)

That's

That's not in grace with some, that are the greatest.
Thus courtiers doe, and these he counterfeits.
But sets not such a sightly carriage
Vpon their vanities, as they themselues;
And therefore they despise him: for indeed
Hee's like the *Zani*, to a tumbler,
That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.

FALL. Here's an vnthankfull spitefull wretch! the good gentleman vouchsaft to make him his companion (because my husband put him into a few rags) and now see, how the vnrude rascall back-bites him!

DELI. Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem, then? say you?

MACI. Faith, like a pawne, at *Chesse*: fills vp a roome, that's all.

FALL. O monster of men! can the earth beare such an enuious caytiffe?

DELI. Well, I repent me, I e're credited him so much: but (now I see what he is, and that his masking vizor is off) I'le forbeare him no longer. All his lands are morgag'd to me, and forfeited: besides, I haue bonds of his in my hand, for the receit of now fifty pound, now a hundred, now two hundred: still, as he has had a fan but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new sute. Well, I'le salute him by a *Sergeant*, the next time I see him, yfaith, I'le sute him.

MACI. Why, you may soone see him, sir, for hee is to meet signior PVNTARVOLO at a *Notaries*, by the *Exchange*, presently: where he meanes to take vp, vpon returne———

FALL. Now, out vpon thee, IVDAS; canst thou not be content to back-bite thy friend, but thou must betray him? wilt thou seeke the vndoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you, sir, get your liuing by the counsell of traytors?

DELI. Deare wife, haue patience.

FALL. The house will fall, the ground will open, and swallow vs: I'le not bide here, for all the gold, and siluer in heauen.

DELI. O, good MACILENTE, let's follow and appease her, or the peace of my life is at an end.

MACI. Now pease, and not peace, feed that life, whose head hangs so heauily ouer a womans manger.

FALL. Helpe me, brother: 'ods body, and you come here, I'le doe my selfe a mischiefe. Deliro *follow's his wife.*

DELI. Nay, heare me, sweet wife, vnlesse thou wilt haue mee goe, I will not goe.

FALL. Tut, you shall ne're ha' that vantage of me, to say, you are vndone by me: I'le not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweet brother, here's foure angels, I'le giue you toward your sute: for the loue of gentry, and as euer you came of christen creature, make haste to the water side (you know where Master FASTIDIVS vses to land) and giue him warning of my husbands malitious intent; & tel him of that leane rascals trechery: O heuens! how

how my flesh rises at him! nay, sweet brother, make haste: you may say, I vvould haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time would not permit. He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me, to him, good brother, say, I sent you.

FVNG. Let me see, these foure angels, and then, fortie shillings more I can borrow on my gowne in *Fetter-lane*. Well, I will goe presently, say on my sute, pay as much money as I haue, and sweare my selfe into credit vvith my taylor, for the rest.

Deliro, and Macilente, passe ouer the stage.

DELI. O, on my soule you wrong her, MACILENTE,
Though shee be froward, yet I know shee is honest.

MACI. Well, then haue I no iudgement: would any vvoman (but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into that immodest and violent passion against her husband? or is't possible———

DELI. If you loue me, forbeare; all the arguments i' the world shall neuer wrest my heart to beleeue it.

GREX.

COR. How like you the decyphering of his dotage?

MIT. O, strangely! and of the others enuie too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man, and his wife. Stay, here comes the knight aduenturer.

COR. I, and his scriuener vvith him.

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

PVNTARVOLO, NOTARIE, CARLO, SERVANTS.

I Wonder, Monsieur FASTIDIVS comes not! but, NOTARIE, if thou please to draw the indentures the vvhile, I will giue thee thy instructions.

NOTA. With all my heart, sir; and I'le fall in hand with'hem presently.

PVNT. Well then, first, the summe is to be vnderstood.

NOTA. Good, sir.

PVNT. Next, our seuerall appellations, and character of my dog, and cat, must be knowne: shew him the cat, sirrah.

NOTA. So, sir.

PVNT. Then, that the intended bound, is the *Turkes* court in *Constantinople:* the time limited for our returne, a yeere: and that if either of vs miscarry, the whole venter is lost. These are generall, conceiu'st thou? or if either of vs turne *Turke*.

NOTA. I, sir.

PVNT. Now for particulars: That I may make my trauails by sea or land, to my best liking: and that (hyring a coach for my selfe) it shall bee lawfull for my dog, or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

NOT.

NOT. Very good, sir.

PVN. That I may choose to giue my dogge, or cat fish, for feare of bones: or any other nutriment, that (by the iudgement of the most autenticall physicians,where I trauaile) shall be thought dangerous.

NOT. Well, sir.

PVN. That (after the receit of his monie) he shall neyther in his own person, nor any other, eyther by direct or indirect meanes, as magicke, witchcraft, or other such exoticke artes, attempt, practise, or complot anie thing, to the preiudice of mee, my dogge, or my cat: Neyther shall I vse the helpe of any such sorceries, or enchantments, as vnctions,to make our skinnes impenetrable,or to trauaile inuisible by vertue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charme about my dogges necke,secretly conuey'd into his collar: (vnderstand you?) but that all be performed, sincerely, without fraud, or imposture.

NOT. So, sir.

PVN. That (for testimonie of the performance) my selfe am to bring thence a *Turkes* mustachio, my dogge a *Græcian* hares lip, and my cat the traine,or taile of a *Thracian* rat.

NOT. 'Tis done, sir.

PVN. 'Tis said, sir, not done, sir: but forward. That vpon my returne, and landing on the Tower-wharfe, with the aforesaid testimonie, I am to receiue fiue for one,according to the proportion of the summes put forth.

NOT. Well, sir.

PVN. Prouided, that if before our departure, or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sicknesse, or any other casuall euent, so that the whole course of the aduenture bee hindered,thereby; that then, he is to returne, and I am to receiue the prenominated proportion, vpon faire and equall termes.

NOT. Verie good, sir, is this all?

PVN. It is all, sir: and dispatch them, good NOTARIE.

NOT. As fast as is possible, sir.

PVN. O, CARLO! welcome: saw you Monsieur BRISKE?

CAR. Not I: did he appoint you, to meet here?

PVN. I, and I muse he should be so tardie: hee is to take an hundred pounds of mee in venter, if he maintaine his promise.

CAR. Is his houre past?

PVN. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

CAR. Tut, be not iealous of him: he will sooner breake all the commandements, then his houre, vpon my life, in such a case trust him.

PVN. Me thinkes, CARLO, you looke verie smooth! ha?

CAR. Why, I come but now from a hot-house, I must needes looke smooth.

PVN. From a hot-house!

CAR. I, doo you make a wonder on't? why it's your only physicke.

Let

Let a man sweate once a weeke in a hothouse, and be well rub'd, and froted, with a good plumpe juicie wench, and sweet linnen: hee shall ne're ha' the poxe.

PVNT. What, the *French* poxe?

CARL. The *French* poxe! our poxe. S'bloud we haue 'hem in as good forme as they, man: what?

PVNT. Let mee perish, but thou art a salt one! was your new-created gallant there with you? SOGLIARDO?

CARL. O, porpuse! hang him, no: hee's a lieger at *Hornes* ordinarie yonder: his villanous GANIMEDE, and he ha' beene droning a tabacco pipe there, euer sin' yesterday noone.

PVNT. Who? signior TRIPARTITE, that would giue my dogge the *Whiffe?*

CARL. I, hee. They haue hir'd a chamber, and all priuate to practise in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit reciprocall*, and a number of other mysteries, not yet extant. I brought some dozen, or twentie gallants this morning to view 'hem (as you'ld doe a piece of *Perspectiue*) in at a key-hole: and there wee might see SOGLIARDO sit in a chaire, holding his snowt vp like a sow vnder an apple-tree, while th' other open'd his nostrils with a poking-sticke, to giue the smoke a more free deliuerie. They had spit some three, or fourescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore we came away.

PVNT. How? spit three, or fourescore ounces?

CARL. I, and preseru'd it in porrengers, as a barber does his bloud, when he opens a veine.

PVNT. Out, *Pagan*: how dost thou open the veine of thy friend?

CARL. Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i'the world? ha? S'lid I ne're rellisht it yet.

PVNT. Thy humour is the more dangerous.

CARL. No, not a whit, Signior: Tut, a man must keepe time in all. I can oyle my tongue when I meet him next, and looke with a good slicke fore-head; 'twill take away all soyle of suspicion, and that's ynough: what LYNCEVS can see my heart? Pish, the title of a friend, it's a vaine idle thing, only venerable among fooles: you shall not haue one that has any opinion of wit affect it.

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

To them.

DELIRO, MACILENTE.

SAue you, good sir PVNTARVOLO.

PVNT. Signior DELIRO! welcome.

DELI. Pray you, sir, did you see Master FASTIDIVS BRISKE? I heard he was to meet your worship here.

PVNT. You heard no figment, sir, I doe expect him at euery pulse of my watch.

DELI.

DELI. In good time, sir.

CARL. There's a fellow now, lookes like one of the *Patricians* of *Sparta*, mary his wit's after tenne i'the hundred. A good bloud-hound, a close-mouth'd dogge, he followes the sent well, mary he's at a fault now, me thinkes.

PVNT. I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue.

CARL. O, I cannot abide these limmes of sattin, or rather *Sathan* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darknesse) all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of blankes, readie to swallow vp as manie poore vnthrifts, as come within the verge.

PVNT. So! and what hast thou for him that is with him, now?

CARL. O, (dam' mee) *Immortalitie!* I'le not meddle with him, the pure element of fire, all spirit, extraction.

PVNT. How, CARLO? ha, what is he, man?

CARL. A scholler, MACILENTE, doe you not know him? a lanke raw-bon'd anatomie, he walkes vp and downe like a charg'd musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his rest there.

PVNT. His rest? why has he a forked head?

CARL. Pardon me, that's to be suspended, you are too quicke, too apprehensiue.

DELI. Troth (now I thinke on't) I'le deferre it till some other time.

MACI. Not, by any meanes, signior, you shall not lose this opportunitie, he will be here presently now.

DELI. Yes faith, MACILENTE, 'tis best. For looke you, sir, I shall so exceedingly offend my wife in't, that———

MACI. Your wife? now for shame lose these thoughts, and become the master of your owne spirits. Should I (if I had a wife) suffer my selfe to be thus passionately carried (to and fro) with the streame of her humour? and neglect my deepest affaires, to serue her affections? S'light I would geld my selfe first.

DELI. O but, signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you would——

MACI. Such a wife? Now hate mee, sir, if euer I discern'd any wonder in your wife, yet, with all the speculation I haue: I haue seene some that ha' beene thought fairer then she, in my time; and I haue seene those, ha' not been altogether so tall, esteem'd properer women; and I haue seen lesse noses grow vpon sweeter faces, that haue done verie well too, in my iudgement: but in good faith, signior, for all this, the gentlewoman is a good pretie proud hard-fauour'd thing, mary not so peerelessely to bee doted vpon, I must confesse: nay, be not angrie.

DELI. Well, sir, (how euer you please to forget your selfe) I haue not deseru'd to bee thus plai'd vpon, but henceforth, pray you forbeare my house, for I can but faintly endure the sauour of his breath at my table, that shall thus iade me for my courtesies.

MACI. Nay, then, signior, let me tell you, your wife is no proper woman,

man, and, by my life, I suspect her honestie, that's more, which you may likewise suspect (if you please :) doe you see? Ile vrge you to nothing, against your appetite, but if you please, you may suspect it.

DELI. Good, sir.

MACI. Good sir? Now horne vpon horne pursue thee, thou blinde egregious dotard.

CARL. O, you shall heare him speake like ennie. Signior MACILENTE, you saw monsieur BRISKE lately? I heard you were with him at court.

MACI. I, BVFFONE, I was with him.

CARL. And how is he respected there? (I know youle deale ingenuously with vs) is he made of amongst the sweeter sort of gallants?

MACI. Faith I, his ciuet and his casting-glasse,
Haue helpt him to a place amongst the rest :
And there, his *Seniors* giue him good sleight lookes,
After their garbe, smile, and salute in *French*
With some new complement.

CARL. What, is this all?

MACI. Why say, that they should shew the frothie foole,
Such grace, as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.
Why, all their *Graces* are not to doe grace
To vertue, or desert : but to ride both
With their guilt spurres quite breathlesse, from themselues.
'Tis now esteem'd *Precisianisme* in wit;
And a disease in nature, to be kind
Toward desert, to loue, or seeke good names :
Who feeds with a good name? who thriues with louing?
Who can prouide feast for his owne desires,
With seruing others? ha, ha, ha :
'Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings prou'd,
(If not to gaine by loue) to be belou'd.

CARL. How like you him? is't not a good spitefull slaue? ha?

PVNT. Shrewd, shrewd.

CARL. Dam'me, I could eat his flesh now : diuine sweet villaine!

MACI. Nay, pr'y thee leaue : what's he there?

CARL. Who? this i'the starcht beard? it's the dull stiffe knight PVNTARVOLO, man; hee's to trauaile now presently: hee has a good knottie wit, marry he carries little o't out of the land, with him.

MACI. How then?

CARL. He puts it forth in venter, as hee does his monie; vpon the returne of a dogge, and cat.

MACI. Is this he?

CARL. I, this is hee; a good tough gentleman : hee lookes like a shield of brawne, at *Shrouetide*, out of date, and readie to take his leaue:

or a drie poule of ling vpon *Easter-eue*, that has furnisht the table all *Lent*, as he has done the citie this last vacation.

MACI. Come, you'le neuer leaue your stabbing *simile's :* I shall ha' you ayming at me with 'hem by and by, but———

CARL. O, renounce me then : pure, honest, good *deuill*, I loue thee aboue the loue of women : I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now! gods so, looke here, man ; Sir DAGONET, and his squire !

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

SOGLIARDO, SHIFT. *To them.*

SAue you, my deare GALLANTO'S : nay, come approch, good CAVALIER : pr'y thee (sweet knight) know this gentleman, hee's one that it pleases mee to vse as my good friend, and companion ; and therefore doe him good offices : I beseech you, gentles, know him, know him all ouer.

PVNT. Sir (for signior SOGLIARDO'S sake) let it suffice, I know you.

SOGL. Why (as I am true gentleman) I thanke you, knight, and it shall suffice. Harke you, sir PVNTARVOLO, you'ld little thinke it ; he's as resolute a peece of flesh, as any's i' the world.

PVNT. Indeed, sir ?

SOGL. Vpon my gentilitie, sir : CARLO, a word with you ; Doe you see that same fellow, there ?

CARL. What ? CAVALIER SHIFT ?

SOGL. O, you know him ; crie you mercy : before me, I thinke him the tallest man, liuing within the walls of *Europe*.

CARL. The walls of *Europe !* take heed what you say, signior, *Europe's* a huge thing within the walls.

SOGL. Tut, (and 'twere as huge againe) I'ld iustifie what I speake. S'lid, he swagger'd e'en now in a place where we were : I neuer saw a man doe it more resolute.

CARL. Nay, indeede swaggering is a good argument of resolution. Doe you heare this, signior ?

MACI. I, to my griefe. O, that such muddy flags,
For euery drunken flourish, should atchieue
The name of manhood ; whil'st true perfect valour
(Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd !
Heart, I doe know now (in a faire iust cause)
I dare doe more then he, a thousand times :
Why should not they take knowledge of this ? ha ?
And giue my worth allowance before his ?
Because I cannot swagger ! Now the poxe
Light on your *Pickt-hatch* prowesse.

SOGL. Why, I tell you, sir, he has beene the only *Bid-stand* that euer kept *New-market*, *Salisbury-plaine*, *Hockley* i'the hole, *Gads-Hill*; all the high places of any request: he has had his mares and his geldings, he, ha' been worth fortie, threescore, a hundred pound a horse, would ha' sprung you ouer hedge, and ditch, like your grey-hound, he has done fiue hundred robberies in his time, more or lesse, I assure you.

PVNT. What? and scapt?

SOGL. Scapt! yfaith I: he has broken the jayle when he has beene in yrons, and yrons; and beene out, and in againe; and out, and in; fortie times, and not so few, he.

MACI. A fit trumpet, to proclaime such a person.

CARL. But can this be possible?

SHIFT. Why, 'tis nothing, sir, when a man giues his affections to it.

SOGL. Good PYLADES, discourse a robberie, or two, to satisfie these gentlemen of thy worth.

SHIFT. Pardon me, my deare ORESTES: Causes haue their *quiddits*, and 'tis ill iesting with bell-ropes.

CARL. How? PYLADES, and ORESTES?

SOGL. I, he is my PYLADES, and I am his ORESTES: how like you the conceit?

CARL. O, it's an old stale enterlude deuice: No, I'le giue you names my selfe, looke you, he shall be your IVDAS, and you shall bee his Elder tree, to hang on.

MACI. Nay, rather, let him be captaine POD, and this his *Motion*; for he does nothing but shew him.

CARL. Excellent: or thus, you shall bee HOLDEN, and hee your Camel.

SHIFT. You doe not meane to ride, gentlemen?

PVNT. Faith, let me end it for you, gallants: you shall be his *Countenance*, and he your *Resolution*.

SOGL. Troth, that's pretty: how say you, *Cauallier*, shalt be so?

CARL. I, I, most voices.

SHIFT. Faith, I am easily yeelding to any good impressions.

SOGL. Then giue hands, good *Resolution*.

CARL. Masse, he cannot say, good *Countenance*, now (properly) to him againe.

PVNT. Yes, by an *irony*.

MACI. O, sir, the countenance of *Resolution* should, as he is, be altogether grim, and vnpleasant.

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

FASTIDIVS BRISKE. *To them.*

GOod houres make musicke with your mirth, gentlemen, and keepe time to your humours: how now, CARLO?

PVNT. Monsieur BRISKE! many a long looke haue I extended for you, sir.

FAST. Good faith, I must craue pardon; I was inuited this morning ere I was out of my bed, by a beuie of ladies, to a banquet: whence it was almost one of HERCVLES labours for me, to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so preuaile with me. I know they'le take it very ill, especially one, that gaue me this bracelet of her haire but ouer-night, and this pearle another gaue me from her fore-head, mary, shee—— what? are the writings ready?

PVNT. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the *Notaries*, and learne if he be readie: leaue the dog, sir.

FAST. And how does my rare qualified friend, SOGLIARDO? oh, signior MACILENTE! by these eyes, I saw you not, I had saluted you sooner else, o'my troth: I hope, sir, I may presume vpon you, that you will not diuulge my late checke, or disgrace (indeed) sir.

MACI. You may, sir.

CARL. S'heart, he knowes some notorious iest by this gull, that hee hath him so obsequious.

SOGL. Monsieur FASTIDIVS, doe you see this fellow there? does he not looke like a clowne? would you thinke there were any thing in him?

FAST. Any thing in him? beshrow me, I: the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

SOGL. By this element, he is as ingenious a tal man, as euer swagger'd about *London:* he, and I, call *Countenance*, and *Resolution*, but his name is CAVALIER SHIFT.

PVNT. CAVALIER, you knew signior CLOG, that was hang'd for the robbery, at *Harrow* o' the hill?

SOGL. Knew him, sir! why, 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the action.

PVNT. How? was it your proiect, sir?

SHIFT. Pardon me, *Countenance*, you doe me some wrong to make occasions publike, which I imparted to you in priuate.

SOGL. Gods will! here are none but friends, *Resolution*.

SHIFT. That's all one; things of consequence must haue their respects: where, how, and to whom. Yes, sir, hee shewed himselfe a true CLOG in the coherence of that affaire, sir: for, if he had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had beene better for him by a fortie, or fiftie score of pounds, sir, and he himselfe might ha'liu'd (in despight

of fates) to haue fed on wood-cocks, with the rest: but it was his heauie fortune to sinke, poore CLOG, and therefore talke no more of him.

PVNT. Why, had he more aiders, then?

SOGL. O god, sir! I, there were some present there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him, yfaith.

SHIFT. I, sir, I can satisfie you at more conuenient conference: but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconcil'd my selfe to other courses, and professe a liuing out of my other qualities.

SOGL. Nay, he has left all now (I assure you) and is able to liue like a gentleman, by his quality. By this dogge, hee has the most rare gift in tabacco, that euer you knew.

CARL. S'heart, hee keepes more adoe with this monster, then euer BANKES did with his horse, or the fellow with the elephant.

MACI. He will hang out his picture shortly, in a cloth, you shall see.

SOGL. O, hee do's manage a quarrell, the best that euer you saw, for termes, and circumstances.

FAST. Good faith, signior, (now you speake of a quarrell) I'le acquaint you with a difference, that happened betweene a gallant, and my selfe-sir PVNTARVOLO, you know him if I should name him, signior LVCVLENTO.

PVNT. LVCVLENTO! what in-auspicious chance interpos'd it selfe to your two loues?

FAST. Faith, sir, the same that sundred AGAMEMNON, and great THETIS sonne; but let the cause escape, sir: Hee sent mee a challenge (mixt with some few braues) which I restor'd, and in fine we met. Now indeed, sir, (I must tell you) he did offer at first very desperately, but without iudgement: for looke you, sir. I cast my selfe into this figure: now he, comes violently on, and withall aduancing his rapier to strike, I thought to haue tooke his arme (for he had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure he could not recouer his guard) Sir, I mist my purpose in his arme, rasht his doublet sleeue, ran him close by the left cheek, and through his haire. He againe, lights me here (I had on, a gold cable hatband, then new come vp, which I wore about a murrey *French* hat I had) cuts my hatband (and yet it was massie, gold-smithes worke) cuts my brimmes, which by good fortune (being thicke embrodered with gold-twist, and spangles) disappointed the force of the blow: Neuerthelesse, it graz'd on my shoulder, takes me away sixe purles of an *Italian* cut-worke band I wore (cost me three pound in the exchange, but three daies before.)

PVNT. This was a strange encounter!

FAST. Nay, you shall heare, sir: with this wee both fell out, and breath'd. Now (vpon the second signe of his assault) I betooke me to the former manner of my defence; he (on the other side) abandon'd his body to the same danger, as before, and followes me still with blowes: But I (being loth to take the deadly aduantage that lay before mee of his left side) made a kind of *stramazoun,* ranne him vp to the hilts, through the doublet,

doublet, through the shirt, and yet mist the skin. Hee (making a reuerse blow) falls vpon my emboss'd girdle (I had throwne off the hangers a little before) strikes off a skirt of a thick---lac't sattin doublet I had (lin'd with some foure taffataes) cuts off two panes, embrodered with pearle, rends through the drawings out of tissew, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

CARL. I wonder he speakes not of his wrought shirt!

FAST. Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) wee paus'd: but (ere I proceed) I must tell you, signior, that (in this last encounter) not hauing leisure to put off my siluer spurres, one of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my boot, and (being *Spanish* leather, and subiect to teare) ouerthrowes me,rends me two paire of silke stockings (that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a peach colour and another) and strikes me some halfe inch deepe into the side of the calfe; Hee (seeing the bloud come) presently takes horse, and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a peece of my wrought shirt)———

CARL. O! comes it in there?

FAST. Rid after him, and (lighting at the court-gate,both together) embrac'd, and marcht hand in hand vp into the presence: was not this businesse well carried?

MACI. Well? yes, and by this we can gesse what apparell the gentleman wore.

PVNT. 'Fore valour, it was a designement begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowesse, and ended with more humanitie. How now, what saies the *Notarie?*

SERV. He saies, he is ready, sir, he staies but your worships pleasure.

PVNT. Come, we will goe to him, Monsieur. Gentlemen, shall we entreat you to be witnesses?

SOGL. You shall entreat me,sir: come *Resolution.*

SHIFT. I follow you, good *Countenance.*

CARL. Come, signior, come, come.

MACI. O, that there should be fortune
To clothe these men, so naked in desert!
And that the iust storme of a wretched life,
Beats'hem not ragged, for their wretched soules,
And,since as fruitlesse, euen as black as coales!

GREX.

MIT. Why, but signior, how comes it, that FVNGOSO appear'd not with his sisters intelligence, to BRISKE?

COR. Mary, long of the euill angels that she gaue him, who haue indeed tempted the good simple youth, to follow the taile of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends. Behold, here hee comes, very worshipfully attended and with good varietie.

Act IIII. *Scene* VII.

FVNGOSO, TAYLOR, SHOO-MAKER, HABERDASHER.

GRamercie, good shoo-maker, I'le put to strings my selfe. Now, sir, let me see, what must you haue for this hat?

HABER. Here's the bill, sir.

FVNG. How does't become me? well?

TAIL. Excellent, sir, as euer you had any hat in your life.

FVNG. Nay, you'll say so, all.

HABE. In faith, sir, the hat's as good as any man i' this towne can serue you; and will maintayne fashion as long: ne're trust me for a groat else.

FVNG. Do's it apply well to my sute?

TAIL. Exceeding well, sir.

FVNG. How lik'st thou my sute, haberdasher?

HABE. By my troth, sir, 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer saw a sute sit better, I can tell, on.

TAIL. Nay, we haue no arte to please our friends, we.

FVNG. Here, haberdasher, tell this same.

HABE. Good faith, sir, it makes you haue an excellent body.

FVNG. Nay (beleeue me) I thinke I haue as good a body in clothes, as another.

TAIL. You lack points, to bring your apparell together, sir.

FVNG. I'le haue points anon: how now? is't right?

HABE. Faith, sir, 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes--Good morrow to you, sir.

FVNG. Farewell, good haberdasher. Well, now master SNIP, let mee see your bill.

GREX.

MIT. Me thinkes he discharges his followers too thicke.

COR. O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you, though he turnes off them, he keepes this taylor, in place of a page, to follow him still.

FVNG. This bill is very reasonable, in faith (harke you, master SNIP) Troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnisht at this present, as I could wish I were, but—— If you'le doe mee the fauour to take part in hand, you shall haue all I haue, by this hand——

TAIL. Sir——

FVNG. And, but giue mee credit for the rest, till the beginning of the next terme.

TAIL. O lord, sir——

FVNG. 'Fore god, and by this light, I'le pay you to the vtmost, and acknow-

acknowledge my selfe verie deeply engag'd to you, by the courtesie.

TAIL. Why, how much haue you there, sir?

FVNG. Mary I haue here foure angels, and fifteene shillings of white monie: it's all I haue,as I hope to be blest.

TAIL. You will not faile me,at the next tearme, with the rest.

FVNG. No, and I doe,pray heauen,I be hang'd. Let me neuer breathe againe,vpon this mortall stage,as the philosopher cals it. By this aire,and (as I am a gentleman) I'le hold.

GREX.

CORD. He were an yron-hearted fellow,in my iudgement, that would not credite him vpon this volley of othes.

TAIL. Well, sir, I'le not sticke with any gentleman for a trifle: you know what 'tis,remaines?

FVNG. I, sir, and I giue you thankes in good faith. O fate! how happie am I made in this good fortune! Well, now I'le goe seeke out Monsieur BRISKE. 'Ods so, I haue forgot ribband for my shooes,and points. S'lid,what lucke's this! how shall I doe? Master SNIPPE, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings for points,and ribband: as I am an honest man, I haue vtterly disfurnisht my selfe,in the default of memorie, pray' le' me be beholding to you, it shall come home i' the bill,beleeue me.

TAIL. Faith,sir,I can hardly depart with ready mony,but I'le take vp, and send you some by my boy, presently. What colour'd ribband would you haue?

FVNG. What you shall thinke meet i'your iudgement, sir, to my sute.

TAIL. Well, I'le send you some presently.

FVNG. And points too, sir?

TAIL. And points too, sir.

FVNG. Good lord! how shall I studie to deserue this kindnesse of you, sir? Pray, let your youth make haste, for I should haue done a businesse an houre since,that I doubt I shall come too late.Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my sute.

GREX.

COR. Doe you obserue the plunges, that this poore gallant is put to (signior) to purchase the fashion?

MIT. I, and to bee still a fashion behinde with the world, that's the sport.

COR. Stay: O here they come, from *seal'd, and deliuer'd.*

Act

Act IIII. *Scene* VIII.

PVNTARVOLO, FASTIDIVS BRISKE, SERVANTS, CARLO, SOGLIARDO, MACILENTE, SHIFT.

To them. FVNGOSO.

WEll, now my whole venter is forth, I will resolue to depart shortly.

FAST. Faith, sir PVNTARVOLO, goe to the court, and take leaue of the ladies first.

PVNT. I care not,if it be this afternoones labour. Where is CARLO?

FAST. Here he comes.

CARL. Faith, gallants, I am perswading this gentleman to turne courtier.He is a man of faire reuenue,and his estate will beare the charge well. Besides, for his other gifts of the minde, or so, why, they are as nature lent him 'hem, pure, simple, without any artificiall drug or mixture of these two thred-bare beggarly qualities, learning, and knowledge, and therefore the more accommodate, and genuine. Now, for the life it selfe———

FAST. O, the most celestiall,and full of wonder, and delight, that can be imagin'd, signior, beyond all thought, and apprehension of pleasure! A man liues there,in that diuine rapture,that hee will thinke himselfe i'the ninth heauen for the time, and lose all sense of mortalitie whatsoeuer; when he shall behold such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties,heare such angelicall and harmonious voyces, discourse with such flowing and *ambrosiam* spirits, whose wits are as suddaine as lightning, and humorous as *nectar*;Oh: it makes a man al *quintessence*,and *flame*, & lifts him vp (in a moment) to the verie christall crowne of the skie, where (houering in the strength of his imagination) he shall behold all the delights of the HESPERIDES, the *Insulæ Fortunatæ*, ADONIS gardens, *Tempe* or what else (confin'd within the amplest verge of *poesie)* to bee meere *vmbræ*, and imperfect figures, conferr'd with the most essentiall felicitie of your court.

MACI. Well, this *Encomion* was not extemporall, it came too perfectly off.

CARL. Besides, sir, you shall neuer need to goe to a hot-house, you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or losing your monie at *primero*,as well as in all the stoues in *Sweden*. Mary this, sir, you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong perfume about you,that your mistresse dogge may smell you out amongst the rest; and (in making loue to her) neuer feare to be out:for you may haue a pipe of tabacco,or a base violl shall hang o'the wall, of purpose, will put you in presently. The trickes your *Resolution* has taught you in tabacco, (the *whiffe*, and those sleights) will stand you in verie good ornament there?

FAST.

FAST. I, to some perhaps: but, and hee should come to my mistresse with tabacco (this gentleman knowes) shee'ld reply vpon him, yfaith. O, (by this bright sunne) shee has the most acute, readie, and facetious wit, that————tut there's no spirit able to stand her. You can report it, signior, you haue seene her?

PVNT. Then can hee report no lesse, out of his iudgement, I assure him.

MACI. Troth, I like her well enough, but shee's too selfe-conceited, me thinkes.

FAST. I indeed, shee's a little too selfe conceited, and 'twere not for that humour, she were the most-to-be-admir'd ladie in the world.

PVNT. Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her other excellencies.

MACI. Why, it may easily be made to forsake her, in my thought.

FAST. Easily, sir? then are all impossibilities easie.

MACI. You conclude too quicke vpon me, signior, what will you say, if I make it so perspicuously appeare now, that your selfe shall confesse nothing more possible?

FAST. Mary, I will say, I will both applaud, and admire you for it.

PVNT. And I will second him, in the admiration.

MACI. Why, I'le shew you, gentlemen. CARLO, come hither. *They whisper.*

SOGL. Good faith, I haue a great humor to the court: what thinkes my *Resolution?* shall I aduenture?

SHIFT. Troth, *Countenance*, as you please; the place is a place of good reputation, and capacitie.

SOGL. O, my trickes in tabacco (as CARLO sayes) will shew excellent there.

SHIFT. Why, you may goe with these gentlemen now, and see fashions: and after, as you shall see correspondence.

SOGL. You say true. You will goe with me, *Resolution?*

SHIFT. I will meet you, *Countenance*, about three or foure of clocke, but, to say to goe with you I cannot, for (as I am APPLE-IOHN) I am to goe before the *Cocatrice* you saw this morning, and therefore pray', present mee excus'd, good *Countenance*.

SOGL. Farewell, good *Resolution*, but faile not to meet.

SHIFT. As I liue.

PVNT. Admiraby excellent!

MACI. If you can but perswade SOGLIARDO to court, there's all now.

CARL. O let me alone, that's my taske.

FAST. Now, by wit, MACILENTE, it's aboue measure excellent: 'twill be the onely court-exploit that euer prou'd courtier ingenious.

PVNT. Vpon my soule, it puts the ladie quite out of her humour, and we shall laugh with iudgement.

CARL. Come, the gentleman was of himselfe resolu'd to goe with you, afore I mou'd it.

MACI. Why then, gallants, you two, and CARLO, goe afore to pre-

prepare the iest: SOGLIARDO, and I will come some while after you.

CARL. Pardon me, I am not for the court.

PVNT. That's true: CARLO comes not at court, indeed. Well, you shall leaue it to the facultie of monsieur BRISKE, and my selfe, vpon our liues wee will manage it happily. CARLO shall bespeake supper, at the Mitre, against we come backe: where we will meet, and dimple our cheekes with laughter at the successe.

CARL. I, but will you all promise to come?

PVNT. My selfe shall vndertake for them: he that failes, let his reputation lye vnder the lash of thy tongue.

CARL. Gods so', looke who comes here!

SOGL. What, nephew!

FVNG. Vncle, god saue you; did you see a gentleman, one Monsieur BRISKE? a courtier, he goes in such a sute as I doe.

SOGL. Here is the gentleman, nephew, but not in such a sute.

He swoones. FVNG. Another sute!

SOGL. How now, nephew?

FAST. Would you speake to me, sir?

CARL. I, when he has recouered himselfe, poore poll.

PVNT. Some *Rosa-solis*.

MACI. How now, signior?

FVNG. I am not well, sir.

MACI. Why, this it is, to dogge the fashion.

CARL. Nay, come gentlemen, remember your affaires; his disease is nothing but the *fluxe* of apparell.

PVNT. Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the cat safe: I'le be the dogs *Guardian* my selfe.

SOGL. Nephew, will you goe to court with vs? these gentlemen, and I are for the court: nay, be not so melancholy.

FVNG. By gods lid, I thinke no man in christendome has that rascally fortune that I haue.

MACI. Faith, your sute is well enough, signior.

FVNG. Nay, not for that, I protest, but I had an errand to Monsieur FASTIDIVS, and I haue forgot it.

MACI. Why, goe along to court with vs, and remember it, come. Gentlemen, you three take one boat, and SOGLIARDO and I will take a-nother: we shall be there instantly.

FAST. Content: good sir, vouchsafe vs your pleasance.

PVNT. Farewell, CARLO; remember.

CARL. I warrant you: would I had one of *Kemps* shooes to throw after you.

PVNT. Good *Fortune* will close the eyes of our iest, feare not: and we shall frollicke.

GREX.

GREX.

MIT. This MACILENTE, signior, begins to bee more sociable on a suddaine, mee thinkes, then hee was before: there's some portent in't, I beleeue.

COR. O, hee's a fellow of a strange nature. Now do's hee (in this calme of his humour) plot, and store vp a world of malicious thoughts in his braine, till hee is so full with 'hem, that you shall see the very torrent of his enuie breake forth like a land-floud: and, against the course of all their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that you will almost haue wonder to thinke, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receiue so quick, and strong an alteration.

MIT. I mary, sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt al this while: for I must tel you, signior (though I was loth to interrupt the *Scene)* yet I made it a question in mine owne priuate discourse, how he should properly call it, *Euery man out of his Humour*, when I saw all his actors so strongly pursue, and continue their humours?

COR. Why, therein his art appeares most full of lustre, and approcheth neerest the life: especially, when in the flame, and height of their humours, they are laid flat, it fils the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt, and cut downe by degrees, when it might bee feld in a moment? and to set the axe to it before it came to that pride, and fulnesse, were, as not to haue it grow.

MIT. Well, I shall long till I see this fall, you talke of.

COR. To helpe your longing, signior, let your imagination be swifter then a paire of oares: and by this, suppose PVNTARVOLO, BRISKE, FVNGOSO, and the dogge arriu'd at the court gate, and going vp to the great chamber. MACILENTE, and SOGLIARDO, wee'le leaue them on the water, till possibilitie and naturall meanes may land 'hem. Here come the gallants, now prepare your expectation.

Act V. *Scene* I.

PVNTARVOLO, FASTIDIVS BRISKE, FVNGOSO, GROOME, MACILENTE, SOGLIARDO.

COme, gentles. Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

FAST. Who, I, sir?

PVNT. No, this gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dogge, he is no competent attendant for the presence.

FAST. Masse, that's true indeed, knight, you must not carrie him into the presence.

PVNT. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.

FAST.

FAST. Why, you're best leaue him at the porters lodge.

PVNT. Not so : his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to bee forth-comming.

FAST. Slight, how'll you doe then ?

PVNT. I must leaue him with one, that is ignorant of his qualitie, if I wil haue him to be safe. And see ! Here comes one that wil carrie coales, *ergo*, will hold my dogge. My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this dogge to thy prudent care ?

GROO. You may, if you please, sir.

PVNT. Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne : it shall not bee long, till I will ease thee of thy imployment, and please thee. Forth, gentles.

FAST. Why, but will you leaue him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge, vpon the fellow ?

PVNT. Charge ? no ; there were no policie in that : that were to let him know the value of the gemme he holds, and so, to tempt fraile nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy honestie be sweet, as it shall be short.

GROO. Yes, sir.

PVNT. But harke you gallants, and chiefely Monsieur BRISKE. When we come in eye-shot, or presence of this ladie, let not other matters carrie vs from our proiect : but (if wee can) single her forth to some place———

FAST. I warrant you.

PVNT. And bee not too suddaine, but let the deuice induce it selfe with good circumstance. On.

FVNG. Is this the way ? good truth, here be fine hangings.

GROO. Honestie sweet, and short ? mary it shall, sir, doubt you not : for euen at this instant if one would giue mee twentie pounds, I would not deliuer him ; there's for the sweet ; but now, if any man come offer me but two pence, he shall haue him ; there's for the short now. Slid, what a mad humorous gentleman is this to leaue his dogge with me ? I could run away with him now, and hee were worth any thing.

MACI. Come on, signior, now prepare to court this all-witted ladie, most naturally, and like your selfe.

SOGL. Faith, and you say the word, I'le begin to her in tabacco.

MACI. O, fie on't : no : you shall begin with, *How does my sweet ladie ?* or, *Why are you so melancholy, Madame ?* though shee bee verie merrie, it's all one : be sure to kisse your hand often inough ; pray for her health, and tell her, how, *more then most faire* she is. Screw your face at' one side thus, and protest ; let her fleere, and looke a skaunce, and hide her teeth with her fanne, when she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing : you must talke forward (though it be without sense, so it be without blushing) 'tis most court-like, and well.

SOGL. But shall I not vse tabacco at all ?

MACI.

MACI. O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath suspected, and that you vse it onely to confound the rankenesse of that.

SOGL. Nay, I'le be aduis'd, sir, by my friends.

MACI. Gods my life, see, where sir PVNTARS dog is.

GROO. I would the gentleman would returne for his follower here, I'le leaue him to his fortunes else.

MACI. S'heart, 'twere the onely true iest in the world to poison him now: ha? by this hand, I'le doe it, if I could but get him of the fellow. Signior SOGLIARDO, walke aside, and thinke vpon some deuice, to entertaine the ladie with.

SOGL. So I doe, sir.

MACI. How now, mine honest friend? whose dog-keeper art thou?

GROO. Dogge-keeper, sir? I hope I scorne that yfaith.

MACI. Why? do'st thou not keepe a dogge?

GROO. Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not: I thinke this be sweet and short. Make me his dogge-keeper? *Hee throwes off the dogge.*

MACI. This is excellent, aboue expectation: nay stay, sir, you'ld bee trauailing; but I'le giue you a dramme shall shorten your voyage: here. So sir, I'le be bold to take my leaue of you. Now to the *Turkes* court in the deuils name, for you shall neuer goe o' gods name. SOGLIARDO, come.

SOGL. I ha' 't yfaith now, will sting it.

MACI. Take heed you leese it not, signior, ere you come there: preserue it.

GREX.

CORD. How like you this first exploit of his?

MITIS. O, a piece of true enuie: but I expect the issue of the other deuice.

CORD. Here they come, will make it appeare.

Act V. *Scene* II.

SAVIOLINA, PVNTARVOLO, FASTIDIVS BRISKE, FVNGOSO, MACILENTE, SOGLIARDO.

To them.

WHy, I thought, sir PVNTARVOLO, you had bin gone your voyage?

PVNT. Deare, and most amiable ladie, your diuine beauties doe bind me to those offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

SAVI. 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir: but how might we do to haue a sight of your dogge, and cat?

FAST. His dogge is in the court, ladie.

SAVI. And not your cat? how dare you trust her behind you, sir?

PVNT. Troth, madame, shee hath sore eyes, and shee doth keepe her

chamber : mary I haue left her vnder sufficient guard, there are two of my followers to attend her.

SAVI. I'le giue you some water for her eyes : when doe you goe, sir?

PVNT. Certes, sweet ladie, I know not.

FAST. He doth stay the rather, madame, to present your acute iudgement with so courtly, and wel-parted a gentleman , as yet your lady-ship hath neuer seene.

SAVI. What's hee, gentle Monsieur BRISKE? not that gentleman?

FAST. No ladie, this is a kinsman to iustice *Silence.*

PVNT. Pray' sir, giue me leaue to report him : h'is a gentleman (ladie) of that rare and admirable facultie , as (I protest) I know not his like in *Europe* : hee is exceedingly valiant, an excellent scholler , and so exactly trauail'd, that hee is able in discourse, to deliuer you a modell of any princes court in the world : 'speakes the languages with that puritie of phrase, and facilitie of accent, that it breeds astonishment : his wit, the most exuberant, and (aboue wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the concaue of this eare.

FAST. 'Tis most true, ladie : mary, he is no such excellent proper man.

PVNT. His trauailes haue chang'd his complexion, madame.

SAVI. O, sir PVNTARVOLO, you must thinke, euery man was not borne to haue my seruant BRISKES feature.

PVNT. But that which transcends all, ladie ; hee doth so peerelessely imitate any manner of person for gesture , action , passion , or whateuer———

FAST. I, especially a rusticke, or a clowne, madame, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted wit (in the world) to discerne any sparkes of the gentleman in him, when he does it.

SAVI. O, Monsieur BRISKE, be not so tyrannous to confine all wits within the compasse of your owne : not find the sparkes of a gentleman in him, if he be a gentleman?

FVNG. No in truth (sweet ladie) I beleeue you cannot.

SAVI. Doe you beleeue so? why, I can find sparkes of a gentleman in you, sir.

PVNT. I, he is a gentleman, madame, and a reueller.

FVNG. Indeed, I thinke I haue seene your ladiship at our reuels.

SAVI. Like enough, sir : but would I might see this wonder you talke of : may one haue a sight of him, for any reasonable summe?

PVNT. Yes, madame, he will arriue presently.

SAVI. What, and shall we see him clowne it?

FAST. I faith (sweet ladie) that you shall : see, here he comes.

PVNT. This is he ! pray obserue him, ladie.

SAVI. Beshrew me, he clownes it properly indeed.

PVNT. Nay, marke his courtship.

SOGL. How does my sweet ladie? hote, and moyst? beautifull and lustie? ha?

SAVI.

SAVI. Beautifull, and it please you, sir, but not lustie.

SOGL. O ho, ladie;it pleases you to say so in truth : and how does my sweet ladie? in health? *Bonaroba, quæso, que nouelles? que nouelles?* sweet creature.

SAVI. O excellent : why gallants, is this hee that cannot bee decipher'd? they were verie bleare-witted, yfaith, that could not discerne the gentleman in him.

PVNT. But, doe you, in earnest, ladie?

SAVI. Doe I,sir?why, if you had any true court-iudgement in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that formes his countenance, you might perceiue his counterfeiting as cleere, as the noone-day : Alas—— Nay,if you would haue tryed my wit, indeed, you should neuer haue told me he was a gentleman, but presented him for a true clowne indeede; and then haue seene if I could haue decipher'd him.

FAST. 'Fore god, her ladiship sayes true (knight:) but does he not affect the clowne most naturally, mistresse?

PVNT. O, shee cannot but affirme that, out of the bountie of her iudgement.

SAVI. Nay, out of doubt hee does well, for a gentleman,to imitate ; but I warrant you,he becomes his natural carriage of the gentleman,much better then his clownerie.

FAST. 'Tis strange, in truth, her ladiship should see so farre into him!

PVNT. I, is't not?

SAVI. Faith, as easily as may be : not decipher him, quoth you?

FVNG. Good sadnesse, I wonder at it!

MACI. Why, has she decipher'd him, gentlemen?

PVNT. O, most miraculously, and beyond admiration!

MACI. Is't possible?

FAST. Shee hath gather'd most infallible signes of the gentleman in him, that's certaine.

SAVI. Why, gallants, let mee laugh at you, a little : was this your deuice, to trie my iudgement in a gentleman?

MACI. Nay, ladie, doe not scorne vs,though you haue this gift of perspicacie aboue others : What if hee should bee no gentleman now, but a clowne indeed, ladie?

PVNT. How thinke you of that? would not your ladiship bee out of your humour?

FAST. O, but shee knowes it is not so.

SAVI. What if he were not a man, yee may as well say? nay, if your worships could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser then you are taken for.

MACI. In good faith, ladie, hee is a verie perfect clowne, both by father, and mother : that I'le assure you.

SAVI. O, sir, you are verie pleasurable.

MACI. Nay, doe but looke on his hand, and that shall resolue you : looke you,ladie, what a palme here is.

SOGL. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

MACI. The plough!did you discerne any such thing in him,madame?

FAST. Faith no, she saw the gentleman as bright, as at noon-day,she: shee decipher'd him at first.

MACI. Troth, I am sorrie your ladiships sight should be so suddainly strooke.

SAVI. O, you're goodly beagles!

FAST. What, is she gone?

SOGL. Nay, stay,sweet ladie. *que nouelles? que nouelles?*

SAVI. Out, you foole, you.

FVNG. Shee's out of her humour yfaith.

FAST. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot,gentlemen.

PVNT. Come, on mine honour wee shall make her blush in the presence: my splene is great with laughter.

MACI. Your laughter wil be a child of a feeble life,I beleeue,sir.Come, signior, your lookes are too deiected, mee thinkes: why mixe you not mirth with the rest?

FVNG. By gods will, this sute frets me at the soule. I'le haue it alter'd to morrow, sure.

Act V. *Scene* III.

SHIFT.

To him.

FASTIDIVS, PVNTARVOLO, SOGLIARDO, FVNGOSO, MACILENTE.

I Am come to the court, to meet with my *Countenance* SOGLIARDO: poore men must be glad of such countenance, when they can get no better.Wel.Need may insult vpon a man, but it shal neuer make him despaire of consequence.The world wil say,tis base:tush,base! 'tis base to liue vnder the earth, not base to liue aboue it, by any meanes.

FAST. The poore ladie is most miserably out of her humour, yfaith.

PVNT. There was neuer so wittie a iest broken, at the tilt of all the court-wits christen'd.

MACI. O, this applause taints it, fouly.

SOGL. I thinke, I did my part in courting. O! *Resolution!*

PVNT. Aye me, my dogge.

MACI. Where is hee?

He sends away Fungoso.

FAST. Gods precious, goe seeke for the fellow, good signior.

PVNT. Here, here I left him.

MACI. Why, none was here when we came in now, but CAVALIER SHIFT, enquire of him.

FAST. Did you see sir PVNTARVOLO'S dogge here, *Caualier*, since you came?

SHIFT. His dog sir?he may looke his dog, sir, I saw none of his dog,sir.

MACI.

MACI. Vpon my life, he hath stol'ne your dogge, sir, and beene hir'd to it by some that haue ventur'd with you:you may gesse by his peremptorie answeres.

PVNT. Not vnlike; for he hath beene a notorious thiefe by his owne confession. Sirrah,where is my dogge?

SHIFT. Charge mee with your dogge, sir? I ha' none of your dog, sir.

PVNT. Villaine, thou lyest.

SHIFT. Lie, sir? S'bloud,y' are but a man, sir.

PVNT. Rogue, and thiefe, restore him.

SOGL. Take heed, sir PVNTARVOLO, what you doe: heele beare no coales, I can tell you (o' my word.)

MACI. This is rare.

SOGL. It's mar'le hee stabs you not:by this light, he hath stab'd forty, for forty times lesse matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

PVNT. I wil make thee stoope, thou abiect.

SOGL. Make him stoop, sir! gentlemen, pacifie him or hee'le be kill'd.

MACI. Is he so tall a man?

SOGL. Tall a man? if you loue his life, stand betwixt 'hem: make him stoope!

PVNT. My dogge,villaine, or I will hang thee: thou hast confest robberies, and other fellonious acts, to this gentleman thy *Countenance*——

SOGL. I'le beare no witnesse.

PVNT. And, without my dogge, I will hang thee, for them.

SOGL. What? kneele to thine enemies? *Shift kneeles.*

SHIFT. Pardon me,good sir;god is my witnesse, I neuer did robberie in all my life.

FVNG. O, sir PVNTARVOLO, your dogge lies giuing vp the ghost in the wood-yard. *Fungoso return'd.*

MACI. Heart! is he not dead, yet?

PVNT. O, my dog,born to disastrous fortune!pray you conduct me,sir.

SOGL. How? did you neuer doe any robberie, in your life?

MACI. O, this is good: so he swore, sir.

SOGL. I, I heard him.And did you sweare true, sir?

SHIFT. I, (as I hope to be forgiuen, sir) I ne're rob'd any man, I neuer stood by the high-way-side, sir, but only said so, because I would get my selfe a name, and be counted a tall man.

SOGL. Now out, base *viliaco:* Thou my *Resolution?* I thy *Countenance?* By this light, gentlemen, he hath confest to mee the most inexorable companie of robberies, and damn'd himselfe that he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell, out, follow me no more, I commaund thee: out of my sight,goe, hence, speake not: I wil not heare thee: away *camouccio.*

MACI. O,how I doe feed vpon this now, and fat my selfe!here were a couple vnexpectedly dishumour'd: well, by this time, I hope, sir PVNTARVOLO and his dog are both out of humour to trauaile. Nay, gentle-

men, why doe you not seeke out the knight, and comfort him? our supper at the Mitre must of necessitie hold to night, if you loue your reputations.

FAST. 'Fore god, I am so melancholy for his dogs disaster, but I'le goe.

SOGL. Faith, and I may goe too, but I know, I shall be so melancholy.

MACI. Tush, melancholy? you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a *furie*: CARLO will racke your sinewes asunder, and raile you to dust, if you come not.

GREX.

MIT. O, then their feare of CARLO, belike, makes them hold their meeting.

COR. I, here he comes: conceiue him but to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough.

Act V. *Scene* IIII.

CARLO, DRAWER, GEORGE.

HOlla: where be these shot-sharkes?

DRAW. By and by: you're welcome, good master BVFFONE.

CARL. Where's GEORGE? cal me GEORGE hither, quickly.

DRAW. What wine please you haue, sir? I'le draw you that's neat, master BVFFONE.

CARL. Away NEOPHITE, do as I bid thee, bring my deare GEORGE to me: Masse, here he comes.

GEOR. Welcome, master CARLO.

CARL. What! is supper ready, GEORGE?

GEOR. I, sir, almost: will you haue the cloth laid, master CARLO?

CARL. O, what else? are none of the gallants come, yet?

GEOR. None yet, sir.

CARL. Stay, take mee with you, GEORGE: let mee haue a good fat loyne of porke laid to the fire, presently.

GEOR. It shall, sir.

CARL. And withall, heare you? draw me the biggest shaft you haue, out of the butt you wot of: away, you know my meaning, GEORGE, quicke.

GEOR. Done, sir.

CARL. I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life, as I doe to know our gallants successe at court: now is that leane bald-rib MACILENTE, that salt villaine, plotting some mischieuous deuice, and lyes a soking in their frothy humours like a drie crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp: could the pummise but hold vp his eyes at other mens happines, in any reasonable proportion: S'lid, the slaue were to be lou'd next heauen, aboue honour, wealth, rich fare, apparell, wenches, all the delights of the belly, and the groine, whateuer.

GEOR.

GEOR. Here, master CARLO.

CARL. Is't right, Boy?

GEOR. I, sir, I assure you 'tis right.

CARL. Well said, my deare GEORGE, depart: Come, my small gymblet, you in the false scabberd, away, so. Now to you, sir *Burgomaster*, let's taste of your bountie. *He puts forth the drawers, and shuts the dore.*

GREX.

MIT. What, will he deale vpon such quantities of wine, alone?

COR. You will perceiue that, sir.

CARL. I mary, sir, here's puritie: O, GEORGE, I could bite off his nose for this, now: Sweet rogue, he has drawne *Nectar*, the very soule of the grape! I'le wash my temples with some on't presently, and drinke some halfe a score draughts; 'twill heat the braine, kindle my imagination, I shall talke nothing but crackers, and fire-worke, to night. So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: So. *Hee sets the two cups asunder, and first drinkes with the one, and pledges with the other.*

GREX.

COR. This is worth the obseruation, signior.

CARL. 1. *Cup.* Now, sir; here's to you; and I present you with so much of my loue.

2. *Cup.* I take it kindly from you, sir, and will returne you the like proportion: but withall, sir, remembring the merry night wee had at the countesses, you know where, sir.

1. By heauen, you put me in minde now of a very necessarie office, which I will propose in your pledge, sir: the health of that honorable countesse, and the sweet lady that sate by her, sir.

2. I doe vaile to it with reuerence. And now, signior, with these ladies, I'le be bold to mixe the health of your diuine Mistris.

1. Doe you know her, sir?

2. O lord, sir, I: and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most precious drugge in the world.

1. Good faith, sir, you doe honour me in't exceedingly.

GREX.

MIT. Whom should he personate in this, signior?

COR. Faith, I know not, sir, obserue, obserue him.

2. If it were the basest filth, or mud that runnes in the channell, I am bound to pledge it, respectiuely, sir. And now, sir, here is a replenisht bowle, which I will reciprocally turne vpon you, to the health of the count FRVGALE.

1. The count FRVGALES health, sir? I'le pledge it on my knees, by this light.

2. Will you, sir? I'le drinke it on my knee, then, by the light.

GREX.

G R E X.

MIT. Why, this is strange!

COR. Ha' you heard a better drunken dialogue?

2. Nay, doe me right, sir.

1. So I doe, in good faith.

2. Good faith you doe not; mine was fuller.

1. Why, beleeue me, it was not.

2. Beleeue me, it was: and you doe lie.

1. Lie, sir?

2. I, sir.

1. S'wounds!

2. O, come, stab if you haue a mind to it.

1. Stab? dost thou thinke I dare not?

Speakes in his owne person, and ouer-turnes wine, pot, cups, and all.

CARL. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, what meanes this? nay, looke, for shame respect your reputations.

Act V. *Scene* V.

MACILENTE, CARLO, GEORGE.

WHy, how now CARLO! what humour's this?

CARL. O, my good *Mischiefe!* art thou come? where are the rest? where are the rest?

MACI. Faith, three of our ordinance are burst.

CARL. Burst? how comes that?

MACI. Faith, ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

CARL. But did not the traine hold?

MACI. O, yes, and the poore lady is irrecouerably blowne vp.

CARL. Why, but which of the munition is miscarried? ha?

MACI. *Inprimis*, sir PVNTARVOLO: next, the COVNTENANCE, and RESOLVTION.

CARL. How? how for the loue of wit?

MACI. Troth, the *Resolution* is prou'd recreant; the *Countenance* hath chang'd his copie: and the passionate knight is shedding funerall teares ouèr his departed dogge.

CARL. What's his dogge dead?

MACI. Poison'd, 'tis thought: mary, how, or by whom, that's left for some cunning woman here o' the *Banke-side* to resolue. For my part, I know nothing, more then that wee are like to haue an exceeding melancholy supper of it.

CARL. S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunke off a good preparatiue of old sacke here: but will they come, will they come?

MACI. They will assuredly come: mary, CARLO (as thou lou'st me) run ouer 'hem all freely to night, and especially the knight; spare no sulphurous

phurous iest that may come out of that sweatie forge of thine : but ply 'hem with all manner of shot, minion, saker, culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

CARL. I warrant thee, my deare case of petrionels, so I stand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

MACI. Why, my good *Germane* tapster, I will.

CARL. What, GEORGE. *Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.* *He danceth.*

GEOR. Did you call, master CARLO?

CARL. More *nectar*, GEORGE : *Lomtero, &c.*

GEOR. Your meat's ready, sir, and your company were come.

CARL. Is the loyne of porke enough?

GEOR. I, sir, it is enough.

MACI. Porke? heart,what dost thou with such a greasie dish? I thinke thou dost varnish thy face with the fat on't, it lookes so like a glew-pot.

CARL. True , my raw-bon'd-rogue , and if thou would'st farce thy leane ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged lathes) rub out so many doublets as they doe : but thou know'st not a good dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world. No maruaile though that saucie, stubborne generation, the *Iewes,* were forbidden it : for what would they ha'done, well pamper'd with fat porke, that durst murmure at their maker out of garlicke,and onions. S'light, fed with it , the whorson strummell , patcht , goggle-ey'd Grumbledories , would ha' *Gigantomachiz'd.* Well said, my sweet GEORGE, fill, fill.

G R E X.

MIT. This sauours too much of prophanation.

COR. *O, seruetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.* The necessitie of his vaine compels a toleration : for, barre this, and dash him out of humour,before his time.

CARL. 'Tis an *Axiome* in naturall philosophie,*What comes neerest the nature of that it feeds,conuerts quicker to nourishment,and doth sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in flesh,and entrailes, assimulates or resembles man more, then a hog, or swine———

MACI. True ; and hee (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes d'offeth his owne nature, and puts on theirs ; as when hee becomes as churlish as a hog, or as drunke as a sow : but to your conclusion.

CARL. Mary, I say, nothing resembling man more then a swine,it followes, nothing can be more nourishing : for indeed (but that it abhorres from our nice nature) if we fed one vpon another, we should shoot vp a great deale faster, and thriue much better : I referre mee to your vsurous *Cannibals*, or such like : but since it is so contrary , porke, porke , is your only feed.

MACI. I take it,your deuill be of the same diet ; he would ne're ha' desir'd to beene incorporated into swine else. O, here comes the melancholy messe : vpon'hem CARLO , charge, charge.

CARL.

CARL. 'Foregod, sir PVNTARVOLO, I am sorry for your heauinesse: body a me, a shrewd mischance! why, had you no vnicornes horne, not bezoars stone about you? ha?

Act V. *Scene* VI.

PVNTARVOLO, CARLO, MACILENTE, FAST. BRISKE, SOGLIARDO, FVNGOSO.

SIr, I would request you, be silent.

MACI. Nay, to him againe.

CARL. Take comfort, good knight, if your cat ha' recouered her catarrhe, feare nothing; your dogges mischance may be holpen.

FAST. Say how (sweet CARLO) for so god mend mee, the poore knights mones draw mee into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not discourag'd, good sir PVNTARVOLO, I am content your aduenture shall be perform'd vpon your cat.

MACI. I beleeue you, muske-cod, I beleeue you, for rather then thou would'st make present repayment, thou would'st take it vpon his owne bare returne from *Calice*.

CARL. Nay, 'ds life, hee'ld bee content (so hee were well rid out of his company) to pay him fiue for one, at his next meeting him in *Paules*. But for your dogge, sir PVNTAR, if hee bee not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine, a *quack-saluer*, shall put life in him againe, that's certaine.

FVNG. O, no, that comes too late.

MACI. Gods precious, knight, will you suffer this?

PVNT. Drawer, get me a candle, and hard waxe, presently.

SOGL. I, and bring vp supper; for I am so melancholy.

CARL. O, signior, where's your *Resolution?*

SOGL. *Resolution!* hang him rascall: O, CARLO, if you loue me, doe not mention him.

CARL. Why, how so? how so?

SOGL. O, the arrant'st crocodile that euer Christian was acquainted with. By my gentrie, I shall thinke the worse of tabacco while I liue, for his sake: I did thinke him to be as tall a man———

MACI. Nay, BVFFONE, the knight, the knight.

CARL. S'lud, hee lookes like an image carued out of boxe, full of knots: his face is (for all the world) like a *dutch* purse, with the mouth downeward; his beard the tassels: and hee walkes (let mee see) as melancholy as one o' the Masters side in the *Counter*. Doe you heare, sir PVNTAR?

PVNT. Sir, I doe entreat you no more, but enioyne you to silence, as you affect your peace.

CARL.

CARL. Nay, but deare knight, vnderstand (here are none but friends, and such as wish you well) I would ha' you doe this now; Flea me your dogge presently (but in any case keepe the head) and stuffe his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at *Bartholmew* faire——

PVNT. I shall be suddaine, I tell you.

CARL. Or if you like not that, sir, get me somewhat a lesse dog, and clap into the skin; here's a slaue about the towne here, a *Iew*, one YOHAN; or a fellow that makes perrukes, will glew it on artificially, it shall ne're be discern'd, besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the hound to trauaile in, you know.

MACI. Sir PVNTARVOLO, 'death, can you be so patient?

CARL. Or thus, sir: you may haue (as you come through *Germany*) a familiar, for little or nothing, shall turne it selfe into the shape of your dogge, or any thing (what you will) for certaine houres——'ods my life, knight, what doe you meane? youle offer no violence, will you? hold, hold. *The knight beates him.*

PVNT. 'Sdeath, you slaue, you bandog, you.

CARL. As you loue wit, stay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

PVNT. By my knighthood, he that stirres in his rescue, dies. Drawer, be gone.

CARL. Murder, murder, murder.

PVNT. I, are you howling, you wolfe? Gentlemen, as you tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my reuenge be perfect. Sirha, BVFFONE, lie downe; make no exclamations, but downe: downe, you curre, or I will make thy bloud flow on my rapier hilts.

CARL. Sweet knight, hold in thy furie, and 'fore heauen, I'le honour thee more, then the *Turke* do's MAHOMET.

PVNT. Downe (I say.) Who's there?

CONS. Here's the Constable, open the dores. *Within.*

CARL. Good MACILENTE——

PVNT. Open no dore, if the ADALANTADO of *Spaine* were here, he should not enter. One helpe me with the light, gentlemen: you knocke in vaine, sir officer.

CARL. *Et tu Brute!*

PVNT. Sirha, close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes, by heauen.

CARL. O, O. *He scales vp his lips.*

CONS. Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

MACI. Nay, good Constable, haue patience a little, you shall come in presently, we haue almost done.

PVNT. So; now, are you out of your humour, sir? Shift, gentlemen. *They all draw, and disperse.*

Act V. *Scene* VII.

CONSTABLE, OFFICERS, DRAVVERS.

To them. LAy hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

FAST. Lay hold on me, sir! for what?

CONS. Mary, for your riot here, sir, with the rest of your companions.

FAST. My riot! master Constable, take heed what you doe. CARLO, did I offer any violence?

CONS. O, sir, you see he is not in case to answere you, and that makes you so paramptorie.

FAST. Peremptorie, s'life I appeale to the drawers, if I did him any hard measure.

GEOR. They are all gone, there's none of them will bee laid any hold on.

CONS. Well, sir, you are like to answere till the rest can be found out.

FAST. Slid, I appeare to GEORGE, here.

CONS. Tut, GEORGE was not here: away with him to the *Counter*, sirs. Come, sir, you were best get your selfe drest somewhere.

GEOR. Good lord, that master CARLO could not take heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if hee bee angrie.

DRAW. A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meate on our hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

Macilente comes backe. MACI. What, are they gone, sirs?

GEOR. O, here's master MACILENTE.

MACI. Sirha, GEORGE, doe you see that concealement there? that napkin vnder the table?

GEOR. Gods so', signior FVNGOSO!

MACI. Hei's good pawne for the reckoning; bee sure you keepe him here, and let him not goe away till I come againe, though hee offer to discharge all: Ile returne presently.

GEOR. Sirrah, we haue a pawne for the reckoning.

DRAW. What? of MACILENTE?

GEOR. No, looke vnder the table.

FVNG. I hope, all be quiet now: if I can get but forth of this street, I care not, masters, I pray you tell me, is the Constable gone?

Lookes out vnder the table. GEOR. What? master FVNGOSO?

FVNG. Was't not a good deuice this same of me, sirs?

GEOR. Yes faith; ha' you beene here all this while?

FVNG. O god, I: good sir, looke, and the coast be cleere, I'ld faine be going.

GEOR. Al's cleere, sir, but the reckoning; and that you must cleare, and pay before you goe, I assure you.

FVNG.

FVNG. I pay? Slight, I eate not a bit since I came into the house,yet.

DRAW. Why, you may when you please, sir, 'tis all readie below, that was bespoken.

FVNG. Bespoken? not by me, I hope?

GEOR. By you, sir? I know not that: but 'twas for you, and your companie, I am sure.

FVNG. My companie? S'lid, I was an inuited guest, so I was.

DRAW. Faith, we haue no thing to doe with that, sir, they're all gone but you, and we must be answer'd; that's the short and the long on't.

FVNG. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my masters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a crosse about me.

GEOR. What, and haue such apparell? doe not say so, signior, that mightily discredits your clothes.

FVNG. As I am an honest man, my taylor had all my monie this morning, and yet I must be faine to alter my sute too: good sirs,let me goe,'tis friday night, and in good truth I haue no stomacke in the world, to eate anie thing.

DRAW. That's no matter,so you pay,sir.

FVNG. Pay?gods light, with what conscience can you aske me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

GEOR. Yes, sir, I did see you drinke once.

FVNG. By this cup, (which is siluer) but you did not, you doe mee infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once,indeed, but I did not drinke.

DRAW. Well sir, if you can satisfie our master, it shall bee all one to vs. (by and by.)

GREX.

CORD. Lose not your selfe now signior.

Act V. *Scene* VIII.

MACILENTE, DELIRO, FALLACE.

TVt, sir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you most transparent, in spight of any dust of suspition, that may bee raysed to cloud it: and henceforth, since I see it is so against your humour, I will neuer labour to perswade you.

DELI. Why, I thanke you, signior, but what's that you tell mee may concerne my peace so much?

MACI. Faith, sir, 'tis thus. Your wiues brother, signior FVNGOSO, being at supper to night at a tauerne, with a sort of gallants, there happened some diuision amongst'hem, and he is left in pawne for the reckoning: now, if euer you looke that time shall present you with a happie occasion to doe your wife some gracious and acceptable seruice, take hold of this opportunitie, and presently goe, and redeeme him; for,being her

brother, and his credit so amply engag'd as now it is, when she shal heare (as hee cannot himselfe, but hee must out of extremitie report it) that you came, and offered your selfe so kindly, and with that respect of his reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow madde of your affections.

DELI. Now, by heauen, MACILENTE, I acknowledge my selfe exceedingly indebted to you, by this kinde tender of your loue; and I am sorrie to remember that I was euer so rude, to neglect a friend of your importance: bring mee shooes, and a cloke there, I was going to bed, if you had not come, what tauerne is it?

MACI. The Mitre, sir.

DELI. O, why FIDO, my shooes. Good faith it cannot but please her exceedingly.

FALL. Come, I mar'le what peece of nightwork you haue in hand now, that you call for your cloke, and your shooes! what, is this your Pandar?

DELI. O, sweet wife, speake lower, I would not he should heare thee for a world———

FALL. Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his trecherie, with his wilde quick-set beard there. Whither goe you now with him?

DELI. No whither with him, deare wife, I goe alone to a place, from whence I will returne instantly. Good MACILENTE, acquaint not her with it by any meanes, it may come so much the more accepted, frame some other answere. I'le come backe immediately.

FALL. Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you goe, stay, till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

MACI. Heare you, mistresse DELIRO.

FALL. So sir, and what say you?

MACI. Faith ladie, my intents will not deserue this slight respect, when you shall know'hem.

FALL. Your intents? why, what may your intents bee, for gods sake?

MACI. Troth, the time allowes no circumstance, ladie, therefore know, this was but a deuice to remoue your husband hence, and bestow him securely, whilest (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monsieur BRISKE—nay comfort, sweet ladie. This night (being at supper a sort of young gallants committed a riot, for the which he (onely) is apprehended and carried to the *Counter*, where if your husband, and other creditours should but haue knowledge of him, the poore gentleman were vndone for euer.

FALL. Aye me! that he were.

MACI. Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any present meanes for his deliuerie, doe not forslow it. A bribe to the officer that committed him, will doe it.

FALL. O god, sir, he shall not want for a bribe: pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'le visit him presently?

MACI. No, ladie, I shall doe you better seruice, in protracting your husbands

husbands returne, that you may goe with more safetie.

FALL. Good truth, so you may : farewell,good sir. Lord,how a woman may be mistaken in a man ? I would haue sworne vpon all the testaments in the world, he had not lou'd master BRISKE. Bring me my keyes there, maide. Alasse, good gentleman, if all I haue i' this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his seruice.

GREX.

MIT. How MACILENTE sweates i'this busines, if you marke him.

COR. I, you shall see the true picture of spight anon : here comes the pawne, and his redeemer.

Act V. *Scene* IX.

DELIRO, FVNGOSO, DRAWERS, MACILENTE.

COme, brother, be not discourag'd for this,man, what ?

FVNG. No truly, I am not discourag'd, but I protest to you, brother,I haue done imitating any more gallants either in purse or apparell, but as shall become a gentleman, for good carriage, or so.

DELI. You say well. This is all,i'the bill here? is't not ?

GEOR. I, sir.

DELI. There's your monie, tell it : and brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my loue to you.

FVNG. I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I liue.

DELI. What, is't right ?

GEOR. I,sir,and I thanke you.

FVNG. Let me haue a capons legge sau'd, now the reckoning is paid.

GEOR. You shall, sir.

MACI. Where's signior DELIRO ?

DELI. Here, MACILENTE.

MACI. Harke you, sir, ha'you dispatcht this same ?

DELI. I marie haue I.

MACI. Well then, I can tell you newes, BRISKE is i'the *Counter*.

DELI. I'the *Counter ?*

MACI. 'Tis true , sir , committed for the stirre here to night. Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindnesse done him, to his sister, which will so pleasingly possesse her, and out of his mouth too, that i'the meane time you may clap your action on BRISKE, and your wife (being in so happie a moode) cannot entertaine it ill, by any meanes.

DELI. 'Tis verie true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

MACI. Thinke ? why 'tis past thought, you shall neuer meet the like opportunitie, I assure you.

DELI. I will doe it. Brother, pray you goe home afore, this gentleman, and I haue some priuate businesse; and tell my sweet wife, I'le come presently.

FVNG. I will, brother.

MACI. And, signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see?) made you a man of good reckoning; redeem'd that you neuer were possest of, credit; gaue you as gentleman-like termes as might be; found no fault with your comming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

FVNG. Nay, I am out of those humours now.

MACI. Well, if you be out, keepe your distance, and be not made a shot-clog any more. Come, signior, let's make haste.

Act V. *Scene* X.

FALLACE, FAST. BRISKE.

O Master FASTIDIVS, what pitty is't to see so sweet a man as you are, in so sowre a place?

GREX.

COR. As vpon her lips, do's shee meane?

MIT. O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter*, belike?

FAST. Troth, faire lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the *Fates*, and next of the Constable, to haue it so: but, I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visitation.

FALL. Nay, you shall bee comforted in mee, more then this, if you please, sir. I sent you word by my brother, sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no.

FAST. No, beleeue it, sweet creature, your brother gaue me no such intelligence.

FALL. O, the lord!

FAST. But has your husband any such purpose?

FALL. O sweet master BRISKE, yes: and therefore be presently discharg'd, for if he come with his actions vpon you (lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a score yeere; he kept a poore man in *Ludgate* once, twelue yeere, for sixteene shillings. Where's your keeper? for loues sake call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you. Lord, how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

FAST. No, sweet mistris, why are you in this passion?

FALL. O lord, Master FASTIDIVS, if you knew how I tooke vp my husband to day, when hee said hee would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that perswaded him to't, the scholer there, (who on my conscience loues you now) and what care I tooke to send you intelligence by my brother; and how I gaue him foure soueraignes for his paines; and now, how

how I came running out hether without man or boy with me, so soone as I heard on't; youl'd say, I were in a passion indeed: your keeper,for gods sake. O, Master BRISKE (as'tis in EVPHVES) *Hard is the choise, when one is compelled by silence to die with griefe,or by speaking to liue with shame.*

FAST. Faire lady, I conceiue you, and may this kisse assure you, that where aduersitie hath (as it were) contracted, prosperitie shall not—— gods me! your husband.

FALL. O, me!

Act V. *Scene* XI.

DELIRO, MACILENTE, FALLACE, FAST. BRISKE.

I? is't thus!

MACI. Why,how now,signior DELIRO? has the wolfe seene you? ha? hath GORGONS head made marble of you?

DELI. Some *Planet* strike me dead.

MACI. Why, looke you, sir, I told you, you might haue suspected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha' sau'd this labour of admiration now, and passion, and such extremities as this fraile lumpe of flesh is subiect vnto. Nay, why doe you not dote now, signior? Mee thinkes you should say it were some enchantment, *deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you could perswade your selfe it were a dreame now, 'twere excellent: faith, trie what you can do,signior; it may be your imagination will be brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

FALL. Sweet husband:

DELI. Out lasciuious strumpet.

MACI. What? did you see, how ill that stale vaine became him afore, of sweet wife, and deare heart? and are you falne iust into the same now? with sweet husband. Away, follow him, goe, keepe state, what? Remember you are a woman, turne impudent: gi'him not the head, though you gi'him the hornes. Away. And yet mee thinkes you should take your leaue of *Enfans-perdus* here, your forlorne hope. How now, Monsieur BRISKE? what? friday night? and in affliction too? and yet your *Pulpamenta?* your delicate morcels? I perceiue the affection of ladies,and gentlewomen, pursues you wheresoeuer you goe, Monsieur.

FAST. Now, in good faith (and as I am gentle) there could not haue come a thing, i'this world, to haue distracted me more, then the wrinckled fortunes of this poore spinster.

MACI. O, yes, sir: I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, beleeue it. Signior DELIRO has entred three actions against you, three actions, Monsieur; mary, one of them (I'le put you in comfort) is but three thousand, and the other two,some fiue thousand a peece,trifles, trifles.

FAST. O, I am vndone.

MACI. Nay, not altogether so, sir, the knight must haue his hundred pound repai'd, that'll helpe too, and then sixe-score pound for a diamond, you know where. These be things will weigh, Monsieur, they will weigh.

FAST. O, heauen!

MACI. What, doe you sigh? this it is to kisse the hand of a countesse, to haue her coach sent for you, to hang poinards in ladies garters, to weare bracelets of their haire, and for euery one of these great fauours to giue some slight iewell of fiue hundred crownes, or so, why 'tis nothing. Now, Monsieur, you see the plague that treads o' the heeles of your fopperie: well, goe your waies in, remoue your selfe to the two-penny ward quickly, to saue charges, and there set vp your rest to spend sir PVNTARS hundred pound for him. Away, good pomander, goe.

Why, here's a change! Now is my soule at peace.
I am as emptie of all enuie now,
As they of merit to be enuied at.
My humour (like a flame) no longer lasts
Then it hath stuffe to feed it, and their folly,
Being now rak't vp in their repentant ashes,
Affords no ampler subiect to my spleene.
I am so farre from malicing their states,
That I begin to pitty 'hem. It grieues me
To thinke they haue a being. I could wish
They might turne wise vpon it, and be sau'd now,
So heauen were pleas'd: but let them vanish, vapors.
Gentlemen, how like you it? has't not beene tedious?

GREX.

COR. Nay, we ha' done censuring, now.

MIT. Yes, faith.

MAC. How so?

COR. Mary, because wee'le imitate your actors, and be out of our Humours. Besides, here are those (round about you) of more abilitie in censure then wee, whose iudgements can giue it a more satisfying allowance: wee'le refer you to them.

MAC. I? is't e'en so? Wel, gentlemen, I should haue gone in, and return'd to you, as I was ASPER at the first: but (by reason the shift would haue beene somewhat long, and we are loth to draw your patience farder) wee'le intreat you to imagine it. And now (that you may see I will be out of humour for companie) I stand wholly to your kind approbation, and (indeed) am nothing so peremptorie as I was in the beginning: Mary, I will not doe as PLAVTVS, in his *Amphytrio*, for all this *(Summi Iouis causa, Plaudite:)* begge a *Plaudite*, for gods sake; but if you (out of the bountie of your good liking) will bestow it; why, you may (in time) make leane MACILENTE as fat, as Sir IOHN FAL-STAFFE.

THE END.

VVhich, in the presentation before

Queene E. was thus varyed,

BY MACILENTE.

NEuer till now did obiect greet mine eyes
With any light content : but in her graces,
All my malicious powers haue lost their stings.
Enuie is fled my soule, at sight of her,
And shee hath chac'd all black thoughts from my bosome,
Like as the sunne doth darkenesse from the world.
My streame of humour is runne out of me.
And as our cities torrent (bent t'infect
The hallow'd bowels of the siluer *Thames)*
Is checkt by strength, and clearnesse of the riuer,
Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore ;
So, in the ample, and vnmeasur'd floud
Of her perfections, are my passions drown'd :
And I haue now a spirit as sweet, and cleere,
As the most rarefi'd and subtile aire.
With which, and with a heart as pure as fire,
(Yet humble as the earth) doe I implore,
O heauen, that shee (whose presence hath effected
This change in me) may suffer most late change
In her admir'd and happie gouernement :
May still this *Iland* be call'd *fortunate*,
And rugged treason tremble at the sound
When *Fame* shall speake it with an *emphasis.*
Let forraine politie be dull as lead,
And pale inuasion come with halfe a heart,
When he but lookes vpon her blessed soile.
The throat of warre be stopt within her land,
And turtle-footed peace dance *fayrie* rings
About her court : where, neuer may there come
Suspect, or danger, but all trust, and safetie :
Let flatterie be dumbe, and enuie blind
In her dread presence : death himselfe admire her :
And may her vertues make him to forget
The vse of his ineuitable hand.
Flie from her age ; Sleepe time before her throne,
Our strongest wall falls downe, when shee is gone.

This Comicall Satyre vvas first
acted in the yeere
1599.

By the then Lord Chamberlaine
his Seruants.

The principall Comœdians were,

Ric. Burbadge.	Ioh. Hemings.
Avg. Philips.	Hen. Condel.
Wil. Sly.	Tho. Pope.

With the allowance of the Master of Revels.

CYNTHIAS REVELS,

OR

The Fountayne of ſelfe-loue.

A Comicall Satyre.

Acted, in the yeere 1600. By the then Children of Queene ELIZABETHS CHAPPEL.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Naſatum volo, nolo polypoſum.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE SPECIALL FOVNTAINE OF MANNERS:

The Court.

Thou art a bountifull, and braue spring: and waterest all the noble plants of this Iland. *In thee, the whole Kingdome dresseth it selfe, and is ambitious to vse thee as her glasse. Beware, then, thou render mens figures truly, and teach them no lesse to hate their deformities, then to loue their formes: For, to grace, there should come reuerence; and no man can call that louely, which is not also venerable. It is not pould'ring, perfuming, and euery day smelling of the taylor, that conuerteth to a beautiful obiect: but a mind, shining through any sute, which needes no false light either of riches, or honors to helpe it. Such shalt thou find some here, euen in the raigne of* CYNTHIA (*a* CRITES, *and an* ARETE.) *Now, vnder thy* PHŒBVS, *it will be thy prouince to make more: Except thou desirest to haue thy source mixe with the* Spring *of* selfe-Loue, *and so wilt draw vpon thee as welcome a discouery of thy dayes, as was then made of her nights.*

Thy seruant, but not slaue,

BEN. IONSON.

The

The Persons of the Play.

CYNTHIA.

MERCVRY.
HESPERVS.
CRITES.
AMORPHVS.
ASOTVS.
HEDON.
ANAIDES.
MORPHIDES.
PROSAITES.
MORVS.

CVPID.
ECHO.
ARETE.
PHANTASTE.
ARGVRION.
PHILAVTIA.
MORIA.
COS.
GELAIA.

PHRONESIS.
THAVMA.
TIME.
} Mutes.

THE SCENE.

GARGAPHIE.

CYNTHIAS REVELS.

After the second sounding.

INDVCTION.

By Th-ree Of The Children.

PRay you away; why fellowes? Gods so? what doe you meane?

2. Mary that you shall not speake the *Prologue*, sir.

3. Why? doe you hope to speake it?

2. I, and I thinke I haue most right to it: I am sure I studied it first.

3. That's all one, if the Authour thinke I can speake it better.

1. I pleade possession of the cloake: Gentles, your suffrages I pray you.

¶ Why *Children*, are you not asham'd? come in there. *Within.*

3. Slid, I'le play nothing i' the Play: vnlesse I speake it.

1. Why, will you stand to most voices of the gentlemen? let that decide it.

3. O no, sir gallant; you presume to haue the start of vs there, and that makes you offer so prodigally.

1. No, would I were whipt, if I had any such thought: trie it by lots either.

2. Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venter then this.

3. Well said, resolute *Iacke*, I am content too: so wee draw first. Make the cuts.

1. But will you not snatch my cloake, while I am stooping?

3. No, we scorne treacherie.

2. Which cut shall speake it?

3. The shortest.

1. Agreed. Draw. The shortest is come to the shortest. *For-*

tune was not altogether blind in this. Now, sir, I hope I shall goe forward without your enuie.

2. A spite of all mischieuous lucke! I was once plucking at the other.

3. Stay, *Iacke:* Slid, I'le doe somewhat now afore I goe in, though it be nothing but to reuenge my selfe on the Authour: since I speake not his *Prologue*. Ile goe tell all the argument of his play aforehand, and so stale his inuention to the auditorie before it come forth.

All the breaches in this speech following, the other two interrupt him, still.

1. O, doe not so.

2. By no meanes.

3. First, the title of his play is CYNTHIAS *Reuels*, as any man (that hath hope to bee saued by his booke) can witnesse; the *Scene*, GARGAPHIE: which I doe vehemently suspect for some fustian countrie, but let that vanish. Here, is the court of CYNTHIA, whither hee brings CVPID (trauailing on foot) resolu'd to turne page. By the way, CVPID meetes with MERCVRIE, (as that's a thing to be noted, take anie of our play-bookes without a CVPID, or a MERCVRY in it, and burne it for an heretique in *Poetrie)*——— Pray thee let me alone. MERCVRY, he (in the nature of a conjurer) raises vp ECCHO, who weepes ouer her loue, or Daffodill, NARCISSVS, a little; sings; curses the spring wherein the prettie foolish gentleman melted himselfe away: and ther's an end of her. ——— Now I am to informe you, that CVPID, and MERCVRY doe both become pages. CVPID attends on PHILAVTIA, or *selfe-Loue*, a court-ladie: MERCVRY followes HEDON, the *voluptuous*, and a courtier; one that rankes himselfe euen with ANAIDES, or the *impudent*, a gallant, (and that's my part:) one that keepes *laughter*, GELAIA the daughter of *folly*, (a wench in boyes attire) to waite on him——— These, in the court, meet with AMORPHVS, or the *deformed*; a trauailer that hath drunke of the fountaine, and there tels the wonders of the water. They presently dispatch away their pages with bottles to fetch of it, and themselues goe to visite the ladies. But I should haue told you——— (Looke, these emets put me out here) that with this AMORPHVS, there comes along a citizens heire, ASOTVS, or the *prodigall*, who (in imitation of the traueller, who hath the *whetstone* following him) entertaines the *begger*, to be his attendant. ——— Now, the *Nymphs* who are mistresses to these gallants, are PHILAVTIA, *selfe-Loue*; PHANTASTE, *a light wittinesse*; ARGVRION *monie*; and their *Guardian*, mother MORIA; or mistresse *folly*.——

1. Pray thee no more.

3. There CVPID strikes *monie* in loue with the *prodigall*, makes her dote vpon him, giue him iewels, bracelets, carkenets, &c. all which (hee most ingeniously departs withall) to be made knowne to the other ladies and gallants; and in the heat of this, increases his traine with the *foole* to follow him, aswell as the *begger*. ——— By this time, your *begger* begins to waite close, who is return'd with the rest of his fellow bottlemen. ——— There they all drinke, saue ARGVRION, who is falne into a sodaine apoplexie. ———

1. Stop

1. Stop his mouth.

3. And then, there's a retired scholler, there, you would not wish a thing to be better contemn'd of a societie of gallants, then it is: and hee applies his seruice (good gentleman) to the ladie ARETE, or *vertue*, a poore *Nymph* of CYNTHIAS traine, that's scarce able to buy her selfe a gowne, you shall see her play in a blacke robe anon: A creature, that (I assure you) is no lesse scorn'd, then himselfe. Where am I now? at a stand?

2. Come, leaue at last, yet.

3. O, the night is come, (t'was somewhat darke, mee thought) and CYNTHIA intends to come forth: (That helps it a little yet.) All the courtiers must prouide for *reuels*; they conclude vpon a *Masque*, the deuice of which, is——(what, will you rauish mee?) that each of these vices, being to appeare before CYNTHIA, would seeme other then indeed they are: and therefore assume the most neighbouring vertues as their masking habites. —— (I'lde crie, a rape, but that you are children.)

2. Come, wee'le haue no more of this anticipation: to giue them the inuentorie of their cates aforehand, were the discipline of a tauerne, and not fitting this presence.

1. Tut, this was but to shew vs the happinesse of his memorie. I thought at first, he would haue plaid the ignorant critique with euerie thing, along as he had gone, I expected some such deuice.

3. O, you shall see me doe that, rarely, lend me thy cloake.

1. Soft, sir, you'le speake my *Prologue* in it.

3. No, would I might neuer stirre then.

2. Lend it him, lend it him.

1. Well, you haue sworne.

3. I haue. Now, sir, suppose I am one of your gentile auditors, that am come in (hauing paid my monie at the doore, with much adoe) and here I take my place, and sit downe: I haue my three sorts of tabacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I beginne. By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally *Tits* play here—— They doe act like so manie *wrens*, or *pismires*——not the fift part of a good face amongst them all——And then their *musicke* is abominable——able to stretch a mans eares worse then tenne——pillories, and their ditties——most lamentable things, like the pittifull fellowes that make them ——Poets. By this vapour, and 'twere not for tabacco——I thinke——the verie stench of 'hem would poison mee, I should not dare to come in at their gates ——A man were better visit fifteene jailes, ——or a dozen or two of hospitals——then once aduenture to come neere them. How is't? Well?

At the breaches he takes his tabacco.

1. Excellent: giue mee my cloake.

3. Stay; you shall see me doe another now: but a more sober, or better-gather'd gallant; that is (as it may bee thought) some friend, or welwisher to the house: And here I enter.

1. What? vpon the stage, too?

2. Yes: and I step forth like one of the children,and aske you,Would you haue a stoole, sir?

3. A stoole, boy?

2. I, sir, if youle giue me six pence, Ile fetch you one.

3. For what I pray thee? what shall I doe with it?

2. O lord, sir! will you betraie your ignorance so much? why throne your selfe in state on the stage, as other gentlemen vse, sir.

3. Away, wagge; what, would'st thou make an implement of me? Slid the boy takes me for a piece of *perspectiue* (I hold my life) or some silke cortaine, come to hang the stage here! sir cracke, I am none of your fresh pictures, that vse to beautifie the decaied dead arras, in a publike theatre.

2. Tis a signe, sir, you put not that confidence in your good clothes, and your better face, that a gentleman should doe, sir. But I pray you sir, let mee bee a suter to you,that you will quit our stage then, and take a place, the play is instantly to beginne.

3. Most willingly, my good wag: but I would speake with your Authour,where's he?

2. Not this way, I assure you, sir: wee are not so officiously befriended by him, as to haue his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt vs aloud, stampe at the booke-holder, sweare for our properties, curse the poore tire-man, raile the musicke out of tune, and sweat for euerie veniall trespasse we commit, as some Authour would, if he had such fine engles as we. Well, tis but our hard fortune.

3. Nay, cracke, be not dis-heartned.

2. Not I, sir; but if you please to conferre with our Author,by atturney, you may, sir: our proper selfe here, stands for him.

3. Troth, I haue no such serious affaire to negotiate with him, but what may verie safely bee turn'd vpon thy trust. It is in the generall behalfe of this faire societie here,that I am to speake,at least the more iudicious part of it, which seemes much distasted with the immodest and obscene writing of manie, in their playes. Besides, they could wish, your *Poets* would leaue to bee promoters of other mens iests,and to way-lay all the stale *apothegmes*, or olde bookes, they can heare of (in print, or otherwise) to farce their *Scenes* withall. That they would not so penuriously gleane wit, from euerie laundresse, or hackney-man,or deriue their best grace (with seruile imitation) from common stages, or obseruation of the companie they conuerse with; as if their inuention liu'd wholy vpon another mans trencher. Againe, that feeding their friends with nothing of their owne, but what they haue twice or thrice cook'd, they should not wantonly giue out, how soone they had drest it; nor how manie coaches came to carrie away the broken-meat, besides hobbie-horses, and foot-cloth nags.

2. So, sir, this is all the reformation you seeke?

3. It

3. It is: doe not you thinke it necessarie to be practiz'd,my little wag?

2. Yes, where any such ill-habited custome is receiu'd.

3. O (I had almost forgot it too) they say, the *vmbræ*, or ghosts of some three or foure playes, departed a dozen yeeres since, haue bin seene walking on your stage heere: take heed, boy, if your house bee haunted with such *hob-goblins*, t'will fright away all your spectators quickly.

2. Good,sir,but what will you say now, if a *Poet* (vntoucht with any breath of this disease) find the tokens vpon you, that are of the auditorie? As some one ciuet-wit among you, that knowes no other learning, then the price of satten and vellets; nor other perfection, then the wearing of a neat sute; and yet will censure as desperately as the most profess'd *critique* in the house: presuming, his clothes should beare him out in't.Another (whom it hath pleas'd nature to furnish with more beard, then braine) prunes his mustaccio,lisps,and (with some score of affected othes) sweares downe all that sit about him;*That the old Hieronimo,*(as it was first acted) *was the onely best, and iudiciously pend play of Europe.* A third great-bellied juggler talkes of twentie yeeres since, and when MONSIEVR was heere, and would enforce all wits to bee of that fashion, because his doublet is still so. A fourth miscals all by the name of fustian, that his grounded capacitie cannot aspire to. A fift,only shakes his bottle-head,and out of his corkie braine, squeezeth out a pittiful-learned face, and is silent.

3. By my faith, *Iacke*, you haue put mee downe: I would I knew how tq get off with any indifferent grace. Heere, take your cloke, and promise some satisfaction in your *Prologue*, or (I'le be sworne) wee haue marr'd all.

2. Tut, feare not, child, this wil neuer distaste a true sense: Be not out, and good enough.I would thou hadst some sugar-candied, to sweeten thy mouth.

The third sounding.

PROLOGVE.

IF gracious silence, sweet attention,
Quicke sight, and quicker apprehension,
(The lights of iudgements throne) shine any where;
Our doubtfull authour hopes this is their sphere.
And therefore opens he himselfe to those;
To other weaker beames, his labours close:
As loth to prostitute their virgin straine,
To eu'rie vulgar, and adult'rate braine.
In this alone, his MVSE her sweetnesse hath,
Shee shunnes the print of any beaten path;
And proues new wayes to come to learned eares:
Pied ignorance she neither loues,nor feares.

Nor hunts she after popular applause,
Or fomie praise, that drops from common iawes :
The garland that she weares, their hands must twine,
Who can both censure, vnderstand, define
What merit is : Then cast those piercing raies,
Round as a crowne, in stead of honour'd bayes,
About his *poesie*; which (he knowes) affoords
Words,aboue action : matter,aboue words.

Act I. *Scene* I.

CVPID, MERCVRIE.

VVHo goes there ?

MER. Tis I, blind archer.

CVP. Who? MERCVRIE?

MER. I.

CVP. Farewell.

MER. Stay, CVPID.

CVP. Not in your companie, HERMES, except your hands were riuetted at your backe.

MER. Why so, my little rouer ?

CVP. Because I know, you ha' not a finger, but is as long as my quiuer (cousin MERCVRIE) when you please to extend it.

MER. Whence deriue you this speech, boy ?

CVP. O! tis your best politie to be ignorant. You did neuer steale MARS his sword out of the sheath, you ? nor NEPTVNES trident ? nor APOLLOES bow ? no, not you ? Alas, your palmes (IVPITER knowes) they are as tender as the foot of a foundred nagge, or a ladies face new *mercuried*, the'ile touch nothing.

MER. Goe too (infant) you'le be daring still.

CVP. Daring ? O IANVS ! what a word is there ? why , my light fether-heel'd couss', what are you?any more then my vncle IOVES pandar, a lacquey, that runnes on errands for him, and can whisper a light message to a loose wench with some round volubilitie, wait mannerly at a table with a trencher , and warble vpon a crowde a little, fill out *nectar*, when *Ganimed's* away , one that sweeps the *Gods* drinking roome euery morning, and sets the cushions in order againe, which they threw one at anothers head ouer-night, can brush the carpets, call the stooles againe to their places, play the cryer of the court with an audible voice, and take state of a *President* vpon you at wrestlings, pleadings, negotiations, &c. Here's the catalogue o' your imploiments now. O no , I erre , you haue the marshalling of all the ghosts too , that passe the *stygian* ferrie, and I suspect you for a share with the old sculler there,if the truth were known;

but

but let that scape. One other peculiar vertue you possesse, in lifting, or *lieger-du-maine*, (which few of the house of heau'n haue else besides) I must confesse. But (mee thinkes) that should not make you put that extreme distance twixt your selfe and others, that we should be said to ouerdare in speaking to your nimble *deitie?* So HERCVLES might challenge prioritie of vs both, because he can throw the barre farther, or lift more ioyn'd stooles at the armes end, then we. If this might carry it, then wee who haue made the whole bodie of diuinitie tremble at the twang of our bow, and enforc'd SATVRNIVS himselfe to lay by his curl'd front, thunder, and three-fork'd fires, and put on a masking sute, too light for a reueller of eighteene, to be seene in———

MER. How now! my dancing braggart in *decimo-sexto!* charme your skipping tongue, or I'le———

CVP. What? vse the vertue of your snakie tip-staffe there vpon vs?

MER. No, boy, but the smart vigor of my palme about your eares. You haue forgot since I tooke your heeles vp into aire (on the very houre I was borne) in sight of all the bench of *deities*, when the siluer roofe of the *Olympian* palace rung againe with applause of the fact.

CVP. O no, I remember it freshly, and by a particular instance; for my mother VENVS (at the same time) but stoopt to imbrace you, and (to speake by *metaphore)* you borrowed a girdle of hers, as you did IOVES scepter (while hee was laughing) and would haue done his thunder too, but that 'twas too hot for your itching fingers.

MER. Tis well, sir.

CVP. I heard, you but look't in at VVLCANS forge the other day, and intreated a paire of his new tongs along with you, for companie: Tis ioy on you (yfaith) that you will keepe your hook'd tallons in practice with any thing. S'light, now you are on earth, wee shall haue you filch spoones and candle-sticks, rather then faile: pray IOVE the perfum'd courtiers keepe their casting-bottles, pick-toothes, and shittle-cocks from you; or our more ordinarie gallants their tabacco-boxes, for I am strangely iealous of your nailes.

MER. Ne're trust me, CVPID, but you are turn'd a most acute gallant of late, the edge of my wit is cleere taken off with the fine and subtile stroke of your thin-ground tongue, you fight with too poinant a phrase, for me to deale with.

CVP. O HERMES, your craft cannot make me confident. I know my owne steele to bee almost spent, and therefore intreate my peace with you, in time: you are too cunning for mee to incounter at length, and I thinke it my safest ward to close.

MER. Well, for once, I'le suffer you to winne vpon mee, wagge, but vse not these straines too often, they'le stretch my patience. Whither might you march, now?

CVP. Faith (to recouer thy good thoughts) I'le discouer my whole proiect. The Huntresse, and Queene of these groues, DIANA (in regard of

of some black and enuious slanders hourely breath'd against her, for her diuine iustice on ACTEON, as shee pretends) hath here in the vale of *Gargaphy,* proclaim'd a solemne reuells, which (her god-head put off) shee will descend to grace, with the full and royall expence of one of her cleerest moones: In which time,it shall bee lawfull for all sorts of ingenuous persons,to visit her palace,to court her NYMPHES, to exercise all varietie of generous and noble pastimes, as well to intimate how farre shee treads such malicious imputations beneath her, as also to shew how cleere her beauties are from the least wrinckle of austerity,they may be charg'd with.

MER. But, what is all this to CVPID?

CVP. Here doe I meane to put off the title of a god, and take the habite of a page, in which disguise (during the *interim* of these reuells) I will get to follow some one of DIANAES maides, where (if my bow hold, and my shafts flie but with halfe the willingnesse,and aime they are directed) I doubt not, but I shall really redeeme the minutes I haue lost, by their so long and ouer-nice proscription of my *deitie*, from their court.

MER. Pursue it (diuine CVPID) it will be rare.

CVP. But will HERMES second me?

MER. I am now to put in act, an especiall designement from my father IOVE, but that perform'd,I am for any fresh action that offers it selfe.

CVP. Well, then we part.

MER. Farewell, good wag.

Now, to my charge, ECCHO, faire ECCHO, speake,
Tis MERCVRIE, that calls thee, sorrowfull *Nymph*,
Salute me with thy repercussiue voice,
That I may know what cauerne of the earth
Containes thy ayrie spirit, how, or where
I may direct my speech, that thou maist heare.

Act I. *Scene* II.

ECCHO, MERCVRIE.

HEre.

MER. So nigh?

ECC. I.

MER. Know (gentle soule) then, I am sent from IOVE,
Who (pittying the sad burthen of thy woes,
Still growing on thee, in thy want of wordes,
To vent thy passion for NARCISSVS death)
Commands, that now (after three thousand yeeres,
Which haue beene exercis'd in IVNOES spight)
Thou take a corporall figure, and ascend,
Enricht with vocall, and articulate power.
Make haste, sad *Nymph*,thrice shall my winged rod
Strike th'obsequious earth, to giue thee way.

Arise,

Arise, and speake thy sorrowes, ECCHO, rise,
Here, by this fountayne, where thy loue did pine,
Whose memorie liues fresh to vulgar fame,
Shrin'd in this yellow flowre, that beares his name.
ECC. His name reuiues, and lifts me vp from earth.
O, which way shall I first conuert my selfe?
Or in what moode shall I assay to speake,
That (in a moment) I may be deliuered
Of the prodigious griefe I goe withall?
See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs weepe yet,
Th'vntimely fate of that too beauteous boy,
That trophæe of selfe-loue, and spoile of nature,
Who (now transform'd into this drouping flowre)
Hangs the repentant head, back from the streame,
As if it wish'd, would I had neuer look'd
In such a flattering mirrour. O NARCISSVS,
Thou that wast once (and yet art) my NARCISSVS;
Had ECCHO but beene priuate with thy thoughts,
Shee would haue dropt away her selfe in teares,
Till shee had all turn'd water, that in her,
(As in a truer glasse) thou mightst haue gaz'd,
And scene thy beauties by more kind reflection:
But selfe-loue neuer yet could looke on truth,
But with bleard beames; slieke flatterie and shee
Are twin-borne sisters, and so mixe their eyes,
As if you seuer one, the other dies.
Why did the gods giue thee a heau'nly forme,
And earthy thoughts, to make thee proud of it?
Why, doe I aske? Tis now the knowne disease
That beautie hath, to beare too deepe a sense
Of her owne selfe-conceiued excellence.
O, hadst thou knowne the worth of heau'ns rich gift,
Thou wouldst haue turn'd it to a truer vse,
And not (with staru'd, and couetous ignorance)
Pin'd in continuall eying that bright gem,
The glance whereof to others had beene more,
Then to thy famisht mind the wide worlds store:
" So wretched is it to be meerely rich.
Witnesse thy youths deare sweets, here spent vntasted,
Like a faire taper, with his owne flame wasted.
MER. ECCHO, be briefe, SATVRNIA is abroad,
And if shee heare, sheele storme at IOVES high will.
ECC. I will (kind MERCVRIE) be briefe as time.
Vouchsafe me, I may doe him these last rites,
But kisse his flowre, and sing some mourning straine

Ouer his watrie hearse. MER. Thou dost obtaine.
I were no sonne to IOVE, should I denie thee.
Begin, and (more to grace thy cunning voice)
The humorous aire shall mixe her solemne tunes,
With thy sad words : strike musicque from the spheares,
And with your golden raptures swell our eares.

SONG.

SLow, slow, fresh fount, keepe time with my salt teares ;
Yet slower, yet, ô faintly gentle springs :
List to the heauy part the musique beares,
" Woe weepes out her diuision, when shee sings.
Droupe hearbs, and flowres ;
Fall griefe in showres ;
" Our beauties are not ours :
O, I could still
(Like melting snow vpon some craggie hill,)
drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since natures pride is, now, a wither'd daffodill.

MER. Now, ha' you done ?
ECC. Done presently (good HERMES) bide a little,
Suffer my thirstie eye to gaze a while.
But e'ene to taste the place, and I am vanisht.
MER. Forgoe thy vse, and libertie of tongue,
And thou maist dwell on earth, and sport thee there.
ECC. Here yong ACTEON fell, pursu'de, and torne
By CYNTHIA'S wrath (more eager, then his hounds)
And here, (ay me, the place is fatall) see
The weeping NIOBE, translated hither
From *Phrygian* mountaines : and by PHŒBE rear'd
As the proud trophæe of her sharpe reuenge.
MER. Nay, but heare.
ECC. But here, O here, the *Fountayne* of *selfe-Loue,*
In which LATONA, and her carelesse *Nymphs,*
(Regardles of my sorrowes) bathe themselues
In hourely pleasures. MER. Stint thy babling tongue ;
Fond ECCHO, thou prophan'st the grace is done thee :
So idle worldlings (meerely made of voice)
Censure the powers aboue them. Come, away,
IOVE calls thee hence, and his will brookes no stay.
ECC. O, stay : I haue but one poore thought to clothe
In ayrie garments, and then (faith) I goe.
Henceforth, thou trecherous, and murthering spring,
Be euer call'd the *Fountayne* of *selfe-Loue :*
And with thy water let this curse remaine,

(As

(As an inseparate plague) that who but tastes
A drop thereof, may, with the instant touch,
Grow dotingly enamor'd on themselues.
Now, HERMES, I haue finisht. MER. Then thy speech,
Must here forsake thee, ECCHO, and thy voice
(As it was wont) rebound but the last wordes.
Farewell. ECC. Well.
MER. Now, CVPID, I am for you, and your mirth,
To make me light before I leaue the earth.

Act I. *Scene* III.

AMORPHVS, ECCHO, MERCVRIE.

DEare sparke of beautie, make not so fast away.
ECC. Away.
MER. Stay, let me obserue this portent yet.
AMO. I am neither your *Minotaure*, nor your *Centaure*, nor your *Satyre*, nor your *Hyæna*, nor your *Babion*, but your mere trauailer, beleeue me.
ECC. Leaue me.
MER. I guess'd it should bee some trauailing motion pursude ECCHO so.
AMO. Know you from whom you flie? or whence?
ECC. Hence.
AMO. This is somewhat aboue strange! a *Nymph* of her feature, and lineament, to be so preposterously rude! well, I will but coole my selfe at yon' spring, and follow her.
MER. Nay, then I am familiar with the issue: I'le leaue you too.
AMO. I am a *Rhinoceros*, if I had thought a creature of her *symmetry*, could haue dar'd so improportionable, and abrupt a digression. Liberall, and diuine fount, suffer my prophane hand to take of thy bounties. By the puritie of my taste, here is most *ambrosiacke* water; I will sup of it againe. By thy fauour, sweet fount. See, the water (a more running, subtile, and humorous *Nymph* then shee) permits me to touch, and handle her. What should I inferre? If my behauiours had beene of a cheape or customarie garbe; my accent, or phrase vulgar; my garments trite; my countenance illiterate; or vnpractiz'd in the encounter of a beautifull and braue-attir'd peece; then I might (with some change of colour) haue suspected my faculties: but (knowing my selfe an essence so sublimated, and refin'd by trauell; of so studied, and well exercis'd a gesture; so alone in fashion; able to tender the face of any states-man liuing; and to speake the mere extraction of language; one that hath now made the sixth returne vpon venter; and was your first that euer enricht his countrey with the true lawes of the *duello*; whose *optiques* haue drunke the spirit of beautie, in some eight score and eighteen Princes courts, where I haue resided,

and

and beene there fortunate in the *amours* of three hundred fortie and fiue ladies (all nobly, if not princely descended) whose names I haue in catalogue; to conclude, in all so happy, as euen admiration her selfe doth seeme to fasten her kisses vpon me: Certes, I doe neither see, nor feele, nor taste, nor sauour the least steame, or fume of a reason, that should inuite this foolish fastidious *Nymph*, so peeuishly to abandon me. Well, let the memorie of her fleet into aire; my thoughts and I am for this other element, water.

Act I. *Scene* IIII.

CRITES, ASOTVS, AMORPHVS.

WHat! the wel-dicted AMORPHVS become a water-drinker? I see he meanes not to write verses then.

ASO. No, CRITES? why?

CRI. Because——*Nec placere diu, nec viuere carmina possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

AMO. What say you to your HELICON?

CRI. O, the MVSES well! that's euer excepted.

AMO. Sir, your MVSES haue no such water, I assure you; your *nectar*, or the iuyce of your *nepenthe* is nothing to it; tis aboue your *metheglin*, beleeue it.

ASO. *Metheglin!* what's that, sir? may I be so audacious to demand?

AMO. A kind of *greeke* wine I haue met with, sir, in my trauailes: it is the same that DEMOSTHENES vsually drunke, in the composure of all his exquisite, and mellifluous orations.

CRI. That's to be argued (AMORPHVS) if we may credit LVCIAN, who in his *Encomio Demosthenis* affirmes, hee neuer drunke but water in any of his compositions.

AMO. LVCIAN is absurd, hee knew nothing: I will beleeue mine owne trauailes, before all the LVCIANS of *Europe*. He doth feed you with fittons, figments, and leasings.

CRI. Indeed (I thinke) next a trauailer, he do's prettily well.

AMO. I assure you it was wine, I haue tasted it, and from the hand of an *Italian Antiquarie*, who deriues it authentically from the Duke of *Ferrara's* bottles. How name you the gentleman you are in ranke with there, sir?

CRI. Tis ASOTVS, sonne to the late deceas'd PHILARGYRVS the citizen.

AMO. Was his father of any eminent place, or meanes?

CRI. He was to haue beene *Prætor* next yeere.

AMO. Ha! A prettie formall yong gallant, in good sooth: pitty, he is not more gentilely propagated. Harke you, CRITES, you may say to him, what I am, if you please: though I affect not popularitie, yet I would be loth to stand out to any, whom you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

CRI.

CRI. Sir, I feare I may doe wrong to your sufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one ; your selfe can best enforme him of your selfe, sir: except you had some catalogue, or list of your faculties readie drawne, which you would request mee to shew him, for you, and him to take notice of.

AMO. This CRITES is sowre : I will thinke, sir.

CRI. Doe so, sir. O heauen! that any thing (in the likenesse of man) should suffer these rackt extremities, for the vttering of his sophisticate good parts.

ASO. CRITES, I haue a sute to you ; but you must not denie mee : pray you make this gentleman and I friends.

CRI. Friends! Why? is there any difference betweene you?

ASO. No, I meane acquaintance, to know one another.

CRI. O, now I apprehend you; your phrase was without me, before.

ASO. In good faith, hee's a most excellent rare man, I warrant him!

CRI. S'light, they are mutually inamor'd by this time!

ASO. Will you, sweet CRITES?

CRI. Yes, yes.

ASO. Nay, but when? you'le defer it now, and forget it.

CRI. Why, is't a thing of such present necessitie, that it requires so violent a dispatch?

ASO. No, but (would I might neuer stirre) hee's a most rauishing man! good CRITES, you shall endeare me to you, in good faith-law.

CRI. Well, your longing shall be satisfied, sir.

ASO. And withall, you may tell him what my father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his heire.

CRI. Leaue it to mee, I'le forget none of your deare graces, I warrant you.

ASO. Nay, I know you can better marshall these affaires then I can— O gods! I'de giue all the world (if I had it) for abundance of such acquaintance.

CRI. What ridiculous circumstance might I deuise now, to bestow this reciprocall brace of butter-flies one vpon another?

AMO. Since I trode on this side the *Alpes*, I was not so frozen in my inuention. Let mee see : to accost him with some choice remnant of *spanish*, or *italian?* that would indifferently expresse my languages now : mary then, if he should fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard, and harsh. How else? step into some *ragioni del stato*, and so make my induction? that were aboue him too; and out of his element, I feare. Faine to haue seene him in *Venice*, or *Padua?* or some face neere his in similitude? t'is too pointed, and open. No, it must be a more queint, and collaterall deuice. As— stay : to frame some *encomiastick* speech vpon this our *Metropolis*, or the wise magistrates thereof, in which politique number, 'tis ods, but his father fill'd vp a roome? descend into a particular admiration of their iustice; for the due measuring of coales, burning of cannes, and such like?

As also their religion, in pulling downe a superstitious crosse, and aduancing a VENVS, or PRIAPVS, in place of it? ha?'twill doe well. Or to talke of some hospitall, whose walls record his father a *Benefactor?* or of so many buckets bestow'd on his parish church, in his life time, with his name at length (for want of armes) trickt vpon them? Any of these? Or to praise the cleannesse of the street, wherein hee dwelt? or the prouident painting of his posts against hee should haue beene *Prætor?* or (leauing his parent) come to some speciall ornament about himselfe, as his rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I haue it: Thanks, gracious MINERVA.

ASO. Would I had but once spoke to him, and then——— Hee comes to me.

AMO. 'Tis a most curious, and neatly-wrought band, this same, as I haue seene, sir.

ASO. O god, sir.

AMO. You forgiue the humour of mine eye, in obseruing it.

CRI. His eye waters after it, it seemes.

ASO. O lord, sir, there needes no such apologie, I assure you.

CRI. I am anticipated: they'll make a solemne deed of gift of themselues, you shall see.

AMO. Your ribband too do's most gracefully, in troth.

ASO. Tis the most gentile, and receiu'd weare now, sir.

AMO. Beleeue mee, sir (I speake it not to humour you) I haue not seene a young gentleman (generally) put on his clothes, with more iudgement.

ASO. O, tis your pleasure to say so, sir.

AMO. No, as I am vertuous (being altogether vn-trauel'd) it strikes me into wonder.

ASO. I doe purpose to trauaile, sir, at spring.

AMO. I thinke I shall affect you, sir. This last speech of yours hath begun to make you deare to me.

ASO. O god, sir. I would there were any thing in mee, sir, that might appeare worthy the least worthinesse of your worth, sir. I protest, sir, I should endeuour to shew it, sir, with more then common regard, sir.

CRI. O, here's rare motley, sir.

AMO. Both your desert, and your endeuours are plentifull, suspect them not: but your sweet disposition to trauaile (I assure you) hath made you another *my-selfe* in mine eye, and strooke mee inamor'd on your beauties.

ASO. I would I were the fairest lady of *France* for your sake, sir, and yet I would trauaile too.

AMO. O, you should digresse from your selfe else: for (beleeue it) your trauaile is your only thing that rectifies, or (as the *Italian* saies) *vi rendi pronto all' attioni, makes you fit for action.*

ASO. I thinke it be great charge though, sir.

AMO.

AMOR. Charge? why tis nothing for a gentleman that goes priuate,as your selfe, or so; my intelligence shall quit my charge at all times. Good faith, this hat hath possest mine eye exceedingly; tis so prettie, and fantastike : what? ist a beauer?

ASOT. I, sir, Ile assure you tis a beauer, it cost mee eight crownes but this morning.

AMOR. After your *French* account?

ASOT. Yes, sir.

CRIT. And so neere his head? beshrow me, dangerous.

AMOR. A verie prettie fashion (beleeue me) and a most nouel kind of trimme : your band is conceited too!

ASOT. Sir, it is all at your seruice.

AMOR. O, pardon me.

ASOT. I beseech you, sir, if you please to weare it, you shall doe mee a most infinite grace.

CRIT. S'light, will he be praisde out of his clothes?

ASOT. By heauen, sir, I doe not offer it you after the *Italian* manner; I would you should conceiue so of me.

AMOR. Sir, I shall feare to appeare rude in denying your courtesies, especially, being inuited by so proper a distinction : may I pray your name, sir?

ASOT. My name is ASOTVS, sir.

AMOR. I take your loue (gentle ASOTVS) but let me winne you to receiue this, in exchange———

CRIT. 'Hart, they'll change doublets anon.

AMOR. And (from this time) esteeme your selfe, in the first ranke, of those few, whom I professe to loue. What make you in companie of this scholler,here? I will bring you knowne to gallants, as ANAIDES of the ordinarie, HEDON the courtier, and others, whose societie shall render you grac'd, and respected: this is a triuiall fellow, too meane, too cheape, too course for you to conuerse with.

ASOT. Slid, this is not worth a crowne, and mine cost mee eight but this morning.

CRIT. I lookt when he would repent him, he ha's begunne to bee sad a good while.

AMOR. Sir, shall I say to you for that hat? be not so sad,be not so sad: it is a relique I could not so easily haue departed with, but as the *hieroglyphicke* of my affection; you shall alter it to what forme you please, it will take any blocke; I haue receiu'd it varied (on record) to the three thousandth time, and not so few: It hath these vertues beside; your head shall not ake vnder it; nor your braine leaue you, without licence; It will preserue your complexion to eternitie; for no beame of the sunne (should you weare it vnder *Zona torrida)* hath power to approch it by two ells. It is proofe against thunder, and inchantment : and was giuen mee by a great man (in *Russia)* as an especiall-priz'd present; and constantlyaffirm'd

to bee the hat, that accompanied the politike VLYSSES, in his tedious, and ten yeeres trauels.

ASOT. By IOVE, I will not depart withall, whosoeuer would giue me a million.

Act I. *Scene* V.

COS, CRITICVS, AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, PROSAITES.

SAue you,sweet blouds : do's any of you want a creature , or a dependant ?

CRIT. Beshrow me, a fine blunt slaue !

AMOR. A page of good timber ! it will now bee my grace to entertaine him first , though I casheere him againe in priuate : how art thou cal'd ?

COS. COS, sir, COS.

CRIT. COS? How happily hath fortune furnisht him with a *whetstone ?*

AMOR. I doe entertaine you, COS, conceale your qualitie till wee be priuate; if your parts be worthie of me, I will countenance you; if not, catechize you : gentles,shall we goe ?

ASOT. Stay, sir ; Ile but entertaine this other fellow, and then——I haue a great humour to taste of this water too, but Ile come againe alone for that——marke the place.What's your name,youth?

PROS. PROSAITES, sir.

ASOT. PROSAITES? A verie fine name, CRITES? ist not ?

CRIT. Yes, and a verie ancient, sir, the *begger.*

ASOT. Follow me, good PROSAITES: Let's talke.

CRIT. He will ranke euen with you (er't be long)
If you hold on your course. O vanitie,
How are thy painted beauties doted on,
By light,and emptie ideots ! how pursu'de
With open and extended appetite !
How they doe sweate,and run themselues from breath,
Rais'd on their toes, to catch thy ayrie formes,
Still turning giddie, till they reele like drunkards,
That buy the merrie madnesse of one houre,
With the long irkesomenesse of following time!
O how despisde and base a thing is a man,
If he not striue t'erect his groueling thoughts
Aboue the straine of flesh ! But how more cheape
When, euen his best and vnderstanding part,
(The crowne,and strength of all his faculties)
Floate like a dead drown'd bodie, on the streame

Of

Of vulgar humour, mixt with commonst dregs?
I suffer for their guilt now, and my soule
(Like one that lookes on il-affected eyes)
Is hurt with meere intention on their follies:
Why will I view them then? my sense might aske me:
Or ist a raritie, or some new obiect,
That straines my strict obseruance to this point?
O would it were, therein I could affoord
My spirit should draw a little neere to theirs,
To gaze on nouelties: so vice were one.
Tut, she is stale, ranke, foule, and were it not
That those (that woe her) greet her with lockt eyes,
(In spight of all the impostures, paintings, drugs,
Which her bawd custome dawbes her cheekes withall)
Shee would betray her loth'd and leprous face,
And fright th'enamor'd dotards from themselues:
But such is the peruersenesse of our nature,
That if we once but fancie leuitie,
(How antike and ridiculous so ere
It sute with vs) yet will our muffled thought
Choose rather not to see it, then auoide it:
And if we can but banish our owne sense,
We act our mimicke trickes with that free licence,
That lust, that pleasure, that securitie,
As if we practiz'd in a paste-boord case,
And no one saw the motion, but the motion.
Well, checke thy passion, lest it grow too lowd:
" While fooles are pittied, they waxe fat, and proud.

Act II. *Scene* I.

CVPID, MERCVRY.

WHy, this was most vnexpectedly followed (by diuine delicate MERCVRY) by the beard of IOVE, thou art a precious *deitie.*

MER. Nay, CVPID, leaue to speake improperly, since wee are turn'd cracks, let's studie to be like cracks; practise their language, and behauiours, and not with a dead imitation: act freely, carelessely, and capriciously, as if our veines ranne with quick-siluer, and not vtter a phrase, but what shall come forth steept in the verie brine of conceipt, and sparkle like salt in fire.

CVP. That's not euerie ones happinesse (HERMES) though you can presume vpon the easinesse and dexteritie of your wit, you shall giue me leaue to be a little jealous of mine; and not desperately to hazard it after your capring humour.

MER. Nay, then, CVPID, I thinke wee must haue you hood-winkt againe,for you are growne too prouident,since your eyes were at libertie.

CVP. Not so (MERCVRY) I am still blind CVPID to thee.

MER. And what to the ladie *Nymph* you serue?

CVP. Troth, page,boy,and sirha: these are all my titles.

MER. Then thou hast not altered thy name,with thy disguise?

CVP. O, no, that had beene supererogation, you shall neuer heare your courtier call but by one of these three.

MER. Faith, then both our fortunes are the same.

CVP. Why? what parcell of man hast thou lighted on for a master?

MER. Such a one (as before I begin to decipher him) I dare not affirme to be any thing lesse then a courtier. So much hee is, during this open time of reuels, and would be longer, but that his meanes are to leaue him shortly after. His name is HEDON, a gallant wholy consecrated to his pleasures.———

CVP. HEDON? he vses much to my ladies chamber, I thinke.

MER. How is she cal'd, and then I can shew thee?

CVP. Madame PHILAVTIA.

MER. O I, he affects her verie particularly indeed. These are his graces. Hee doth (besides me) keepe a barber, and a monkie: Hee has a rich wrought wast-coat to entertaine his visitants in,with a cap almost sutable. His curtaines,and bedding are thought to bee his owne: his bathing-tub is not suspected. Hee loues to haue a fencer, a pedant, and a musician seene in his lodging a mornings.

CVP. And not a poet?

MER. Fye no: himselfe is a rimer, and that's a thought better then a poet. He is not lightly within to his mercer, no, though he come when he takes physicke,which is commonly after his play. He beates a tailour very well, but a stocking-seller admirably: and so consequently any one hee owes monie too, that dares not resist him. Hee neuer makes generall inuitement, but against the publishing of a new sute, marie then, you shall haue more drawne to his lodging,then come to the lanching of some three ships; especially if he be furnish'd with supplies for the retyring of his old ward-robe from pawne: if not, he do's hire a stocke of apparell,and some fortie, or fiftie pound in gold, for that fore-noone to shew. He's thought a verie necessarie perfume for the presence, and for that onely cause welcome thither: sixe millaners shops affoord you not the like sent. He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole,or the halfe *pommado* in a seuen-night before: and sometime venters so farre vpon the vertue of his pomander, that he dares tell'hem, how many shirts he has sweat at *tennis* that weeke, but wisely conceales so many dozen of bals hee is on the score. Here hee comes,that is all this.

Act.

Act II. *Scene* II.

HEDON, MERCVRY, ANAIDES, GELAIA, CVPID.

BOy.

MER. Sir.

HED. Are any of the ladies in the presence?

MER. None yet. sir.

HED. Giue me some gold, more.

ANA. Is that thy boy, HEDON?

HED. I, what think'st thou of him?

ANA. S'hart, Il'd geld him; I warrant he has the philosophers stone.

HED. Well said,my good melancholy deuill: Sirrah, I haue deuisde one or two of the prettiest othes (this morning in my bed) as euer thou heard'st,to protest withall in the presence.

ANA. Pray thee.let's heare 'hem.

HED. Soft. thou'lt vse 'hem afore me.

ANA. No (dam' me then) I haue more othes then I know how to vtter, by this ayre.

HED. Faith, one is. *by the tip of your eare,sweet ladie.* Is't not prettie,and gentile?

ANA. Yes, for the person 'tis applyed to, a ladie. It should bee light, and———

HED. Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much: the inuention is farder fet too. *By the white vallcy that lies betweene the* Alpine *hils of your bosome, I protest———&c.*

ANA. Well, you trauel'd for that, HEDON.

MER. I, in a map, where his eyes were but blinde guides to his vnderstanding, it seemes.

HED. And then I haue a salutation will nicke all, by this caper: hay!

ANA. How is that?

HED. You know I call madame PHILAVTIA, my *Honour*; and shee cals me her *Ambition*. Now, (when I meet her in the presence anon) I will come to her,and say, *sweet Honour, I haue hitherto contented my sense with the lillies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip*; and (withall) kisse her: to which she cannot but blushingly answere, *nay, now you are too ambitious*. And then doe I reply; *I cannot bee too ambitious of honour, sweet ladie*. Wil't not be good? ha? ha?

ANA. O, assure your soule.

HED. By heauen, I thinke 'twill bee excellent, and a verie politike atchiuement of a kisse.

ANA. I haue thought vpon one for MORIA, of a sodaine too,if it take.

HED. What is't, my deare inuention?

ANA. Mary, I will come to her, (and shee alwayes weares a muffe, if you

you bee remembred) and I will tell her, *Madame, your whole selfe cannot but be perfectly wise: for your hands haue wit enough to keepe themselues warme.*

HED. Now, (before IOVE) admirable! looke, thy page takes it too, by *Phœbus*, my sweet facetious rascall, I could eate water-gruell with thee a moneth, for this iest, my deare rogue.

ANA. O, (by HERCVLES) 'tis your onely dish, aboue all your pota-to's, or oyster-pyes in the world.

HED. I haue ruminated vpon a most rare wish too, and the prophecie to it, but Ile haue some friend to be the prophet; as thus: *I doe wish my selfe one of my mistresse* Cioppini. Another demands, *Why would he be one of his Mistresse* Cioppini? A third answeres, *Because he would make her higher.* A fourth shall say, *That will make her proud.* And a fifth shall conclude: *Then doe I prophecie, pride will haue a fall, and he shall giue it her.*

ANA. I'le be your prophet. By gods so, it will be most exquisite, thou art a fine inuentious Rogue, sirrah.

HED. Nay, and I haue *poesies* for rings too, and *riddles* that they dreame not of.

ANA. Tut, they'll doe that, when they come to sleep on them time e-nough; but were thy deuices neuer in the presence yet, HEDON?

HED. O, no, I disdaine that.

ANA. Twere good we went afore then, and brought them acquainted with the roome where they shall act, lest the stratagems of it put them out of countenance, when they should come forth.

CVP. Is that a courtier too?

MER. Troth no; he has two essentiall parts of the courtier, pride, and ignorance; mary, the rest come somewhat after the *ordinarie* gallant. Tis *impudence* it selfe, ANAIDES; one, that speakes all that comes in his cheekes, and will blush no more then a sackbut. Hee lightly occupies the iesters roome at the table, and keepes *laughter* GELAIA (a wench in pages attire) following him in place of a squire, whom he now and then tickles with some strange ridiculous stuffe, vtter'd (as his land came to him) by chance. He will censure or discourse of any thing, but as absurdly as you would wish. His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. Hee neuer drinkes below the salt. Hee do's naturally ad-mire his wit, that weares gold-lace, or tissue. Stabs any man that speakes more contemptibly of the scholler then he. Hee is a great proficient in all the illiberall sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like: neuer kneeles but to pledge healths; nor prayes but for a pipe of pudding tabacco. He wil blaspheme in his shirt. The othes which hee vomits at one supper, would maintaine a towne of garrison in good swea-ring a twelue-moneth. One other genuine qualitie he has, which crownes all these, and that is this: to a friend in want, hee will not depart with the waight of a soldred groat, lest the world might censure him prodigall, or report him a gull: mary, to his *cockatrice* or *punquetto*, halfe a dozen taffata gownes,

gownes, or sattin kirtles, in a paire or two of moneths, why they are nothing.

CVP. I commend him, he is one of my clients.

Act II. *Scene* III.

AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, COS, PROSAITES, CVPID, MERCVRIE.

COme, sir. You are now within in regard of the presence, and see, the priuacie of this roome, how sweetly it offers it selfe to our retir'd intendments. Page, cast a vigilant, and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely surpriz'd, by the approch of some ruder stranger.

COS. I warrant you, sir. I'le tell you when the wolfe enters, feare nothing.

MER. O, what a masse of benefit shall we possesse, in being the inuisible spectators of this strange shew, now to be acted?

AMO. Plant your selfe there, sir: and obserue me. You shall now, as well be the ocular, as the eare-witnesse, how cleerly I can refell that *paradox*, or rather *pseudodox*, of those, which hold the face to be the index of the mind, which (I assure you) is not so, in any politique creature: for instance. I will now giue you the particular,and distinct face of euery your most noted *species* of persons, as your marchant, your scholer, your souldier, your lawyer, courtier, &c. and each of these so truly, as you would sweare,but that your eye shal see the variation of the lineament,it were my most proper, and genuine aspect. First, for your marchant, or citie-face, 'tis thus, a dull, plodding face, still looking in a direct line, forward: there is no great matter in this face. Then haue you your students, or *academique* face, which is here, an honest, simple, and methodicall face: but somewhat more spread then the former. The third is your souldiers face, a menacing, and astounding face,that lookes broad,and bigge: the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard. The *anti-face* to this, is your lawyers face, a contracted, subtile, and intricate face, full of quirkes,and turnings, a *labyrinthæan* face, now angularly, now circularly, euery way aspected. Next is your statists face, a serious, solemne, and supercilious face, full of formall, and square gratuitie, the eye (for the most part) deeply and artificially shadow'd: there is great iudgement required in the making of this face. But now,to come to your face of faces,or courtiers face, tis of three sorts, according to our subdiuision of a courtier, elementarie, practique, and theorique. Your courtier theorique, is hee, that hath arriu'd to his fardest, and doth now know the cȯurt, rather by speculation, then practice; and this is his face: a fastidious and oblique face, that lookes, as it went with a vice, and were screw'd thus. Your courtier practike,is he, that is yet in his path,his course,his way,& hath not toucht the *puntilio*, or point of his hopes; his face is here: a most promising, open, smooth,

smooth, and ouer-flowing face, that seemes as it would runne, and powre it selfe into you. Somewhat a northerly face. Your courtier elementarie, is one but newly enter'd, or as it were in the *alphabet*, or *vt-re-mi-fa-sol-la* of courtship. Note well this face, for it is this you must practice.

ASO. Ile practice 'hem all, if you please, sir.

ANO. I, hereafter you may: and it will not be altogether an vngratefull study. For, let your soule be assur'd of this (in any ranke, or profession what-euer) the more generall, or *maior* part of opinion goes with the face, and (simply) respects nothing else. Therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thorowly, it is inough: But (for the present) you shall only apply your selfe to this face of the elementarie courtier, a light, reuelling, and protesting face, now blushing, now smiling, which you may helpe much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus, (a feather will teach you) or with kissing your finger that hath the ruby, or playing with some string of your band, which is a most quaint kind of melancholy besides: or (if among ladies) laughing lowd, and crying vp your owne wit, though perhaps borrow'd, it is not amisse. Where is your page? call for your casting-bottle, and place your mirrour in your hat, as I told you: so. Come, looke not pale, obserue me, set your face, and enter.

MER. O, for some excellent painter, to haue tane the copy of all these faces!

ASO. PROSAITES.

AMO. Fye, I premonisht you of that: In the court, boy, lacquay, or sirrah.

COS. Master, *Lupus* in——O, t'is PROSAITES.

ASO. Sirrha prepare my casting-bottle, I thinke I must be enforc'd to purchase me another page, you see how at hand COS waits, here.

MER. So will he too, in time.

CVP. What's he, MERCVRIE?

MER. A notable smelt. One, that hath newly entertain'd the begger to follow him, but cannot get him to wait neere enough. T'is ASOTVS, the heire of PHILARGYRVS; but first I'le giue yee the others character, which may make his the cleerer. He that is with him, is AMORPHVS, a trauailer, one so made out of the mixture and shreds of formes, that himselfe is truly deform'd. He walkes most commonly with a cloue, or pick-tooth in his mouth, hee is the very mint of complement, all his behauiours are printed, his face is another volume of *essayes*; and his beard an *Aristarchus*. He speakes all creame, skimd, and more affected then a dozen of waiting women. He is his owne promoter in euery place. The wife of the ordinarie giues him his diet, to maintaine her table in discourse, which (indeed) is a meere tyrannie ouer her other guests, for hee will vsurpe all the talke: ten constables are not so tedious. He is no great shifter, once a yeere his apparell is readie to reuolt. He doth vse much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himselfe, exceeding well (out at a window.) He will

lye

lye cheaper then any begger, and lowder then most clockes: for which he is right properly accommodated to the *whetstone*, his page. The other gallant is his *Zani*, and doth most of these trickes after him; sweates to imitate him in euery thing (to a haire) except a beard, which is not yet extant. He doth learne to make strange sauces, to eat *anchouies*, *maccaroni*, *bouoli*, *fagioli*, and *cauiare*, because hee loues 'hem; speakes as hee speakes, lookes, walkes, goes so in clothes, and fashion: is in all, as if he were moulded of him. Mary (before they met) he had other verie prettie sufficiencies, which yet he retaines some light impression of: as frequenting a dancing schoole, and grieuously torturing strangers, with inquisition after his grace in his galliard. He buyes a fresh acquaintance at any rate. His eye and his rayment confer much together as he goes in the street. He treades nicely, like the fellow that walkes vpon ropes; especially the first *sunday* of his silke-stockings: and when he is most neat, and new, you shall strip him with commendations.

CVP. Here comes another.

MER. I, but one of another straine, CVPID: This fellow weighs somewhat. *Crites passeth by.*

CVP. His name, HERMES?

MER. CRITES. A creature of a most perfect and diuine temper. One, in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedencie: he is neyther to phantastikely melancholy, too slowly phlegmaticke, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly cholericke, but in all, so composde & order'd, as it is cleare, *Nature* went about some ful worke, she did more then make a man, when she made him. His discourse is like his behauiour, vncommon, but not vnpleasing; hee is prodigall of neyther. Hee striues rather to bee that which men call iudicious, then to bee thought so: and is so truly learned, that he affects not to shew it. Hee will thinke, and speake his thought, both freely: but as distant from deprauing another mans merit, as proclaiming his owne. For his valour, tis such, that he dares as little to offer an iniurie, as receiue one. In summe, he hath a most ingenuous and sweet spirit, a sharp and season'd wit, a straight iudgment, and a strong mind. *Fortune* could neuer breake him, nor make him lesse. He counts it his pleasure, to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds, then goods. It is a competencie to him that hee can bee vertuous. He doth neyther couet nor feare; hee hath too much reason to doe eyther: and that commends all things to him.

CVP. Not better then MERCVRY commends him.

MER. O, CVPID, tis beyond my *deitie* to giue him his due prayses: I could leaue my place in heauen, to liue among mortals, so I were sure to be no other then he.

CVP. S'light, I beleeue he is your minion, you seeme to be so rauisht with him.

MER. He's one, I would not haue a wry thought darted against, willingly.

CVP.

CVP. No, but a straight shaft in his bosome, Ile promise him, if I am CITHEREAS sonne.

MER. Shall we goe, CVPID?

CVP. Stay, and see the ladies now: they'll come presently. Ile helpe to paint them.

MER. What! lay colour vpon colour? that affords but an ill *blazon*.

Argurion passeth by. CVP. Here comes mettall to helpe it, the ladie ARGVRION.

MER. Monie, monie.

CVP. The same. A *Nymph* of a most wandring and giddy disposition, humorous as the aire, shee'le runne from gallant to gallant (as they sit at *primero* in the presence) most strangely, and seldome stayes with any. Shee spreads as shee goes. To day you shall haue her looke as cleere and fresh as the morning, and to morrow as melancholike as mid-night. Shee takes speciall pleasure in a close obscure lodging, and, for that cause, visites the city so often, where shee has many secret true-concealing fauourites. When shee comes abroad, shee's more loose and scattering then dust, and will flie from place to place, as shee were rapt with a whirle-winde. Your yong student (for the most part) shee affects not, only salutes him, and away: a *poet*, nor a *philosopher*, shee is hardly brought to take any notice of; no, though he be some part of an *alchemist*. Shee loues a *player* well, and a *lawyer* infinitely: but your foole aboue all. Shee can doe much in court for the obtayning of any sute whatsoeuer, no doore but flies open to her, her presence is aboue a charme. The worst in her is want of keeping state, and too much descending into inferior and base offices, she's for any coorse imployment you will put vpon her, as to be your procurer, or pandar.

MER. Peace, CVPID, here comes more worke for you, another character or two.

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

PHANTASTE, MORIA, PHILAVTIA, MERCVRIE, CVPID.

STay, sweet PHILAVTIA, I'le but change my fanne, and goe presently.

MOR. Now (in very good serious) ladies, I will haue this order reuerst, the presence must be better maintayn'd from you: a quarter past eleuen, and ne're a *Nymph* in *prospectiue?* beshrew my hand, there must be a reform'd discipline. Is that your new ruffe, sweet lady-bird? By my truth, 'tis most intricately rare.

MER. Good IOVE, what reuerend gentlewoman in yeeres might this be?

CVP. This, Madam MORIA, guardian of the *Nymphs*. One that is not now to be perswaded of her wit, shee will thinke her selfe wise against all the iudgements that come. A lady made all of voice, and aire, talkes any thing of any thing. Shee is like one of your ignorant *Poetasters* of the time,

time, who when they haue got acquainted with a strange word, neuer rest till they haue wroong it in, though it loosen the whole fabricke of their sense.

MER. That was pretty and sharply noted, CVPID.

CVP. Shee will tell you, *Philosophie* was a fine reueller, when shee was yong, and a gallant, and that then (though she say it) she was thought to be the Dame-DIDO, and HELLEN of the court: As also, what a sweet dogge shee had this time foure yeeres, and how it was call'd *Fortune*, and that (if the fates had not cut his thred) he had beene a dogge to haue giuen entertainement to any gallant in this kingdome: and, vnlesse shee had whelpt it her selfe, shee could not haue lou'd a thing better i' this world.

MER. O, I pray thee no more, I am full of her.

CVP. Yes (I must needes tell you) shee composes a sack-posset well; and would court a yong page sweetly, but that her breath is against it.

MER. Now, her breath (or something more strong) protect mee from her: th'other, th'other, CVPID.

CVP: O, that's my lady and mistris, Madam PHILAVTIA. Shee admires not her selfe for any one particularity, but for all: shee is faire, and shee knowes it: shee has a pretty light wit too, and shee knowes it: shee can dance, and shee knowes that too: play at shittle-cock, and that too: no quality shee has, but shee shall take a very particular knowledge of, and most lady-like commend it to you. You shall haue her at any time reade you the historie of her selfe, and very subtilly runne ouer another ladies sufficiencies, to come to her owne. Shee has a good superficiall iudgement in painting; and would seeme to haue so in *poetry*. A most compleat lady in the opinion of some three, beside her-selfe.

PHI. Faith, how lik'd you my quippe to HEDON, about the garter? was't not witty?

MOR. Exceeding witty and integrate: you did so aggrauate the iest withall.

PHI. And did I not dance mouingly the last night?

MOR. Mouingly? out of measure (in troth) sweet *charge*.

MER. A happy commendation, to dance out of measure.

MOR. Saue only you wanted the *swim* i' the turne: ô! when I was at fourteene———

PHI. Nay, that's mine owne from any *Nymph* in the court (I am sure on't) therefore you mistake me in that, *Guardian*: both the *swimme* and the *trip*, are properly mine, euery body will affirme it, that has any iudgement in dancing: I assure you.

PHA. Come now, PHILAVTIA, I am for you, shall we goe?

PHI. I, good PHANTASTE: What! haue you chang'd your head-tire?

PHA. Yes faith, th'other was so neere the common: it had no extraordinary grace; besides, I had worne it almost a day, in good troth.

PHI. I'le bee sworne, this is most excellent for the deuice, and rare. 'Tis after the *italian* print, we look'd on t'other night.

PHA. 'Tis so: By this fanne, I cannot abide any thing that sauours the poore ouer-worne cut, that has any kindred with it; I must haue variety, I: this mixing in fashion I hate it worse, then to burne juniper in my chamber, I protest.

PHI. And yet we cannot haue a new peculiar court-tire, but these *retainers* will haue it; these *Suburbe-sunday-waiters*; these courtiers for *high dayes*; I know not what I should call 'hem———

PHA. O, I, they doe most pittifully imitate, but I haue a tire a comming (yfaith) shall———

MOR. In good certaine, Madam, it makes you looke most heauenly; but (lay your hand on your heart) you neuer skin'd a new beautie more prosperously in your life, nor more metaphysically: looke, good lady, sweet lady, looke.

PHI. Tis very cleere, and well, beleeue me. But if you had seene mine yesterday, when t'was yong, you would haue——who's your Doctor, PHANTASTE?

PHA. Nay, that's counsell, PHILAVTIA, you shall pardon mee: yet (I'le assure you) hee's the most daintie, sweet, absolute rare man of the whole colledge. O! his very lookes, his discourse, his behauiour, all hee doo's is physicke, I protest.

PHI. For heauens sake, his name; good, deare PHANTASTE——

PHA. No, no, no, no, no, no, (beleeue me) not for a million of heauens: I will not make him cheape. Fie———

CVP. There is a *Nymph* too, of a most curious and elaborate straine, light, all motion, an *vbiquitarie*, shee is euery where, PHANTASTE——

MER. Her very name speakes her, let her passe. But are these (CVPID) the starres of CYNTHIAS court? doe these *Nymphs* attend vpon DIANA?

CVP. They are in her court (MERCVRIE) but not as starres, these neuer come in the presence of CYNTHIA. The *Nymphs* that make her traine, are the diuine ARETE, TIMÈ, PHRONESIS, THAVMA, and others of that high sort. These are priuately brought in by MORIA in this licentious time, against her knowledge: and (like so many meteors) will vanish, when shee appeares.

Act II. *Scene* V.

PROSAITES, GELAIA, COS, MERCVRIE, CVPID.

SONG.

COme follow me, my wagges, and say as I say.
There's no riches but in ragges; hey day, hey day.
You that professe this arte, come away, come away,
And helpe to beare a part. Hey day; hey day, &c.

MER.

MER. What! those that were our fellow pages but now, so soone preferr'd to be yeomen of the bottles? the mysterie, the mysterie, good wagges?

CVP. Some dyet-drinke, they haue the guard of.

PRO. No, sir, we are going in quest of a strange fountayne, lately found out.

CVP. By whom?

COS. My master, or the great discouerer, AMORPHVS.

MER. Thou hast well intitled him, COS, for hee will discouer all hee knowes.

GEL. I, and a little more too, when the spirit is vpon him.

PRO. O, the good trauailing gentleman yonder has caus'd such a drought i'the presence, with reporting the wonders of this new water; that all the ladies, and gallants, lie languishing vpon the rushes, like so many pounded cattle i'the midst of haruest, sighing one to another, and gasping, as if each of them expected a cocke from the fountayne, to bee brought into his mouth: and (without we returne quickly) they are all (as a youth would say) no better then a few trowts cast a-shore, or a dish of eeles in a sand-bagge.

MER. Well then, you were best dispatch, and haue a care of them. Come, CVPID, thou and I'le goe peruse this drie wonder.

Act III. *Scene* I.

AMORPHVS, ASOTVS.

SIr, let not this dis-countenance, or dis-gallant you a whit: you must not sinke vnder the first disaster. It is with your young *grammaticall* courtier, as with your *neophyte*-player, a thing vsuall to bee daunted at the first presence, or enter-view: you saw, there was HEDON, and ANAIDES, (farre more practis'd gallants then your selfe) who were both out, to comfort you. It is no disgrace, no more, then for your aduentrous reueller, to fall by some in-auspicious chance in his galliard, or for some subtile *politique*, to vnder-take the bastinado, that the state might thinke worthily of him, and respect him as a man well beaten to the world. What! hath your taylor prouided the propertie (wee spake of) at your chamber, or no?

ASO. I thinke he has.

AMO. Nay (I intreat you) be not so flat, and melancholique. Erect your mind: you shall redeeme this with the courtship I will teach you against after-noone. Where eate you to day?

ASO. Where you please, sir, any where, I.

AMO. Come, let vs goe and taste some light dinner, a dish of slic'd *cauiare*, or so, and after, you shall practise an houre at your lodging, some

few formes that I haue recall'd. If you had but so farre gathered your spirits to you, as to haue taken vp a rush (when you were out) and wagg'd it thus, or clensd your teeth with it: or but turn'd aside, and fain'd some businesse to whisper with your page, till you had recouer'd your selfe, or but found some slight staine in your stocking, or any other prettie inuention (so it had beene sodaine,) you might haue come off with a most cleere, and courtly grace.

ASO. A poyson of all, I thinke I was forespoke, I.

AMO. No, I must tell you, you are not audacious inough, you must frequent ordinaries, a moneth more, to initiate your selfe: In which time, it will not bee amisse, if (in priuate) you keepe good your acquaintance with CRITES, or some other, of his poore coate; visite his lodging secretly, and often: become an earnest suter to heare some of his labours.

ASO. O IOVE! sir, I could neuer get him to reade a line to me.

AMO. You must then wisely mixe your selfe in ranke, with such, as you know can; and, as your eares doe meet with a new *phrase*, or an acute jest, take it in: a quicke nimble memory will lift it away, and, at your next publique meale, it is your owne.

ASO. But I shall neuer vtter it perfectly, sir.

AMO. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talke you shall play it away, as you doe your light crownes at *primero*: It will passe.

ASO. I shall attempt, sir.

AMO. Doe. It is your shifting age for wit, and I assure you, men must bee prudent. After this, you may to court, and there fall in, first with the wayting-woman, then with the lady. Put case they doe retaine you there, as a fit property, to hire coaches some paire of months, or so; or to read them asleep in afternoones vpon some pretty pamphlet, to breathe you; why, it shall in time imbolden you to some farther atchivement: In the *interim*, you may fashion your selfe to bee carelesse, and impudent.———

ASO. How if they would haue me to make verses? I heard *Hedon* spoke to for some.

AMO. Why, you must prooue the aptitude of your *Genius*; if you find none, you must harken out a *veine*, and buy: prouided you pay for the silence, as for the worke. Then you may securely call it your owne.

ASO. Yes, and I'le giue out my acquaintance with all the best writers, to countenance me the more.

AMO. Rather seeme not to know'hem, it is your best. I. Be wise, that you neuer so much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mention'd; but if they be offerd to you in discourse, shake your light head, make betweene a sad and a smiling face, pittie some, raile at all, and commend your selfe: 't is your onely safe, and vnsuspected course. Come, you shall looke back vpon the court againe to day, and be restor'd to your colours: I doe now partly aime at the cause of your repulse——— (which was omenous indeed) for as you enter at the doore, there is oppos'd to you the frame

frame of a woolfe in the hangings, which (surprizing your eye sodainely) gaue a false alarme to the heart; and that was it call'd your bloud out of your face, and so rowted the whole ranke of your spirits : I beseech you labour to forget it. And remember (as I inculcated to you before,for your comfort) HEDON, and ANAIDES.

Act III. *Scene* II.

HEDON, ANAIDES.

HArt, was there euer so prosperous an inuention thus vnluckily peruerted,and spoyl'd by a whore-sonne booke-worme,a candle-waster?

ANA. Nay, be not impatient, HEDON.

HED. S'light, I would faine know his name.

ANA. Hang him, poore grogran-rascall, pray thee thinke not of him : I'le send for him to my lodging, and haue him blanketted when thou wilt, man.

HED. By gods so; I would thou could'st. Looke, here hee comes. Laugh at him, laugh at him, ha, ha, ha. *Crites passeth by.*

ANA. Fough, he smels all lamp-oyle, with studying by candle-light.

HED. How confidently he went by vs, and carelesly! neuer moou'd! nor stirr'd at any thing! did you obserue him?

ANA. I, a poxe on him, let him goe,dormouse: he is in a dreame now. He has no other time to sleepe, but thus, when hee walkes abroad, to take the ayre.

HED. Gods precious, this afflicts mee more then all the rest, that wee should so particularly direct our hate, and contempt against him, and hee to carrie it thus without wound,or passion!'tis insufferable.

ANA. S'lid, (my deare *enuie)* if thou but saist the word now,Ile vn-doe him eternally for thee.

HED. How, sweet ANAIDES?

ANA. Mary halfe a score of vs get him in (one night) and make him pawne his wit for a supper.

HED. Away,thou hast such vnseasonable jests. By this heauen,I wonder at nothing more then our gentlemen-vshers, that will suffer a piece of serge, or *perpetuana*, to come into the presence : mee thinkes they should (out of their experience) better distinguish the silken disposition of courtiers, then to let such terrible coorse ragges mixe with vs, able to fret any smooth or gentile societie to the threeds with their rubbing deuices.

ANA. Vnlesse 't were *Lent, Ember weekes,* or *Fasting dayes*, when the place is most penuriously emptie of all other good outsides. Dam' mee, if I should aduenture on his companie once more, without a sute of buffe, to defend my wit; he does nothing but stab the slaue: how mischieuously he cross'd thy deuice of the *prophesie* there? And MORIA, shee comes without her muffe too, and there my inuention was lost.

HED. Well, I am resolu'd what Ile doe.

ANA. What, my good spirituous sparke?

HED. Mary, speake all the venome I can of him; and poyson his reputation in euery place, where I come.

ANA. 'Fore god, most courtly.

HED. And if I chance to bee present where any question is made of his sufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done priuate, or publike, Ile censure it slightly, and ridiculously.———

ANA. At any hand beware of that, so thou maist draw thine owne iudgement in suspect. No, Ile instruct thee what thou shalt doe, and by a safer meanes: Approue any thing thou hearest of his, to the receiu'd opinion of it; but if it bee extraordinarie, giue it from him to some other, whom thou more particularly affect'st. That's the way to plague him, and he shall neuer come to defend himselfe. S'lud, Ile giue out, all he does is dictated from ōther men, and sweare it too (if thou'lt ha'mee) and that I know the time, and place where he stole it, though my soule bee guiltie of no such thing; and that I thinke, out of my heart, hee hates such barren shifts: yet to doe thee a pleasure, and him a disgrace, I'le dam' my selfe, or doe any thing.

HED. Gramercies, my deare *deuill:* weele put it seriously in practice, yfaith.

Act III. *Scene* III.

CRITES.

DOe, good *detraction*, doe, and I the while
Shall shake thy spight off with a carelesse smile.
Poore pittious gallants! What leane idle sleights
Their thoughts suggest to flatter their staru'd hopes?
As if I knew not how to entertaine
These straw-deuices: but, of force, must yeeld
To the weake stroke of their calumnious tongues.
What should I care what euery dor doth buzze
In credulous eares? it is a crowne to me,
That the best iudgements can report me wrong'd;
Them lyars; and their slanders impudent.
Perhaps (vpon the rumour of their speeches)
Some grieued friend will whisper to me, CRITES,
Men speake ill of thee; so they be ill men,
If they spake worse, 'twere better: for of such
To be disprais'd, is the most perfect praise.
What can his censure hurt me, whom the world
Hath censur'd vile before me? If good CHRESTVS,
EVTHVS, or PHRONIMVS, had spoke the words,
They would haue moou'd me, and I should haue call'd

My

My thoughts, and actions, to a strict accompt
Vpon the hearing: But when I remember,
'Tis HEDON, and ANAIDES : alasse, then,
I thinke but what they are, and am not stirr'd.
The one, a light voluptuous reueller,
The other a strange arrogating puffe,
Both impudent, and ignorant inough ;
That talke (as they are wont) not as I merit :
Traduce by custome, as most dogges doe barke,
Doe nothing out of judgement, but disease,
Speake ill, because they neuer could speake well.
And who'ld be angry with this race of creatures ?
What wise physician haue we euer seene
Moou'd with a frantike man ? the same affects
That he doth beare to his sicke patient,
Should a right minde carrie to such as these:
And I doe count it a most rare reuenge,
That I can thus (with such a sweet neglect)
Plucke from them all the pleasure of their malice.
For that's the marke of all their inginous drifts,
To wound my patience, howsoe're they seeme
To aime at other obiects : which if miss'd,
Their enui's like an arrow, shot vpright,
That, in the fall, indangers their owne heads.

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

ARETE, CRITES.

WHat, CRITES! where haue you drawne forth the day ?
You haue not visited your jealous friends ?
CRI. Where I haue seene (most honour'd ARETE,)
The strangest pageant, fashion'd like a court,
(At least I dream't I saw it) so diffus'd,
So painted, pyed, and full of rainbow straines,
As neuer yet (eyther by time, or place)
Was made the food to my distasted sence :
Nor can my weake imperfect memorie
Now render halfe the formes vnto my tongue,
That were conuolu'd within this thriftie roome.
Here,stalkes me by a proud, and spangled sir,
That lookes three hand-fuls higher then his fore-top ;
Sauours himselfe alone, is onely kind
And louing to himselfe : one that will speake
More darke, and doubtfull then six *oracles* ;
Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch,

Is his owne *chronicle*, and scarce can eat
For registring himselfe : is waited on
By mimiques, jesters, pandars, parasites,
And other such like prodigies of men.
He past, appeares some mincing marmoset
Made all of clothes, and face; his limbes so set
As if they had some voluntarie act
Without mans motion, and must mooue iust so
In spite of their creation : one that weighes
His breath betweene his teeth, and dares not smile
Beyond a point, for feare t'vnstarch his looke ;
Hath trauell'd to make legs, and seene the cringe
Of seuerall courts, and courtiers ; knowes the time
Of giuing titles, and of taking wals ;
Hath read court-common-places ; made them his :
Studied the *grammar* of state, and all the rules
Each formall vsher in that politike schoole,
Can teach a man. A third comes giuing nods
To his repenting creditors, protests
To weeping sutors, takes the comming gold
Of insolent, and base ambition,
That hourely rubs his dry, and itchie palmes :
Which grip't, like burning coales, he hurles away
Into the laps of bawdes, and buffons mouthes.
With him there meets some subtle PROTEVS, one
Can change, and varie with all formes he sees ;
Be any thing but honest ; serues the time ;
Houers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both ; which (with crosse face) he beares
To the diuided heads, and is receiu'd
With mutuall grace of eyther : one that dares
Doe deeds worthie the hurdle, or the wheele,
To be thought some bodie ; and is (in sooth)
Such as the *Satyrist* points truly forth,
That onely to his crimes owes all his worth.
ARE. You tell vs wonders, CRITES.
CRI. This is nothing.
There stands a *Neophyte* glazing of his face,
Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his haire,
Against his idoll enters ; and repeates
(Like an vnperfect *prologue*, at third musike)
His part of speeches, and confederate iests,
In passion to himselfe. Another sweares
His *Scene* of courtship ouer; bids, beleeue him,
Twentie times, ere they will ; anon, doth seeme

As

As he would kisse away his hand in kindnesse;
Then walkes of melancholike, and stands wreath'd,
As he were pinn'd vp to the arras, thus.
A third is most in action, swimmes, and friskes,
Playes with his mistresse pappes, salutes her pumps,
Adores her hems, her skirts, her knots, her curles,
Will spend his patrimonie for a garter,
Or the least feather in her bounteous fanne.
A fourth,he onely comes in for a *mute :*
Diuides the *act* with a dumbe shew, and *exit.*
Then must the ladies laugh, straight comes their *Scene,*
A sixt times worse confusion then the rest.
Where you shall heare one talke of this mans *eye ;*
Another, of his lip; a third, his nose ;
A fourth commend his legge; a fift his foot;
A sixt his hand; and euery one a limme :
That you would thinke the poore distorted gallant
Must there expire. Then fall they in discourse
Of tires,and fashions, how they must take place,
Where they may kisse, and whom, when to sit downe,
And with what grace to rise; if they salute,
What curt'sie they must vse : such cob-web stuffe,
As would enforce the common'st sense abhorre
Th'*Arachnean* workers.

ARE. Patience, gentle CRITES.
This knot of spiders will be soone dissolu'd,
And all their webs swept out of CYNTHIAS court,
When once her glorious *deitie* appeares,
And but presents it selfe in her full light :
Till when, goe in, and spend your houres with vs
Your honour'd friends, TIMÈ, and PHRONESIS,
In contemplation of our goddesse name.
Thinke on some sweet, and choice inuention,now,
Worthie her serious, and illustrous eyes,
That from the merit of it we may take
Desir'd occasion to preferre your worth,
And make your seruice knowne to CYNTHIA.
It is the pride of ARETE to grace
Her studious louers ; and (in scorne of time,
Enuie, and ignorance) to lift their state
Aboue a vulgar height. True happinesse
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth, and choice. Nor would I haue
Vertue a popular regard pursue:
Let them be good that loue me, though but few.

CRI.

CRI. I kisse thy hands, diuinest ARETE,
And vow my selfe to thee, and CYNTHIA.

Act III. *Scene* V.

AMORPHVS, ASOTVS.

A Little more forward: So, sir. Now goe in, dis-cloke your selfe, and come forth. Taylor, bestow thy absence vpon vs; and bee not prodigall of this secret, but to a deare customer. 'Tis well enterd, sir. Stay, you come on too fast; your pase is too impetuous. Imagine this to be the *palace* of your *pleasure*, or place, where your lady is pleas'd to bee seene. First, you present your selfe, thus: and spying her, you fall off, and walke some two turnes; in which time, it is to bee suppos'd, your passion hath sufficiently whited your face: then (stifling a sigh or two, and closing your lips) with a trembling boldnesse, and bold terrour, you aduance your selfe forward. Proue thus much, I pray you.

ASO. Yes, sir, (pray IOVE I can light on it) Here, I come in, you say, and present my selfe?

AMO. Good.

ASO. And then I spie her, and walke off?

AMO. Very good.

ASO. Now, sir, I stifle, and aduance forward?

AMO. Trembling.

ASO. Yes, sir, trembling: I shall doe it better when I come to it. And what must I speake now?

AMO. Mary, you shall say: Deare beautie, or, sweet honour (or by what other title you please to remember her) me thinkes you are melancholy. This is, if shee be alone now, and discompanied.

ASO. Well, sir, Ile enter againe; her title shall be, My deare LINDABRIDES.

AMO. LINDABRIDES?

ASO. I, sir, the Emperour ALICANDROES daughter, and the Prince MERIDIANS sister (in the *Knight of the Sunne)* shee should haue beene married to him, but that the Princesse CLARIDIANA———

AMO. O, you betray your reading.

ASO. Nay, sir, I haue read historie, I am a little *humanitian*. Interrupt me not, good sir. My deare LINDABRIDES, My deare LINDABRIDES, My deare LINDABRIDES, me thinkes you are melancholy.

AMO. I, and take her by the rosie-finger'd hand.

ASO. Must I so? O, my deare LINDABRIDES, mee thinkes you are melancholy.

AMO. Or thus, sir. All varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend this deare beautie.

ASO.

ASO. Beleeue mee, that's pretty. All varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attires, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this deare beautie.

AMO. And then, offring to kisse her hand, if shee shall coily recoile, and signifie your repulse; you are to re-enforce your selfe, with, More then most faire ladie, let not the rigour of your iust disdaine thus coursly censure of your seruants zeale: and, withall, protest her, to be the onely, and absolute vnparalell'd creature you do adore and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome.

ASO. This is hard, by my faith. I'le begin it all, againe.

AMO. Doe so, and I will act it for your ladie.

ASO. Will you vouchsafe, sir? All varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend this deare beautie.

AMO. So, sir, pray you away.

ASO. More then most faire ladie, let not the rigour of your iust disdaine, thus coursly censure of your seruants zeale, I protest, you are the onely, and absolute, vnapparelled———

AMO. Vnparalelld.

ASO. Vnparalelld creature, I doe adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome.

AMO. This is, if shee abide you. But now, put case shee should bee *passant* when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your gate thereafter, and call vpon her, Ladie, *Nymph*, Sweet refuge, Starre of our court. Then if shee be *guardant*, here: you are to come on, and (laterally disposing your selfe) sweare, by her blushing and well coloured cheeke, the bright die of her haire, her iuorie teeth (though they be ebonie) or some such white, and innocent oth, to induce you. If *reguardant*, then maintaine your station, briske, and irpe, shew the supple motion of your pliant bodie, but (in chiefe) of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proud humour exceedingly.

ASO. I conceiue you, sir, I shall performe all these things in good time, I doubt not, they doe so hit me.

AMO. Well, sir, I am your ladie; make vse of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your owne inuention: and proue, how you can hold vp, and follow it. Say, say.

ASO. Yes, sir, my deare LINDABRIDES.———

AMO. No, you affect that LINDABRIDES too much. And (let mee tell you) it is not so courtly. Your *pedant* should prouide you some parcells of *french*, or some pretty commoditie of *italian* to commence with, if you would be exoticke, and exquisite.

ASO. Yes, sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning, I gaue him a doublet.

AMO. Double your beneuolence, and giue him the hose too, clothe you his bodie, he will helpe to apparell your mind. But now, see what

your

your proper GENIVS can performe alone, without adiection of any other MINERVA.

ASO. I comprehend you, sir.

AMO. I doe stand you, sir: fall backe to your first place. Good, passing well: Very properly pursude.

ASO. Beautifull, ambiguous, and sufficient ladie, what! are you all alone?

AMO. We would be, sir, if you would leaue vs.

ASO. I am at your beauties appointment, bright angell; but———

AMO. What but?

ASO. No harme, more then most faire feature.

AMO. That touch relished well.

ASO. But, I protest———

AMO. And why should you protest?

ASO. For good will (deare esteem'd Madam) and I hope, your ladiship will so conceiue of it:

And will, in time, returne from your disdaine,
And rue the suffrance of our friendly paine.

AMO. O, that peece was excellent! if you could picke out more of these *play-particles*, and (as occasion shall salute you) embroider, or damaske your discourse with them, perswade your soule, it would most iudiciously commend you. Come, this was a well discharg'd, and auspicious bout. Proue the second.

ASO. Ladie, I cannot ruffle it in red and yellow.

AMO. Why, if you can reuell it in white, sir, 'tis sufficient.

ASO. Say you so, sweet ladie? *Lan, tede, de, de, de, dant, dant, dant, dante, &c.* No (in good faith) Madame, whosoeuer told your ladiship so, abusde you; but I would be glad to meet your ladiship in a measure.

AMO. Me, sir? belike you measure me by your selfe, then?

ASO. Would I might, faire feature.

AMO. And what were you the better, if you might?

ASO. The better it please you to aske, faire ladie.

AMO. Why, this was rauishing, and most acutely continu'd. Well, spend not your humour too much, you haue now competently exercised your conceit: This (once or twice a day) will render you an accomplisht, elaborate, and well leuelled gallant. Conuey in your courting-stock, wee will (in the heat of this) goe visit the *Nymphs* chamber.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

PHANTASTE, PHILAVTIA, ARGVRION, MORIA, CVPID.

I Would this water would ariue once, our trauailing friend so commended to vs.

ARG. So would I, for hee has left all vs in trauaile with expectation of it.

PHA.

PHA. Pray IOVE, I neuer rise from this couch, if euer I thirsted more for a thing, in my whole time of being a courtier.

PHI. Nor I, I'le be sworne: The very mention of it sets my lips in a worse heate, then if hee had sprinkled them with *mercurie*. Reach mee the glasse, sirrah.

CVP. Here, ladie.

MOR. They doe not peele, sweet *Charge*, doe they?

PHI. Yes, a little, *Guardian*.

MOR. O, 'tis an eminent good signe. Euer when my lips doe so, I am sure to haue some delicious good drinke, or other approching.

ARG. Mary, and this may be good for vs ladies: for (it seemes) tis far-fet by their stay.

MOR. My palate for yours (deare *Honor)* it shall proue most elegant, I warrant you: O, I doe fancy this geare that's long a comming, with an vnmeasurable straine.

PHA. Pray thee sit downe, PHILAVTIA, that rebatu becomes thee singularly.

PHI. Is't not queint?

PHA. Yes faith. Me thinkes, thy seruant HEDON is nothing so obsequious to thee, as he was wont to be: I know not how, hee's growne out of his garbe a-late, hee's warpt.

MOR. In trewnesse, and so me thinkes too; he's much conuerted.

PHI. Tut, let him bee what hee will, 'tis an *animall* I dreame not of. This tire (me thinkes) makes me looke very ingeniously, quick, and spirited, I should be some LAVRA, or some DELIA, me thinkes.

MOR. As I am wise (faire *Honors)* that title shee gaue him, to bee her *Ambition*, spoild him: Before, hee was the most propitious, and obseruant young nouice———

PHA. No, no, you are the whole heauen awry, *Guardian:* 'tis the swaggering coach-horse ANAIDES, drawes with him there, has beene the diuerter of him.

PHI. For CVPIDS sake, speake no more of him; would I might neuer dare to looke in a mirror againe, if I respect ere a marmaset of 'hem al, otherwise, then I would a feather, or my shittle-cock, to make sport with, now and then.

PHA. Come, sit downe; troth (and you be good *Beauties)* let's runne ouer 'hem all now: Which is the properst man amongst them? I say, the trauailer, AMORPHVS.

PHI. O, fie on him, he lookes like a *Venetian* trumpetter, i' the battaile of *Lepanto*, in the gallerie yonder; and speakes to the tune of a countrey ladie, that comes euer i' the rereward, or traine of a fashion.

MOR. I should haue iudgement in a feature, sweet *Beauties*.

PHA. A bodie would thinke so, at these yeeres.

MOR. And I preferre another now, far before him, a million at least.

PHA. Who might that be, *Guardian?*

MOR. Mary (faire *Charge)* ANAIDES.

PHA. ANAIDES! you talk't of a tune PHILAVTIA, there's one speakes in a key: like the opening of some Iustices gate, or a poste-boies horne, as if his voice fear'd an arrest for some ill wordes it should giue, and were loth to come forth.

PHI. I, and he has a very imperfect face.

PHA. Like a sea-monster, that were to rauish ANDROMEDA from the rocke.

PHI. His hand's too great too, by at least a strawes breadth

PHA. Nay, he has a worse fault then that, too.

PHI. A long heele?

PHA. That were a fault in a ladie, rather then him: No, they say, hee puts off the calues of his legs, with his stockings, euery night.

PHI. Out vpon him: turne to another of the pictures, for loues sake. What saies ARGVRION? whom doo's shee commend, afore the rest?

CVP. I hope, I haue instructed her sufficiently for an answere.

MOR. Troth, I made the motion to her ladiship for one to day, i' the presence, but it appear'd shee was other-waies furnisht before: Shee would none.

PHA. Who was that, ARGVRION?

MOR. Mary, the poore plaine gentleman, i' the blacke, there.

PHA. Who, CRITES?

ARG. I, I, he. A fellow, that no body so much as lookt vpon, or regarded, and shee would haue had me done him particular grace.

PHA. That was a true tricke of your selfe, MORIA, to perswade ARGVRION to affect the scholer.

ARG. Tut, but shee shall be no chuser for me. In good faith, I like the citizens sonne there, ASOTVS, mee thinkes, none of them all come neere him.

PHA. Not, HEDON?

ARG. HEDON, in troth no. HEDON'S a pretty slight courtier, and he weares his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion: Mary, his face is but indifferent, and he has no such excellent body. No, th'other is a most delicate youth, a sweet face, a streight body, a well proportion'd legge and foot, a white hand, a tender voice.

PHI. How now, ARGVRION?

PHA. O, you should haue let her alone, shee was bestowing a copy of him vpon vs. Such a nose were inough to make me loue a man, now.

PHI. And then his seuerall colours he weares; wherein he flourisheth changeably, euery day.

PHA. O, but his short haire, and his narrow eyes!

PHI. Why, shee dotes more palpably vpon him, then ere his father did vpon her.

PHA. Beleeue mee, the young gentleman deserues it. If shee could dote more, 'twere not amisse. Hee is an exceeding proper youth, and would

would haue made a most neate barber-surgeon, if hee had beene put to it in time.

PHI. Say you so? me thinkes, he lookes like a taylour alreadie.

PHA. I, that had sayed on one of his customers sutes. His face is like a squeezed orange, or———

ARG. Well, ladies, jest on: the best of you both would be glad of such a seruant.

MOR. I, I'le be sworne would they, though hee be a little shame-fac'd.

PHA. Shame-fac'd, MORIA! out vpon him. Your shame-fac'd seruant is your onely gull.

MOR. Goe to, *Beauties*, make much of time, and place, and occasion, and opportunitie, and fauourites, and things that belong to 'hem, for I'le ensure you, they will all relinquish; they cannot indure aboue another yeere; I know it out of future experience: and therefore take exhibition, and warning. I was once a reueller my selfe, and though I speak it (as mine owne trumpet) I was then esteem'd———

PHI. The very march-pane of the court, I warrant you?

PHA. And all the gallants came about you like flyes, did they not?

MOR. Goe to, they did somewhat, that's no matter now.

PHA. Nay, good MORIA, be not angrie. Put case, that wee foure now had the grant from IVNO, to wish our selues into what happie estate wee could? what would you wish to be, MORIA?

MOR. Who I? Let me see now. I would wish to be a wisewoman, and know all the secrets of court, citie, and countrie. I would know what were done behind the arras, what vpon the staires, what i' the garden, what i' the *Nymphs* chamber, what by barge, & what by coach. I would tel you which courtier were scabbed, and which not; which ladie had her owne face to lie with her a-nights, & which not; who put off their teeth with their clothes in court, who their haire, who their complexion; and in which boxe they put it. There should not a *Nymph*, or a widdow be got with childe i' the verge, but I would guesse (within one or two,) who was the right father: and in what moneth it was gotten; with what words; and which way. I would tell you, which Madame lou'd a *Monsieur*, which a player, which a page; who slept with her husband, who with her friend, who with her gentleman-vsher, who with her horse-keeper, who with her monkie, and who with all. Yes, and who jigg'd the cocke too.

PHA. Fye, you'ld tell all, MORIA. If I should wish now, it should bee to haue your tongue out. But what sayes PHILAVTIA? who would she be?

PHI. Troth, the verie same I am. Onely I would wish my selfe a little more command, and soueraignetie; that all the court were subiect to my absolute becke, and all things in it depending on my looke; as if there were no other heauen, but in my smile, nor other hell, but in my frowne; that I might send for any man I list, and haue his head cut off, when I haue done with him; or made an *eunuch*, if he denyed mee: and if I saw a bet-

ter face then mine owne, I might haue my doctor to poyson it. What would you wish, PHANTASTE?

PHA. Faith, I cannot (readily) tell you what: But (mee thinkes) I should wish my selfe all manner of creatures. Now, I would bee an empresse; and by and by a dutchesse; then a great ladie of state; then one of your *miscelany* madams; then a waiting-woman; then your cittizens wife; then a course countrey gentlewoman; then a deyrie maide; then a shepheards lasse; then an empresse againe, or the queene of *fayries*: And thus I would prooue the vicissitudes,and whirle of pleasures, about, and againe. As I were a shepheardesse, I would bee pip'd and sung too; as a deyrie wench, I would dance at *may*-poles, and make sillabubbes; As a countrey gentlewoman, keep a good house, and come vp to terme,to see motions; As a cittizens wife, bee troubled with a iealous husband, and put to my shifts; (others miseries should bee my pleasures) As a waiting-woman, I would taste my ladies delights to her; As a *miscellany* madame inuent new tyres, and goe visite courtiers; As a great ladie, lye a bed,and haue courtiers visite mee; As a dutchesse,I would keepe my state: and as an empresse, I'ld doe any thing. And, in all these shapes, I would euer bee follow'd with th'affections of all that see mee. Mary, I my selfe would affect none; or if I did, it should not bee heartily, but so as I might saue my selfe in 'hem still, and take pride in tormenting the poore wretches. Or, (now I thinke on't) I would, for one yeere, wish my selfe one woman,but the richest, fairest, and delicatest in a kingdome,the very center of wealth, and beautie, wherein all lines of loue should meet; and in that person I would prooue all manner of suters, of all humours, and of all complexions, and neuer haue any two of a sort: I would see how *Loue* (by the power of his object) could worke inwardly alike, in a colericke man, and a sanguine; in a melancholique,and a phlegmatique; in a foole,and a wise man; in a clôwne,and a courtier;in a valiant man,and a coward: and how he could varie outward,by letting this gallant expresse himselfe in dumbe gaze; another with sighing, and rubbing his fingers; a third, with play-ends, and pittifull verses; a fourth, with stabbing himselfe, and drinking healths, or writing languishing letters in his bloud; a fifth, in colour'd ribbands, and good clothes; with this lord to smile, and that lord to court, and the t'other lord to dote, and one lord to hang himselfe. And then, I to haue a booke made of all this, which I would call the booke of humours, and euery night reade a little piece, ere I slept, and laugh at it.

Here comes HEDON.

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

HEDON, ANAIDES, MERCVRIE, PHANTASTE, PHILAVTIA, MORIA, ARGVRION, CVPID.

SAue you, sweet and cleere beauties: By the spirit that moues in me, you are all most pleasingly bestow'd, ladies. Onely, I can take it for no good *omen*, to find mine *Honor* so deiected.

PHI. You need not feare, sir, I did of purpose humble my selfe against your comming, to decline the pride of my *ambition*.

HED. Faire *Honor*, *Ambition* dares not stoope; but if it be your sweet pleasure, I shall lose that title, I will (as I am HEDON) apply my selfe to your bounties.

PHI. That were the next way to distitle my selfe of *honor*. O, no, rather be still *ambitious*, I pray you.

HED. I will be any thing that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to bee your selfe, ladie. Sweet PHANTASTE, deare MORIA, most beautifull ARGVRION———

ANA. Farewell, HEDON.

HED. ANAIDES, stay, whither goe you?

ANA. S'light, what should I doe here? and you engrosse 'hem all for your owne vse, 'tis time for me to seeke out.

HED. I, engrosse 'hem? Away, mischiefe, this is one of your extrauagant iests now, because I began to salute 'hem by their names———

ANA. Faith, you might haue sparde vs Madame *Prudence*, the *Guardian* there, though you had more couetously aym'd at the rest.

HED. S'heart, take 'hem all, man: what speake you to me of ayming, or couetous?

ANA. I, say you so? nay, then, haue at 'hem: ladies, here's one hath distinguish'd you by your names alreadie. It shall onely become me, to aske, How you doe?

HED. Gods so, was this the designe you trauaill'd with?

PHA. Who answeres the brazen head? it spoke to some bodie.

ANA. Lady *Wisedome*, doe you interpret for these puppets?

MOR. In truth, and sadnesse *(Honors)* you are in great offence for this, goe too: the gentleman (I'le vnder-take with him) is a man of faire liuing, and able to maintaine a ladie in her two carroches a day, besides pages, munkeys, and parachitos, with such attendants as shee shall thinke meet for her turne, and therefore there is more respect requirable, howsoere you seeme to conniue. Harke you, sir, let mee discourse a sillable with you. I am to say to you, these ladies are not of that close, and open behauiour, as happily you may suspend; their carriage is well knowne, to be such as it should be, both gentle and extraordinarie.

MOR. O, here comes the other paire.

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, HEDON, ANAIDES, MERCVRIE, CVPID, PHANTASTE, PHILAVTIA, ARGVRION, MORIA.

THat was your fathers loue, the *Nymph* ARGVRION. I would haue you direct all your courtship thither, if you could but endeare your selfe to her affection, you were eternally en-gallanted.

ASO. In truth, sir? pray PHŒBVS I proue fauour-some in her faire eyes.

AMO. All diuine mixture, and increase of beautie to this bright beuy of ladies; and to the male-courtiers, complement, and courtesie.

HED. In the behalfe of the males, I gratifie you, AMORPHVS.

PHA. And I, of the females.

AMO. Succinctly return'd. I doe vale to both your thankes,and kisse them: but primarily to yours, most ingenious,acute,and polite ladie.

PHI. Gods my life, how hee doe's all to bee qualifie her! ingenious, acute, and polite? as if there were not others in place as ingenious, acute, and polite, as shee.

HED. Yes, but you must know, ladie, hee cannot speake out of a *dictionarie* method.

PHA. Sit downe, sweet AMORPHVS: When will this water come, thinke you?

AMO. It cannot now be long, faire ladie.

CVP. Now obserue, MERCVRY.

ASO. How? most ambiguous beautie? loue you? that I will by this hand-kercher.

MER. S'lid, he drawes his othes out of his pocket.

ARG. But, will you be constant?

ASO. Constant, Madam? I will not say for constantnesse, but by this purse (which I would be loth to sweare by, vnlesse 'twere embroider'd) I protest (more then most faire ladie) you are the onely, absolute,and vnparalelld creature, I doe adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome: Mee thinkes you are melancholy.

ARG. Do's your heart speake all this?

ASO. Say you?———

MER. O, he is groping for another oth.

ASO. Now, by this watch (I marle how forward the day is) I doe vnfeignedly vow my selfe (s'light 'tis deeper then I tooke it, past fiue) yours entirely addicted, Madame.

ARG. I require no more, dearest ASOTVS, hence-forth let mee call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to weare this chaine,and this diamond.

ASO.

ASO. O god, sweet ladie !

CVP. There are new othes for him : what ? doth HERMES taste no alteration, in all this ?

MER. Yes, thou hast strooke ARGVRION inamour'd on ASOTVS, me thinkes.

CVP. Alas, no ; I am no-body, I : I can doe nothing in this disguise.

MER. But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, CVPID ?

CVP. Not yet : it is enough that I haue begun so prosperously.

ARG. Nay, these are nothing to the gems I will hourely bestow vpon thee : be but faithfull, and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richest bounties : behold, here my bracelets, from mine armes.

ASO. Not so, good ladie, By this diamond.

ARG. Take 'hem, weare 'hem : my iewels, chaine of pearle, pendants, all I haue.

ASO. Nay then, by this pearle, you make me a wanton.

CVP. Shall not shee answere for this , to maintayne him thus in swearing ?

MER. O, no, there is a way to weane him from this, the gentleman may be reclaim'd.

CVP. I, if you had the ayring of his apparell, couss', I thinke.

ASO. Louing ? 'twere pitty I should be liuing else, beleeue me. Saue you, sir. Saue you,sweet ladie.Saue you,Monsieur ANAIDES. Saue you, deare Madame.

ANA. Do'st thou know him that saluted thee, HEDON ?

HED. No, some idle FVNGOSO, that hath got aboue the cup-board, since yesterday.

ANA. S'lud, I neuer saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as familiarly, as if we had knowne together, since the deluge, or the first yeere of *Troy*-action.

AMO. A most right-handed, and auspicious encounter. Confine your selfe to your fortunes.

PHI. For sports sake, let's haue some *riddles*, or *purposes* ; hough.

PHA. No faith, your *prophecies* are best, the t'other are stale.

PHI. *Prophecies ?* we cannot all sit in at them ; wee shall make a confusion. No ; what calld you that we had in the fore-noone ?

PHA. *Substantiues*, and *Adiectiues*. Ist not HEDON ?

PHI. I, that, who begins ?

PHA. I haue thought ; speake your *Adiectiues*, sirs.

PHI. But doe not you change, then ?

PHA. Not I , who saies ?

MOR. Odoriferous.

PHI. Popular.

ARG. Humble.

ANA. White-liuer'd.

HED. Barbarous.

AMO.

AMO. *Pythagoricall.*

HED. Yours, Signior.

ASO. What must I doe, sir ?

AMO. Giue forth your *Adiectiue*, with the rest ; as, prosperous, good, faire, sweet, well———

HED. Any thing, that hath not beene spoken.

ASO. Yes, sir : well-spoken, shall be mine.

PHA. What ? ha' you all done?

ALL. I.

PHA. Then the *Substantiue* is Breeches. Why odoriferous Breeches, *Guardian ?*

MOR. Odoriferous, because odoriferous ; that which containes most varietie of sauour, and smell, we say is most odoriferous : now, Breeches I presume are incident to that varietie , and therefore odoriferous Breeches.

PHA. Well, we must take it howsoeuer, who's next ? PHILAVTIA.

PHI. Popular.

PHA. Why popular Breeches ?

PHI. Mary, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in court, but will presse forth on common stages,and brokers stalls,to the publique view of the world.

PHA. Good : why humble Breeches ? ARGVRION.

ARG. Humble, because they vse to be sate vpon ; besides , if you tie 'hem not vp, their propertie is to fall downe about your heeles.

MER. Shee has worne the breeches, it seemes, which haue done so.

PHA. But why white-liuer'd ?

ANA. Why ? 'shart , are not their linings white ? besides , when they come in swaggering companie , and will pocket vp any thing , may they not properly be said to be white-liuer'd ?

PHA. O , yes , wee must not denie it. And why barbarous , HEDON ?

HED. Barbarous , because commonly , when you haue worne your breeches sufficiently, you giue them to your Barber.

AMO. That's good : but now *Pythagoricall ?*

PHA. I, AMORPHVS. Why *Pythagoricall* Breeches ?

AMO. O, most kindly of all, 'tis a conceit of that fortune,I am bold to hug my braine for.

PHA. How ist, exquisite AMORPHVS?

AMO. O, I am rapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy———

PHI. Nay, doe not racke vs thus ?

AMO. I neuer truly relisht my selfe, before. Giue me your eares. Breeches *Pythagoricall*, by reason of their transmigration, into seuerall shapes.

MOR. Most rare, in sweet troth. Mary, this young gentleman, for his well-spoken———

PHA. I, why well-spoken Breeches ?

ASO. Well-spoken? mary well-spoken, because---whatsoeuer they speake, is well taken; and whatsoeuer is well taken, is well-spoken.

MOR. Excellent! beleeue me.

ASO. Not so, ladies, neither.

HED. But why Breeches, now?

PHA. Breeches, *quasi* beare-riches; when a gallant beares all his riches in his breeches:

AMO. Most fortunately *etymologyz'd*.

PHA. Nay, we haue another sport afore this, of *A thing done*, and, *Who did it, &c.*

PHI. I, good PHANTASTE, let's haue that: Distribute the *places*.

PHA. Why, I imagine, *A thing done*; HEDON thinkes, *Who did it*; MORIA, *With what it was done*; ANAIDES, *Where it was done*; ARGVRION, *When it was done*; AMORPHVS, *For what cause it was done*; you PHILAVTIA, *What followed vpon the doing of it*; and this gentleman, *Who would haue done it better*. What? is't conceiu'd about?

ALL. Yes, yes.

PHA. Then speake you, sir. *Who would haue done it better?*

ASO. How! do's it beginne at me

PHA. Yes, sir: This play is cal'd the *Crab*, it goes backward.

ASO. May I not name my selfe?

PHA. If you please, sir, and dare abide the venture of it.

ASO. Then, I would haue done it better, what euer it is.

PHA. No doubt on't, sir: a good confidence. *What followed vpon the act*, PHILAVTIA?

PHI. A few heate drops, and a moneths mirth.

PHA. *For what cause*, AMORPHVS?

AMO. For the delight of ladies.

PHA. *When*, ARGVRION?

ARG. Last progresse.

PHA. *Where*, ANAIDES?

ANA. Why, in a paire of pain'd slops.

PHA. *With what*, MORIA?

MOR. With a glyster.

PHA. *Who*, HEDON?

HED. A trauailer.

PHA. Then, *The thing done* was, An oration was made. Rehearse. An oration was made.

HED. By a trauailer.

MOR. With a glyster.

ANA. In a paire of pain'd slops,

ARG. Last progresse.

AMO. For the delight of ladies.

PHI. A few heat drops, and a moneths mirth followed.

PHA. And, this silent gentleman would haue done it better.

ASO.

ASO. This was not so good, now.

PHI. In good faith, these vnhappie pages would be whipt, for staying thus.

MOR. Beshrew my hand, and my heart, else.

AMO. I doe wonder at their protraction!

ANA. Pray VENVS, my whore haue not discouer'd her selfe to the rascally boyes, and that be the cause of their stay.

ASO. I must sute my selfe with another page: this idle PROSAITES will neuer be brought to wait well.

MOR. Sir, I haue a kinsman I could willingly wish to your seruice, if you would deigne to accept of him.

ASO. And I shall bee glad (most sweet ladie) to imbrace him: where is hee?

MOR. I can fetch him, sir, but I would bee loth to make you turne away your other page.

ASO. You shall not, most sufficient ladie, I will keepe both: pray you lets goe see him.

ARG. Whither goes my loue?

ASO. Ile returne presently, I goe but to see a page, with this ladie.

ANA. As sure as fate, 't is so; shee has opened all: A poxe of all *cockatrices*. Dam'me, if she haue plai'd loose with me, I'le cut her throat, within a haires breadth, so it may be heal'd againe.

MER. What, is he jealous of his *Hermaphrodite?*

CVP. O, I, this will be excellent sport.

PHI. PHANTASTE! ARGVRION! what? you are sodainely strooke, me thinkes! for loues sake let's haue some musike, till they come. *Ambition*, reach the *lyra*, I pray you.

HED. Any thing to which my *Honour* shall direct mee.

PHI. Come, AMORPHVS, cheare vp PHANTASTE.

AMO. It shall bee my pride, faire ladie, to attempt all that is in my power. But here is an instrument that (alone) is able to infuse soule in the most melancholique, and dull disposde creature vpon earth. O! let mee kisse thy faire knees. Beauteous eares attend it.

HED. Will you haue the Kisse, *Honour?*

PHI. I, good *Ambition*.

SONG.

O, That ioy so soone should waste!
or so sweet a blisse
as a kisse,
Might not for euer last!
So sugred, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lyes on roses,
When the morne her selfe discloses,
is not so precious.

O,

O, rather then I would it smother,
Were I to taste such another ;
It should bee my wishing
That I might dye, kissing.

HED. I made this dittie, and the note to it, vpon a kisse that my *Honour* gaue me; how like you it, sir?

AMO. A prettie ayre! in generall, I like it well: but in particular, your long *die*-note did arride me most, but it was somwhat too long. I can shew one, almost of the same nature, but much before it, and not so long, in a composition of mine owne. I thinke I haue both the note, and dittie about me.

HED. Pray you, sir, see.

AMO. Yes, there is the note; and all the parts if I mis-thinke not. I will read the dittie to your beauties here, but first I am to make you familiar with the occasion, which presents it selfe thus. Vpon a time, going to take my leaue of the Emperour, and kisse his great hands; there being then present, the Kings of *France*, and *Arragon*, the Dukes of *Sauoy*, *Florence*, *Orleance*, *Bourbon*, *Brunswick*, the Lantgraue, Connt *Palatine*, all which had seuerally feasted me; besides, infinite more of inferiour persons, as Counts and others: it was my chance the Emperour detain'd by some exorbitant affaire) to wait him the fift part of an houre, or much neere it. In which time (retyring my selfe into a bay-window) the beauteous ladie ANNABELL, neece to the Empresse, and sister to the King of *Arragon*, who hauing neuer before eyde mee, (but only heard the common report of my vertue, learning, and trauaile) fell into that extremitie of passion, for my loue, that shee there immediately swouned: physicians were sent for, she had to her chamber, so to her bed; where (languishing some few daies) after many times calling vpon me, with my name in her lips, she expirde. As that (I must mourningly say) is the onely fault of my fortune, that, as it hath euer beene my hap to be sew'd to, by all ladies, and beauties, where I haue come, so, I neuer yet sojourn'd, or rested in that place, or part of the world, where some high-borne admirable faire feature died not for my loue.

MER. O, the sweet power of trauaile! are you guiltie of this, CVPID?

CVP. No, MERCVRIE, and that his page (COS) knowes, if he were here present to be sworne.

PHI. But, how doth this draw on the dittie, sir?

MER. O, she is too quicke with him, he hath not deuis'd that yet.

AMO. Mary, some houre before she departed, she bequeath'd to mee this *gloue*; which *golden legacie*, the Emperour himselfe tooke care to send after me, in sixe coaches, couer'd all with blacke vellet, attended by the state of his empire; all which he freely presented mee with, and I reciprocally (out of the same bountie) gaue to the lords who brought it: only reseruing the gift of the deceas'd ladie, vpon which I composde this *ode*, and set it to my most affected instrument, the *lyra*.

SONG.

SONG.

THon more then most sweet gloue,
Vnto my more sweet loue,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This emptie lodging, that now misses
The pure rosie hand, that ware thee,
Whiter then the kid, that bare thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
CVPIDS *selfe hath kist it ofter,*
Then e're he did his mothers doues,
Supposing her the Queene of loues,
That was thy Mistresse,
Best of gloues.

MER. Blasphemie, blasphemie, CVPID.

CVP. I, I'le reuenge it time inough; HERMES.

PHI. Good AMORPHVS, let's heare it sung.

AMO. I care not to admit that, since it pleaseth PHILAVTIA to request it.

HED. Heere, sir.

After he hath sung.

AMO. Nay, play it, I pray you, you doe well, you doe well—— How like you it, sir?

HED. Verie well in troth.

AMO. But very well? O, you are a meere *mammothrept* in judgement, then. Why, doe you not obserue how excellently the dittie is affected in euerie place? that I doe not marrie a word of short quantitie to a long note? nor an ascending sillable to a descending tone? Besides, vpon the word *(best)* there, you see how I doe enter with an odde *minnum*, and driue it thorow the *briefe*, which no intelligent Musician (I know) but wil affirme to be verie rare, extraordinarie, and pleasing.

MER. And yet not fit to lament the death of a ladie, for all this.

CVP. Tut, heere be they will swallow any thing.

PHA. Pray you, let me haue a coppie of it, AMORPHVS.

PHI. And me too, in troth, I like it exceedingly.

AMO. I haue denied it to princes, neuerthelesle to you (the true female twinnes of perfection) I am wonne, to depart withall.

HED. I hope, I shall haue my *Honours* coppie.

PHA. You are *ambitious* in that, HEDON.

Who is return'd from seeking his page.

AMO. How now, ANAIDES! what is it hath conjur'd vp this distemperature in the circle of your face?

ANA. S'lood, what haue you to doe? A pox vpo' your filthie trauailing face, hold your tongue.

HED. Nay, doo'st heare, *mischiefe?*

ANA. Away, muske-cat.

AMO. I say to thee, thou art rude, debauch't, impudent, coorse, impolisht, a frapler, and base.

HED.

HED. Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has halfe a yeeres haunting of ordinaries wrought in this fellow! that came with a *tuff-taffata* ierkin to towne but the other day, and a paire of penilesse hose, and now he is turn'd HERCVLES, he wants but a club.

ANA. Sir, you with the pencill on your chinne; I will garter my hose with your guts,and that shall be all.

MER. S'lid, what rare fireworkes be heere? flash, flash.

PHA. What's the matter HEDON? can you tell?

HED. Nothing, but that hee lackes crownes, and thinkes weele lend him some, to be friends.

Asotus returnes with Moria,and Morus.

ASO. Come, sweet ladie, in good truth I'le haue it, you shall not denie me. MORVS, perswade your aunt I may haue her picture, by any meanes.

MOR. Yes, sir: good aunt now, let him haue it, hee will vse mee the better, if you loue me, doe, good aunt.

MOR. Well, tell him, he shall haue it.

MOR. Master, you shall haue it, she saies.

ASO. Shall I? thanke her, good page.

CVP. What, has he entertain'd the *foole?*

MER. I, heele wait close,you shall see, though the *begger* hang off, awhile.

MOR. Aunt, my master thankes you.

MOR. Call him hither.

MOR. Yes, master.

MOR. Yes, in veritie, and gaue me this pursse,and he has promis'd me a most fine dogge; which he will haue drawne, with my picture, he saies: and desires most vehemently to bee knowne to your ladiships.

PHA. Call him hither,'tis good groping such a gull.

MOR. Master ASOTVS, master ASOTVS.

ASO. For loues sake, let me goe: you see, I am call'd to the ladies.

ARG. Wilt thou forsake me then?

ASO. God so, what would you haue me doe?

MOR. Come hither, master ASOTVS. I doe ensure your ladiships, he is a gentleman of a verie worthie desert: and of a most bountifull nature. You must shew and insinuate your selfe responsible, and equiualent now to my commendment. Good *Honors*, grace him.

ASO. I protest (more then most faire ladies) I doe wish all varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend these faire beauties. Will it please your ladiship to weare this chaine of pearle, and this diamond, for my sake?

ARG. O.

ASO. And you, Madame, this iewell, and pendants.

ARG. O.

PHA. Wee know not how to deserue these bounties, out of so slight merit, ASOTVS.

PHI. No, in faith, but there's my gloue for a fauour.

PHA. And soone, after the reuells, I will bestow a garter on you.

ASO. O Lord, ladies! it is more grace then euer I could haue hop'd, but that it pleaseth your ladiships to extend. I protest, it is enough, that you but take knowledge of my—— if your ladiships want embroidered gownes, tires of any fashion, rebatu's, iewells, or carkanets, any thing whatsoeuer, if you vouchsafe to accept.

CVP. And for it, they will helpe you to shooe-ties,and deuices.

ASO. I cannot vtter my selfe (deare beauties) but, you can conceiue———

ARG. O.

PHA. Sir, we will acknowledge your seruice, doubt not: henceforth, you shall bee no more ASOTVS to vs, but our *gold-finch*, and wee your *cages*.

ASO. O VENVS, Madams! how shall I deserue this? if I were but made acquainted with HEDON, now, I'le trie: pray you away.

MER. How he praies *Money* to goe away from him!

ASO. AMORPHVS, a word with you: here's a watch I would bestow vpon you, pray you make me knowne to that gallant.

AMO. That I will, sir. Monsieur HEDON, I must intreat you to exchange knowledge with this gentleman.

HED. 'Tis a thing (next to the water we expect) I thirst after, sir. Good Monsieur ASOTVS.

ASO. Good Monsieur HEDON, I would be glad to be lou'd of men of your ranke, and spirit, I protest. Please you to accept this paire of bracelets, sir: they are not worth the bestowing———

MER. O, HERCVLES, how the gentleman purchases! this must needes bring ARGVRION to a consumption.

HED. Sir, I shall neuer stand in the merit of such bountie, I feare.

ASO. O, VENVS, sir; your acquaintance shall bee sufficient. And if at any time you neede my bill, or my bond.

Argurion swounes.

ARG. O, ô.

AMO. Helpe the ladie there.

MOR. Gods deare, ARGVRION! Madame, how doe you?

ARG. Sicke.

PHA. Haue her forth, and giue her aire.

ASO. I come againe strait, ladies.

MER. Well, I doubt, all the physique hee has will scarce recouer her: shee's too farre spent.

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

PHILAVTIA, GELAIA, ANAIDES, COS, PROSAITES, PHANTASTE, MORIA, AMORPHVS, HEDON.

O Here's the water come : fetch glasses, page.

GEL. Heart of my body, here's a coile indeed, with your iealous humours. Nothing but whore, and bitch, and all the villanous swaggering names you can thinke on ? S'lid, take your bottle, and put it in your guts for me, I'le see you poxt ere I follow you any longer.

ANA. Nay, good punke, sweete rascall ; dam' mee, if I am iealous now.

GEL. That's true indeede : pray let's goe.

MOR. What's the matter, there ?

GEL. S'light, he has mee vpon intergatories, (nay, my mother shall know how you vse me) where I haue beene? and, why I should stay so long ? and, how ist possible ? and withall, calls me at his pleasure, I know not how many cockatrices, and things.

MOR. In truth and sadnesse, these are no good *epitaphs*, ANAIDES, to bestow vpon any gentlewoman ; and (Ile ensure you) if I had knowne you would haue dealt thus with my daughter, she should neuer haue fancied you so deeply, as shee has done. Goe too.

ANA. Why, doe you heare, mother MORIA. Heart !

MOR. Nay, I pray you, sir, doe not sweare.

ANA. Sweare ? why ? S'lood, I haue sworne afore now, I hope. Both you and your daughter mistake me. I haue not honor'd ARETE, that is held the worthiest ladie in court (next to CYNTHIA) with halfe that obseruance, and respect, as I haue done her in priuate, howsoeuer outwardly I haue carried my selfe carelesse, and negligent. Come, you are a foolish *punke*, and know not when you are well imploi'd. Kisse me, come on. Doe it, I say.

MOR. Nay, indeed I must confesse, shee is apt to misprision. But I must haue you leaue it, minion.

AMO. How now, ASOTVS ? how do's the ladie ?

ASO. Faith, ill. I haue left my page with her, at her lodging.

HED. O, here's the rarest water that euer was tasted : fill him some.

PRO. What ! has my master a new page ?

MER. Yes, a kinsman of the ladie MORIAS : you must waite better now, or you are casheer'd, PROSAITES.

ANA. Come, gallants, you must pardon my foolish humour : when I am angrie, that any thing crosses mee, I grow impatient straight. Here, I drinke to you.

PHI. O, that we had fiue, or sixe bottles more of this liquor.

PHA. Now I commend your iudgement, AMORPHVS, who's that knockes? Looke, page.

MOR. O, most delicious, a little of this would make ARGVRION well.

PHA. O, no, giue her no cold drinke, by any meanes.

ANA. S'lood, this water is the spirit of wine, I'le be hang'd else.

CVP. Here's the ladie ARETE, Madame.

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

ARETE, MORIA, PHANTASTE, PHILAVTIA, ANAIDES, GELAIA, COS, PROSAITES, AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, HEDON, MERCVRIE, CVPID.

WHat! at your beuer, gallants?

MOR. Wilt please your ladiship drinke? tis of the new fountayne water.

ARE. Not I, MORIA, I thanke you. Gallants, you are for this night free, to your peculiar delights; CYNTHIA will haue no sports: when shee is pleas'd to come forth, you shall haue knowledge. In the meane time, I could wish you did prouide for solemne reuels, and some vnlook't-for deuice of wit, to entertaine her, against she should vouchsafe to grace your pastimes with her presence.

AMO. What say you to a *Masque?*

HED. Nothing better, if the proiect were new, and rare.

ARE. Why, Ile send for CRITES, and haue his aduice; be you ready in your indeauours: He shall discharge you of the inuentiue part.

PHA. But, will not your ladiship stay?

ARE. Not now, PHANTASTE.

PHI. Let her goe, I pray you, good ladie *Sobrietie*, I am glad wee are rid of her.

PHA. What a set face the gentlewoman has, as shee were still going to a sacrifice?

PHI. O, shee is the extraction of a dozen of *Puritans*, for a looke.

MOR. Of all *Nymphs* i' the court, I cannot away with her; 'tis the coursest thing ———

PHI. I wonder, how CYNTHIA can affect her so aboue the rest! Here be they are euery way as faire as shee, and a thought fairer, I trow.

PHA. I, and as ingenious, and conceited as shee.

MOR. I, and as politique as shee, for all shee sets such a fore-head on't.

PHI. Would I were dead, if I would change to be CYNTHIA.

PHA. Or I.

MOR. Or I.

AMO. And there's her minion CRITES! why his aduice more then AMORPHVS? haue not I inuention, afore him? Learning, to better that inuention,

inuention, aboue him? and infanted, with pleasant trauaile———

ANA. Death, what talke you of his learning? he vnderstands no more then a schoole-boy; I haue put him downe my selfe a thousand times (by this aire) and yet I neuer talkt with him but twice in my life: you neuer saw his like. I could neuer get him to argue with me, but once, and then, because I could not construe an Author I quoted at first sight, hee went away, and laught at me. By HERCVLES, I scorne him, as I doe the sodden *Nymph*, that was here e'en now, his mistris ARETE: And I loue my selfe for nothing else.

HED. I wonder the fellow do's not hang himselfe, being thus scorn'd, and contemn'd of vs that are held the most accomplisht societie of gallants!

MER. By your selues, none else.

HED. I protest, if I had no musique in me, no courtship, that I were not a reueller and could dance, or had not those excellent qualities that giue a man life, and perfection, but a meere poore scholer as he is, I thinke I should make some desperate way with my selfe, whereas now (would I might neuer breathe more) if I doe know that creature in this kingdome, with whom I would change.

CVP. This is excellent: well, I must alter this soone.

MER. Looke you doe, CVPID. The bottles haue wrought, it seemes.

ASO. O, I am sorry the reuels are crost. I should ha' tickled it soone. I did neuer appeare till then. S'lid, I am the neatlyest-made gallant i' the companie, and haue the best presence; and my dancing—well, I know what our vsher said to me, last time I was at the schoole: would I might haue lead PHILAVTIA in the measures, and it had beene the gods will. I am most worthy, I am sure.

MORVS. Master, I can tell you newes, the ladie kist mee yonder, and plaid with me, and sayes shee lou'd you once, as well as shee do's me, but that you cast her off.

ASO. Peace, my most esteemed page.

MORVS. Yes.

ASO. What lucke is this, that our reuels are dasht? Now was I beginning to glister, i' the very high way of preferment. And CYNTHIA had but seene me dance a straine, or doe but one trick, I had beene kept in court, I should neuer haue needed to looke towards my friends againe.

AMO. Containe your selfe. You were a fortunate yong man, if you knew your owne good: which I haue now proiected, and will presently multiply vpon you. *Beauties*, and *Valors*, your vouchsaf'd applause to a motion. The humorous CYNTHIA hath, for this night, with-drawne the light of your de-light———

PHA. Tis true AMORPHVS, what may we doe to redeeme it?

AMO. Redeeme that we cannot, but, to create a new flame, is in our power. Here is a gentleman my scholer, whom (for some priuate reasons me specially mouing) I am couetous to gratifie with title of Master, in

the noble, and subtile science of *Courtship*: For which grace, he shall this night in court, and in the long gallery, hold his publique *Act*, by open challenge, to all *Masters* of the mysterie whatsoeuer, to play at the foure choice, and principall weapons thereof, viz. the *bare Accost*, the *better Regard*, the *solemne Addresse*, and the *perfect Close*. What say you?

ALL. Excellent, excellent, AMORPHVS.

AMO. Well, let vs then take our time by the fore-head: I will instantly haue bills drawne, and aduanc'd in euery angle of the court. Sir, betray not your too much ioy. ANAIDES, wee must mixe this gentleman with you in acquaintance, Monsieur ASOTVS.

ANA. I am easily intreated to grace any of your friends, AMORPHVS.

ASO. Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you, sir. Nay, I begin to know my selfe, now.

AMO. O, you must continue your bounties.

ASO. Must I? why, I'le giue him this ruby on my finger. Doe you heare, sir? I doe heartily wish your acquaintance, and I partly know my selfe worthy of it; please you, sir, to accept this poore ruby, in a ring, sir. The *poesie* is of my owne deuice. *Let this blush for me*, sir.

ANA. So it must for me, too. For I am not asham'd to take it.

MORVS. Sweet man! by my troth, master, I loue you, will you loue me, too? for my aunts sake? Ile waite well, you shall see. Ile still bee here. Would I might neuer stirre, but you are a fine man in these clothes, Master, shall I haue 'hem, when you haue done with them?

ASO. As for that, MORVS, thou shalt see more hereafter: in the meane time, by this aire, or by this feather, Ile doe as much for thee, as any gallant shall doe for his page, whatsoeuer, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome.

MER. I wonder, this gentleman should affect to keepe a foole! mee thinkes, he makes sport enough with himselfe.

CVP. Well, PROSAITES, 'twere good you did waite closer.

PRO. I, Ile looke to it; 'tis time.

COS. The reuels would haue beene most sumptuous to night, if they had gone forward.

MER. They must needs, when al the choisest singularities of the court were vp in pantofles; ne're a one of them, but was able to make a whole shew of it selfe.

Within. ASO. Sirrah, a torch, a torch.

PRO. O, what a call is there! I will haue a *canzonet* made, with nothing in it, but *sirrah*; and the burthen shall be, *I come.*

MER. How now, CVPID, how doe you like this change?

CVP. Faith, the thred of my deuice is crackt, I may goe sleepe till the reuelling musique awake me.

MER. And then too, CVPID, without you had preuented the *Fountayne.* Alas, poore god, that remembers not *selfe-Loue*, to bee proofe against

against the violence of his quiuer! Well, I haue a plot vpon these prizers, for which, I must presently find out CRITES, and with his assistance, pursue it to a high straine of laughter, or MERCVRIE hath lost of his mettall.

Act V. *Scene* I.

MERCVRIE, CRITES.

IT is resolu'd on, CRITES, you must doe it.
CRI. The grace diuinest MERCVRIE hath done me,
In this vouchsafde discouerie of himselfe,
Binds my obseruance in the vtmost terme
Of satisfaction, to his godly will:
Though I professe (without the affectation
Of an enforc'd, and form'd austeritie)
I could be willing to enioy no place
With so vnequall natures. MER. We beleeue it.
But for our sake, and to inflict iust paines
On their prodigious follies, aide vs now:
No man is, presently, made bad, with ill.
And good men, like the sea, should still maintaine
Their noble taste, in midst of all fresh humours,
That flow about them, to corrupt their streames,
Bearing no season, much lesse salt of goodnesse.
It is our purpose, CRITES, to correct,
And punish, with our laughter, this nights sport
Which our court-*Dors* so heartily intend:
And by that worthy scorne, to make them know
How farre beneath the dignitie of man
Their serious, and most practis'd actions are.
CRI. I, but though MERCVRIE can warrant out
His vnder-takings, and make all things good,
Out of the powers of his *diuinitie*,
Th'offence will be return'd with weight on me,
That am a creature so despisde, and poore;
When the whole Court shall take it selfe abusde
By our *ironicall* confederacie.
MER. You are deceiu'd. The better race in court
That haue the true nobilitie, call'd vertue,
Will apprehend it, as a gratefull right
Done to their separate merit: and approue
The fit rebuke of so ridiculous heads,
Who with their apish customes, and forc'd garbes,
Would bring the name of courtier in contempt,
Did it not liue vnblemisht in some few,

Whom

Whom equall IOVE hath lou'd, and PHŒBVS form'd
Of better mettall, and in better mould.

CRI. Well, since my leader on is MERCVRIE,
I shall not feare to follow. If I fall,
My proper vertue shall be my reliefe,
That follow'd such a cause, and such a chiefe.

Act V. *Scene* II.

ASOTVS, AMORPHVS.

NO more, if you loue mee, good master, you are incompatible to liue withall : Send mee for the ladies.

AMO. Nay, but intend me.

ASO. Feare me not, I warrant you, sir.

AMO. Render not your selfe a refractarie, on the sodaine. I can allow well, you should repute highly, heartily (and to the most) of your endowments; it giues you forth to the world the more assur'd : but with reseruation of an eye,to be alwaies turn'd dutifully back vpon your teacher.

ASO. Nay, good, sir, leaue it to mee. Trust mee with trussing all the points of this action, I pray.S'lid,I hope we shall find wit to performe the *science*, as well as another.

AMO. I confesse you to be of an aped,and docible humour. Yet, there are certaine *puntilioes*,or (as I may more nakedly insinuate them) certaine intrinsecate strokes, and wardes,to which your actiuitie is not yet amounted. As your *gentile dor*, in colours. For supposition, your mistris appeares heere in *prize*, ribbanded with greene,and yellow; now it is the part of euery obsequious seruant, to be sure to haue daily about him copie,and varietie of colours,to be presently answerable to any hourely,or half-hourely change in his mistris reuolution.———

ASO. (I know it, sir.

AMO. Giue leaue, I pray you) which if your *Antagonist*, or player-against-you shall ignorantly be without, and your selfe can produce; you giue him the *dor*.

ASO. I, I, sir.

AMO. Or, if you can possesse your opposite, that the greene your mistris weares, is her reioycing or exultation in his seruice; the *yellow*, suspicion of his truth, (from her height of affection :) and that he (greenly credulous) shall withdraw thus, in priuate, and from the aboundance of his pocket (to displace her jelous conceit) steale into his hat the colour,whose *bluenesse* doth expresse truenesse ; (shee being nor so, nor so affected) you giue him the *dor*.

ASO. Doe not I know it, sir?

AMO. Nay, good——swell not aboue your vnderstanding. There is yet a third *dor*,in colours.

ASO. I know it too, I know it.

AMO.

AMO. Doe you know it too? what is it? Make good your knowledge.

ASO. Why it is———no matter for that.

AMO. Doe it, on pœne of the *dor*.

ASO. Why? what is't,say you?

AMO. Loe, you haue giuen your selfe the *dor*. But I will remonstrate to you the third *dor*; which is not, as the two former *dors*, indicatiue, but deliberatiue: As how? As thus. Your *Riualis*, with a dutifull, and serious care, lying in his bed, meditating how to obserue his mistris, dispatcheth his lacquay to the chamber, early, to know what her colours are for the day; with purpose to apply his weare that day, accordingly: You lay wait before, preoccupie the chamber-maide, corrupt her, to returne false colours; He followes the fallacie;comes out accoutred to his beleeu'd instructions; your mistresse smiles; and you giue him the *dor*.

ASO. Why, so I told you, sir, I knew it.

AMO. Tolde mee? It is a strange outrecuidance! your humour too much redoundeth.

ASO. Why, sir, what,doe you thinke you know more?

AMO. I know that a cooke may as soone,and properly be said to smel wel,as you to be wise.I know these are most cleere,and cleane strokes.But then, you haue your *passages*,and *imbroccata's* in *courtship*; as the *bitter Bob* in wit; the *Reuerse* in face, or wry-mouth; and these more subtle, and secure offenders. I will example vnto you. Your opponent makes entrie, as you are ingag'd with your mistresse. You seeing him, close in her eare, with this whisper (here comes your *Babion*, disgrace him) and withall, stepping off, fall on his bosome, and turning to her, politiquely, aloud say, ladie, reguard this noble gentleman, a man rarely parted, second to none in this court; and then, stooping ouer his shoulder, your hand on his brest, your mouth on his back-side, you giue him the *Reuerse* stroke,with this *Sanna*, or Storkes-bill, which makes vp your wits *Bob*, most bitter.

ASO. Nay, for heauens sake, teach me no more. I know all as well---- S'lid, if I did not, why was I nominated? why did you chuse mee? why did the ladies pricke out mee? I am sure there were other gallants. But me of all the rest? By that light, and as I am a courtier, would I might neuer stirre, but 't is strange.Would to the lord, the ladies would come once.

Act V. *Scene* III.

MORPHIDES, AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, HEDON, ANAIDES, THE THRONG. LADIES, CITIZEN, WIFE, PAGES, TAYLOR, MERCER, PERFVMER, IEWELLER, &c.

SIgnior, the gallants and ladies are at hand. Are you readie, sir?

AMO. Instantly. Goe, accomplish your attire: Cousin MORPHIDES, assist me, to make good the doore with your officious tyrannie.

CIT.

CIT. By your leaue my masters there, pray you let's come by.

PAG. You by? why should you come by, more then we?

WIF. Why, sir? Because he is my brother,that playes the *prizes*.

MOR. Your brother?

CIT. I, her brother, sir, and we must come in.

TAY. Why, what are you?

CIT. I am her husband, sir.

TAY. Then thrust forward your head.

AMO. What tumult is there?

MOR. Who's there? beare backe there. Stand from the doore.

AMO. Enter none but the ladies, and their hang-bies; welcome *Beauties*, and your kind *Shadowes*.

HED. This countrie ladie, my friend, good signior AMORPHVS.

ANA. And my *cockatrice*,heere.

AMO. She is welcome.

MOR. Knocke those same pages there; and goodman Cockescombe the cittizen, who would you speake withall?

AMO. With whom?your brother?

MOR. Who is your brother?

AMO. Master ASOTVS? Is hee your brother? Hee is taken vp with great persons. Hee is not to know you to night.

ASO. O IOVE, master! and there come ere a cittizen gentlewoman in my name, let her haue entrance, I pray you. It is my sister.

WIF. Brother.

CIT. Brother, master ASOTVS.

ASO. Who's there?

WIF. 'Tis I, brother.

ASO. Gods me! There she is, good master,intrude he.

MOR. Make place. Beare backe there.

AMO. Knocke that simple fellow, there.

WIF. Nay, good sir; It is my husband.

MOR. The simpler fellow hee. Away, backe with your head, sir.

ASO. Brother, you must pardon your *non-entry*: Husbands are not allow'd here in truth. Ile come home soone with my sister; pray you meet vs with a lanthorn,brother. Be merrie, sister: I shall make you laugh anon.

PHA. Your *prizer* is not readie AMORPHVS.

AMO. Apprehend your places, hee shall be soone; and at all points.

ANA. Is there any body come to answer him?Shal we haue any sport.

AMO. Sport of importance; howsoeuer, giue me the gloues.

HED. Gloues! why gloues, *Signior?*

He distributes gloues.

PHI. What's the ceremonie?

AMO. Besides their receiu'd fitnesse, at all *prizes*, they are here properly accommodate to the nuptials of my *schollers* hauiour to the ladie *courtship*. Please you apparell your hands. *Madam* PHANTASTE, *madam* PHILAVTIA,*Guardian*,*Signior* HEDON,*Signior* ANAIDES,Gentlemen all, Ladies. ALL.

ALL. Thankes, good AMORPHVS.

AMO. I will now call forth my *prouost*, and present him.

ANA. Heart! why should not we be masters, aswell as he?

HED. That's true, and play our masters *prizes*, as well as the t'other?

MOR. In sadnesse, for vsing your court-weapons, me thinks, you may.

PHA. Nay, but why should not wee ladies play our *prizes*, I pray? I see no reason, but we should take 'hem downe, at their owne weapons.

PHI. Troth, and so we may, if we handle 'hem well.

WIF. I indeed, forsooth, Madame, if 'twere i' the citie, wee would thinke foule scorne, but we would, forsooth.

PHA. Pray you, what should we call your name?

WIF. My name is, *Downefall.*

HED. Good mistris *Downefall!* I am sorry, your husband could not get in.

WIF. 'Tis no matter for him, sir.

ANA. No, no, shee has the more liberty for her selfe.

PHA. Peace, peace: They come. *A flourish.*

AMO. So. Keepe vp your ruffe: the tincture of your necke is not all so pure, but it will aske it. Maintayne your sprig vpright; your cloke on your halfe-shoulder falling; So: I will reade your bill, aduance it, and present you. Silence.

Be it knowne to all that professe courtship, by these presents (from the white sattin reueller, to the cloth of tissue, and bodkin) that we, VLYSSES-POLYTROPVS-AMORPHVS, *Master of the noble, and subtile science of courtship, doe giue leaue and licence to our* Prouost, ACOLASTVS-POLYPRAGMON-ASOTVS, *to play his Masters prize, against all Masters whatsoeuer, in this subtile mysterie, at these foure, the choice, and most cunning weapons of* court-complement, *viz. the* bare Accost; *the* better Reguard; *the* solemne Addresse; *and the* perfect Close. *These are therefore to giue notice, to all commers, that hee, the said* ACOLASTVS-POLYPRAGMON-ASOTVS, *is here present (by the helpe of his Mercer, Taylor, Millaner, Sempster, and so forth) at his designed houre, in this faire gallery, the present day of this present moneth, to performe, and doe his vttermost for the atchieuement, and bearing away of the prizes, which are these:* viz. *for the* bare Accost, *two* Wall-eyes, *in a* face forced: *For the* better Reguard, *a* Face fauourably simpring, *with a* Fanne wauing: *For the* solemne Addresse, *two* Lips wagging, *and neuer a wise word: For the* perfect Close, *a* Wring by the hand, *with a* Banquet *in a corner. And* PHŒBVS *saue* CYNTHIA. The challenge

Appeareth no man yet, to answere the *prizer?* No voice? Musique, giue them their summons. *Musique sounds.*

PHA. The solemnity of this is excellent.

AMO. Silence. Well, I perceiue your name is their terror; and keepeth them backe.

ASO. I faith, Master, Let's goe: no body comes. *Victus, victa, victum;*

victum ; *Victi*, *victæ* , *victi*——Let's bee retrogade.

AMO. Stay. That were dispunct to the ladies. Rather, our selfe shall be your Encounter. Take your state, vp, to the wall : And,ladie,may we implore you to stand forth, as first terme, or bound to our courtship.

A charge. HED. 'Fore heauen, 'twill shew rarely.

AMO. Sound a charge.

ANA. A poxe on't. Your vulgar will count this fabulous , and impudent, now : by that candle, they'le ne're conceit it.

PHA. Excellent well ! Admirable !

PHI. Peace.

They act their accost seuerally to the lady that stands forth.

HED. Most fashionably, beleeue it.

PHI. O, he is a well-spoken gentleman.

PHA. Now the other.

PHI. Very good.

HED. For a Scholer, *Honor.*

ANA. O, 'tis too *dutch*. He reeles too much.

A flourish. HED. This weapon is done.

AMO. No, we haue our two bouts, at euery weapon, expect.

Act V. *Scene* IIII.

To them.

CRITES, MERCVRIE.

VVHere be these gallants, and their braue *prizer* here ?

MORP. Who's there ? beare backe : Keepe the dore.

AMOR. What are you, sir ?

CRIT. By your licence, grand-master. Come forward, sir.

ANAI. Heart ! who let in that rag there, amongst vs ? put him out, an impecunious creature.

HEDO. Out with him.

MORP. Come, sir.

AMOR. You must be retrograde.

CRIT. Soft, sir, I am *Truchman*,and doe flourish before this *Monsieur*, or *french*-behau'd gentleman, here ; who is drawne hither by report of your *chartells*, aduanced in court, to proue his fortune with your *prizer*,so he may haue faire play shewne him, and the libertie too choose his stickler.

AMOR. Is he a Master ?

CRIT. That,sir,he has to shew here; and, confirmed vnder the hands of the most skilfull , and cunning *complementaries* aliue : please you reade, sir.

AMOR. What shall we doe ?

ANAI. Death , disgrace this fellow i' the blacke-stuffe , what euer you doe.

ANOR. Why, but he comes with the stranger.

HEDO. That's no matter. He is our owne countryman.

ANA.

ANA. I, and he is a scholer besides. You may disgrace him here, with authoritie.

AMO. Well, see these first.

ASO. Now shall I be obseru'd by yon'd scholer, till I sweat againe; I would to IOVE, it were ouer.

CRI. Sir, this is the wight of worth, that dares you to the encounter. A gentleman of so pleasing, and ridiculous a carriage; as, euen standing, carries meat in the mouth, you see; and I assure you, although no bred *courtling*, yet a most particular man, of goodly hauings, well fashion'd hauiour, and of as hard'ned, and excellent a barke, as the most naturally-qualified amongst them, inform'd, reform'd, and transform'd, from his o-riginall citticisme, by this *elixi'r*, or meere *magazine* of man. And, for your spectators, you behold them, what they are: The most choice particulars in court: This tels tales well; This prouides coaches; This repeates iests; This presents gifts; This holds vp the arras; This takes downe from horse; This protests by this light; This sweares by that candle; This delighteth; This adoreth. Yet, all but three men. Then for your ladies, the most proud wittie creatures, all things apprehending, nothing vnderstanding, perpetually laughing, curious maintayners of fooles, mercers, and minstrels, costly to be kept, miserably keeping, all disdayning, but their painter, and pothecary, twixt whom and them there is this reciprock commerce, their beauties maintaine their painters, and their painters their beauties.

MER. Sir, you haue plaid the painter your selfe, and limb'd them to the life. I desire to deserue before 'hem.

AMO. This is *authentique*. Wee must resolue to entertaine the *Monsieur*, howsoeuer we neglect him. *Hauing read the certificate.*

HED. Come, let's all goe together, and salute him.

ANA. Content, and not looke o' the other.

AMO. Well deuis'd: and a most punishing disgrace.

HED. On.

AMO. *Monsieur*. We must not so much betray our selues to *discourtship*, as to suffer you to be longer vnsaluted: Please you to vse the state, ordain'd for the *opponent*; in which nature, without enuy we receiue you.

HED. And embrace you.

ANA. And commend vs to you, sir.

PHI. Beleeue it, he is a man of excellent silence.

PHA. He keepes all his wit for action.

ANA. This hath discountenanc'd our *scholaris*, most richly.

HED. Out of all *emphasis*. The *Monsieur* sees, we regard him not.

AMO. Hold on: make it knowne how bitter a thing it is, not to bee look't on in court.

HED. S'lud, will he call him to him yet? doe's not *Monsieur* perceiue our disgrace?

ANA. Hart! he is a foole, I see. Wee haue done our selues wrong to grace him.

HED. S'light, what an asse was I, to embrace him?

CRI. Illustrous, and fearefull iudges———

HED. Turne away, turne away.

CRI. It is the sute of the strange opponent (to whom you ought not to turne your tailes, and whose noses I must follow) that he may haue the iustice, before hee encounter his respected aduersarie, to see some light stroke of his play, commenc'd with some other.

HED. Answere not him, but the stranger, we will not beleeue him.

AMO. I will demand him my selfe.

CRI. O dreadfull disgrace, if a man were so foolish to feele it!

AMO. Is it your sute, *Monsieur*, to see some *prælude* of my scholer? Now, sure the *Monsieur* wants language.

HED. And take vpon him to be one of the accomplisht? S'light, that's a good iest: would we could take him with that *nullitie*. *Non sapette voi parlar' Itagliano?*

ANA. S'foot, the carpe ha's no tongue.

CRI. *Signior*, in courtship, you are to bid your abettors forbeare, and satisfie the *Monsieurs* request.

AMO. Well, I will strike him more silent, with admiration, and terrifie his daring hither. Hee shall behold my owne play, with my scholer. Ladie, with the touch of your white hand, let me re-enstate you. *Prouost,* *A charge.* begin to me, at the *bare Accost*. Now, for the honor of my discipline.

HED. *Signior* AMORPHVS, reflect, reflect: what meanes hee by that mouthed waue?

CRI. He is in some distaste of your fellow disciple.

MER. *Signior*, your scholer might haue plaid well still, if hee could haue kept his seate longer: I haue enough of him, now. He is a mere peece of glasse, I see through him, by this time.

AMO. You come not to giue vs the scorne, *Monsieur?*

MER. Nor to be frighted with a face. *Signior!* I haue seene the lyons. You must pardon me. I shall bee loth to hazzard a reputation with one, that ha's not a reputation to lose.

AMO. How!

CRI. Meaning your *pupil*, sir.

ANA. This is that blacke deuill there.

AMO. You doe offer a strange affront, *Monsieur*.

CRI. Sir, he shall yeeld you all the honor of a competent aduersarie, if you please to vnder-take him———

MER. I am prest for the encounter.

AMO. Me? challenge me?

ASO. What! my Master, sir? S'light, *Monsieur*, meddle with me, doe you heare? but doe not meddle with my Master.

MER. Peace, good squib, goe out.

CRI. And stinke, he bids you.

ASO. Master?

AMO.

AMO. Silence, I doe accept him. Sit you downe, and obserue. Me? He neuer profest a thing at more charges. Prepare your selfe, sir. Challenge me? I will prosecute what disgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

CRI. How tender a trauailers spleene is? comparison, to men, that deserue least, is euer most offensiue.

AMO. You are instructed in our *chartell*, and know our weapons?

MER. I appeare not without their notice, sir.

ASO. But must I lose the *prizes*, *Master?*

AMO. I will win them for you, bee patient. Lady, vouchsafe the tenure of this ensigne. Who shall be your stickler?

MER. Behold him.

AMO. I would not wish you a weaker. Sound musiques. I prouoke you, at the *bare Accost.*

PHA. Excellent comely! *A charge.*

CRI. And worthily studied. This is th' *exalted Fore-top.*

HED. O, his legge was too much produc'd.

ANA. And his hat was carried skiruily.

PHI. Peace; Let's see the *Monsieur's Accost:* Rare!

PHA. Sprightly, and short.

ANA. True, it is the *french curteau:* He lacks but to haue his nose slit.

HED. He do's hop. He do's bound too much. *A flourish.*

AMO. The second bout, to conclude this weapon. *A charge.*

PHA. Good, beleeue it!

PHI. An excellent offer!

CRI. This is call'd the *solemne band-string.*

HED. Foe, that cringe was not put home.

ANA. S'foot, he makes a face like a stab'd LVCRECE.

ASO. Well, he would needes take it vpon him, but would I had done it for all this. He makes me sit still here, like a *babioun* as I am.

CRI. Making villanous faces.

PHI. See, the *French* prepares it richly.

CRI. I, this is y'cleped the *serious trifle.*

ANA. S'lud, 'tis the *horse-start out o' the browne studie.*

CRI. Rather the *bird-ey'd stroke*, sir. Your obseruance is too blunt, sir. *A flourish.*

AMO. Iudges, award the *prize.* Take breath, sir. This bout hath beene laborious.

ASO. And yet your *Criticke*, or your *Besso'gno*, will thinke these things fopperie, and easie, now.

CRI. Or rather meere *lunacy.* For, would any reasonable creature make these his serious studies, and perfections? Much lesse, onely liue to these ends? to be the false pleasure of a few, the true loue of none, and the iust laughter of all?

HED. We must preferre the *Monsieur*, we courtiers must be partiall.

ANA. Speake, *Guardian.* Name the *prize*, at the *bare Accost.*

MOR. A paire of *wall-eyes*, in a *face forced.*

ANA. Giue the *Monsieur*. AMORPHVS hath lost his eies.

AMO. I ! is the palate of your judgement downe ? Gentles, I doe appeale.

ASO. Yes master, to me. The judges be fooles.

ANA. How now, sir ? Tie vp your tongue, Mungrill. He cannot appeale.

ASO. Say you, sir?

ANA. Sit you still, sir.

ASO. Why, so I doe. Doe not I, I pray you ?

MER. *Remercie, Madame*, and these honourable Censors.

AMO. Well, to the second weapon , The *better Reguard :* I will encounter you better. Attempt.

HED. Sweet *Honour*.

PHI. What sayes my good *Ambition ?*

HED. Which take you at this next weapon ? I lay a *discretion*, with you, on AMORPHVS head.

PHI. Why, I take the *french*-behau'd gentleman.

HED. 'Tis done, a *discretion*.

CRI. A *discretion ?* A prettie court-wager ! would any discreet person hazard his wit, so ?

PHA. I'le lay a *discretion*, with you, ANAIDES.

ANA. Hang 'hem. I'le not venter a doibt of *discretion* , on eyther of their heads.———

CRI. No, he should venter all then.

ANA. I like none of their playes.

A charge. HED. See, see, this is strange play !

ANA. 'Tis too full of vncertaine motion. He hobbles too much.

CRI. 'Tis call'd your *court-staggers*, sir.

HED. That same fellow talkes so, now he has a place.

ANA. Hang him, neglect him.

MER. *Your good ladiships affectioned.*

WIF. Gods so ! they speake at this weapon, brother !

ASO. They must doe so, sister, how should it bee the *better Reguard*, else?

PHA. Me thinkes, hee did not this respectiuely inough.

PHI. Why, the *Monsieur* but dallies with him.

HED. Dallies ? Slight see, hee'l put him too't, in earnest. Well done, AMORPHVS.

ANA. That puffe was good indeed.

CRI. Gods mee ! This is desperate play. Hee hits himselfe o'the shinnes.

HED. And he make this good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

CRI. Indeed he displayes his feet, rarely.

HED. See, see; Hee do's the *respectiue Leere* damnably well.

AMO. *The true idolater of your beauties, shall neuer passe their deities vnadored: I rest your poore knight.* HED.

HED. See,now *the oblique leere*, or *the Ianus:* He satisfies all, with that aspect, most nobly.

CRI. And most terribly he comes off: like your *Rodomantada.* *A flourish.*

PHA. How like you this play, ANAIDES?

ANA. Good play;but't is too rough,and boisterous.

AMO. I will second it with a stroke easier , wherein I will prooue his language.

ANA. This is filthie, and graue, now. *A charge.*

HED. O,'t is coole, and warie play. Wee must not disgrace our owne *camerade*, too much.

AMO. *Signora, ho tanto obligo per ye fauore resciuto da lei; che veramente dessidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in parte: & sicuratiue signora mea cara, chè iosera sempre pronto à seruirla, & honorarla. Bascio le mane de vo' signoria.*

CRI. The *venetian Dop* this.

PHA. Most vnexspectedly excellent! The *French* goes downe certaine.

ASO. *As buckets are put downe into a well;*
Or as a schoole-boy.———

CRI. Trusse vp your *simile*, *Iacke-daw*, and obserue.

HED. Now the *Monsieur* is moou'd.

ANA. Boe-peepe.

HED. O, most antique.

CRI. The *french Quirke*, this sir.

ANA. Heart, he will ouer-runne her!

MER. *Madamoyselle, Ie voudroy que pouuoy monstrer mon affection, mais ie suis tant mal heureuse, ci froid, ci layd, ci——Ie ne scay qui di dire——excuse moy, Ie suis tout vostre.* *A flourish.*

PHI. O braue, and spirited! Hee's a right *Iouialist.*

PHI. No, no: AMORPHVS grauitie outwaies it.

CRI. And yet your ladie, or your feather would outweigh both.

ANA. What's the *prize*, ladie, at this *better Reguard?*

MOR. *A Face fauourably simpring*,and *a fanne wauing.*

ANA. They haue done doubtfully. Diuide. Giue the *fauourable Face* to the *Signior*, and the *light waue* to the *Monsieur.*

AMO. You become the *simper*, well, ladie.

MER. And the *wag*, better.

AMO. Now, to our *solemne Addresse.*Please the well-grac'd PHILAVTIA to relieue the ladie *sentinell*; shee hath stood long.

PHI. With all my heart, come, *Guardian.*Resigne your place.

AMO. *Monsieur*, furnish your selfe with what solemnitie of ornament you thinke fit for this third weapon; at which you are to shew all the cunning of stroke, your deuotion can possibly deuise.

MER. Let me alone, sir. Ile sufficiently decipher your amorous solemnities. CRITES, haue patience. See, if I hit not all their practicke obseruance, with which they lime twigs, to catch their phantasticke ladie-birds.

CRI. I, but you should doe more charitably, to doe it more openly; that they might discouer themselues mockt in these monstrous affections.

A charge.

MER. *Lacquay*, where's the taylor?

TAY. Heere, sir.

HED. See, they haue their Taylor, Barber, Perfumer, Millaner, Iewellor, Feather-maker, all in common!

ANA. I, this is prettie.

They make them selues readie on the stage.

AMO. Here is a haire too much, take it off. Where are thy *mullets?*

MER. Is this pinke of equall proportion to this cut, standing of this distance from it?

TAY. That it is, sir.

MER. Is it so, sir, you impudent *Poultroun?* you slaue, you list, you shreds, you.———

HED. Excellent. This was the best, yet.

ANA. S'foot, we must vse our taylors thus. This is your true magnanimitie.

MER. Come, goe to: put on. Wee must beare with you, for the times sake.

AMO. Is the perfume rich, in this jerkin?

PER. Taste, smell; I assure you sir, pure *beniamin*, the onely spirited sent, that euer awak'd a *neapolitane* nostrill. You would wish your selfe all nose, for the loue ont. I frotted a jerkin, for a new-reuenu'd gentleman, yeelded me threescore crownes, but this morning, and the same titillation.

AMO. I sauour no *sampsuchine*, in it.

PER. I am a *nulli-fidian*, if there be not three thirds of a scruple more of *sampsuchinum*, in this confection, then euer I put in any. Ile tell you all the ingredients, sir.

AMO. You shall be simple, to discouer your *simples*.

PER. Simple? why sir? what recke I to whom I discouer? I haue in it, *muske*, *ciuet*, *amber*, *phœnicobalanus*, the decoction of *turmericke*, *sesama*, *nard*, *spikenard*, *calamus odoratus*, *stacte*, *opobalsamum*, *amomum*, *storax*, *ladanum*, *aspalathum*, *opponax*, *oenanthe*. And what of all these now? what are you the better? Tut, it is the sorting, and the diuiding, and the mixing, and the tempring, and the searcing, and the decocting, that makes the fumigation, and the suffumigation.

AMO. Well, indue me with it.

PER. I will, sir.

HED. An excellent confection.

CRI. And most worthie a true voluptarie. IOVE! what a coyle these mukse-wormes take, to purchase anothers delight? for, themselues, who beare the odours, haue euer the least sence of them. Yet, I doe like better the prodigalitie of jewels, and clothes, whereof one passeth to a mans heires; the other, at least weares out time: This presently expires, and without continuall riot in reparation is lost: which who so striues to keep, it is one speciall argument to me, that (affecting to smell better then other men) he doth indeed smell farre worse. MER.

MER. I know, you will say it sits well, sir.

TAY. Good faith, if it doe not, sir, let your Mistris be judge.

MER. By heauen, if my Mistris doe not like it, I'le make no more conscience to vndoe thee, then to vndoe an oyster.

TAY. Beleeue it, sir, there's ne're a Mistris i' the world can mislike it.

MER. No, not goodwife Taylor, your Mistris; that has onely the iudgment to heat your pressing toole. But for a *court*-Mistris, that studies these *decorums*, and knowes the proportion of euerie cut, to a haire, knowes why such a colour, is cut vpon such a colour, and, when a satten is cut vpon six taffataes, wil looke that we should diue into the depth of the cut.——— Giue me my scarffe. Shew some ribbands, sirra. Ha you the feather?

FET. I, sir.

MER. Ha'you the jewell?

IEW. Yes, sir.

MER. What must I giue for the hire on't?

IEW. You'le giue me six crownes, sir?

MER. Sixe crownes? By heauen 'twere a good deed to borrow it of thee, to shew: and neuer let thee haue it againe.

IEW. I hope your worship will not doe so, sir.

MER. By IOVE, sir, there bee such trickes stirring, I can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting knaues! that liue by these *Court-decorums*, and yet, ———What's your jewell worth, I pray?

IEW. A hundred crownes, sir.

MER. A hundred crownes? And sixe for the loane on't an houre? What's that i' the hundred for the yeere? These impostors would not bee hang'd? your thiefe is not comparable to 'hem, by HERCVLES, well, put it in, and the feather. You will ha't, and you shall; and the poxe giue you good on't.

AMO. Giue mee my confects, my *moscardini*, and place those colours in my hat.

MER. These are *bolognian* ribbands, I warrant you?

MIL. In truth, sir: if they be not right *granado* silke———

MER. A poxe on you, you'le all say so.

MIL. You giue me not a pennie, sir.

MER. Come sir, perfume my *deuant*; May it ascend, like solemne sacrifice, into the nostrils of the *Queene of Loue*.

HED. Your *french ceremonies* are the best.

ANA. *Monsieur*, *Signior*, your *solemne Addresse* is too long. The ladies long to haue you come on.

AMO. Soft, sir, our comming on is not so easily prepar'd. Signior *Fig*.

PER. I, sir.

AMO. Can you helpe my complexion, heere?

PER. O yes, sir, I haue an excellent *mineral Fucus*, for the purpose. The gloues are right, sir, you shall burie 'hem in a mucke-hill, a draught, seuen yeeres, and take 'hem out, and wash 'hem, they shall still retaine their

their first sent, true *spanish*. There's *ambre* i'the *vmbre*.

MER. Your price, sweet *Fig*.

PER. Giue me what you will, sir: The *Signior* payes me two crownes a paire, you shall giue me your loue, sir.

MER. My loue ? with a pox to you, goodman *sasafras*.

PER. I come, sir. There's an excellent *diapasme* in a chaine too, if you like it.

AMO. Stay, what are the ingredients to your *fucus?*

PER. Nought, but *sublimate*, and *crude mercurie* , sir, well prepar'd, and dulcified, with the jaw-bones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and searced.

AMO. I approue it. Lay it on.

MAR. Ile haue your chaine of pomander , sirrah; what's your price?

PER. Wee'le agree, *Monsieur*; Ile assure you , it was both decocted, and dried, where no sun came, and kept in an *onyx* euer since it was ball'd.

MER. Come, inuert my *mustachio*, and we haue done.

AMO. 'Tis good.

BAR. Hold still I pray you, sir.

PER. Nay, the *fucus* is exorbitant, sir.

MER. Death ! doost thou burne me, Harlot ?

BAR. I beseech you, sir.

A flourish. MER. Begger, Varlet, *Poultroun ?*

HED. Excellent, excellent !

ANA. Your *french* Beate is the most naturall beate of the world.

ASO. O, that I had plaid at this weapon !

PHA. Peace, now they come on ; the second part.

A charge. AMO. Madame, your beauties, being so attractiue, I muse you are left thus, alone.

PHI. Better be alone, sir; then ill-accompanied.

AMO. Nought can be ill, ladie, that can come neere your goodnesse.

MER. Sweet Madame, on what part of you soeuer a man casts his eye, he meets with perfection ; you are the liuely image of VENVS, throughout; all the GRACES smile in your cheeks; your beautie nourishes,as well as delights ; you haue a tongue steep't in honie ; and a breath like a panther : your brests and forehead are whiter then gotes milke, or *May*-blossomes ; a cloud is not so soft as your skinne.———

HED. Well strooke, *Monsieur :* Hee charges like a *Frenchman* indeed, thicke, and hotly.

MER. Your cheekes are CVPIDS baths, wherein hee vses to steepe himselfe in milke, and nectar : Hee do's light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot,and wound, with their beames. Yet I loue nothing, in you, more then your innocence ; you retaine so natiue a simplicitie, so vnblam'd a behauiour. Mee thinkes, with such a loue, I should find no head, nor foot of my pleasure : You are the verie spirit of a ladie.

ANA. Faire play, *Monsieur?* you are too hot on the quarrie.Giue your competitor audience.

AMO.

AMO. Lady, how stirring soeuer the *Monsieurs* tongue is, hee will lie by your side, more dull then your *eunuch*.

ANA. A good stroke; That mouth was excellently put ouer.

AMO. You are faire, lady———

CRI. You offer foule, *Signior*, to close. Keepe your distance; for all your *Brauo rampant*, here.

AMO. I say you are faire, lady, let your choice be fit, as you are faire.

MER. I say, ladies doe neuer beleeue they are faire, till some foole begins to dote vpon 'hem.

PHI. You play too rough, gentlemen.

AMO. Your *frenchified* foole is your onely foole, lady: I doe yeeld to this honorable *Monsieur*, in all ciuill, and humane courtesie.

MER. Buzze. *A flourish.*

ANA. Admirable. Giue him the *prize*. Giue him the *prize*; That mouth, againe, was most courtly hit, and rare.

AMO. I knew, I should passe vpon him with the *bitter Bob*.

HED. O, but the *Reuerse* was singular.

PHA. It was most subtile, AMORPHVS.

ASO. If I had don't, it should haue beene better.

MER. How heartily they applaud this, CRITES!

CRI. You suffer 'hem too long.

MER. I'le take off their edge instantly.

ANA. Name the *prize*, at the *solemne Addresse*.

PHI. Two *lips wagging*.

CRI. And neuer a wise word; I take it.

ANA. Giue to AMORPHVS. And, vpon him, againe; let him not draw free breath.

AMO. Thankes, faire deliuerer, and my honorable iudges, Madame PHANTASTE, you are our worthy obiect at this next weapon.

PHA. Most couetingly ready, AMORPHVS.

HED. Your *Monsieur* is crest-falne.

ANA. So are most of'hem once a yeere.

AMO. You will see, I shall now giue him the gentle *dor*, presently, hee forgetting to shift the colours, which are now chang'd, with alteration of the Mistris. At your last weapon, sir. The *perfect Close*. Set forward, intend your approch. *Monsieur*. *A charge.*

MER. 'Tis yours, *Signior*.

AMO. With your example, sir.

MER. Not I, sir.

AMO. It is your right.

MER. By no possible meanes.

AMO. You haue the way.

MER. As I am noble———

AMO. As I am vertuous———

MER. Pardon me, sir.

AMO.

AMO. I will die first.

MER. You are a tyranne in courtesie.

AMO. He is remou'd——Iudges beare witnesse.

Amorphus staies the other, on his mouing. MER. What of that, sir?

AMO. You are remou'd, sir.

MER. Well.

AMO. I challenge you; you haue receiued the *dor*. Giue me the *prize*.

MER. Soft, sir. How, the *dor?*

AMO. The common Mistris, you see, is changed.

MER. Right, sir.

AMO. And you haue still in your hat the former colours.

MER. You lie, sir, I haue none: I haue pull'd 'hem out. I meant to play discolour'd.

CRI. The *dor*, the *dor*, the *dor*, the *dor*, the *dor!* the palpable *dor*.

A flourish. ANA. Heart of my bloud, AMORPHVS, what ha' you done? Stuck a disgrace vpon vs all, and at your last weapon?

ASO. I could haue done no more.

HED. By heauen, it was most vnfortunate lucke.

ANA. Lucke! by that candle, it was meere rashnesse, and ouer-sight, would any man haue venterd to play so open, and forsake his ward? Dam' me if he ha' not eternally vndone himselfe, in court; and discountenanc'd vs, that were his maine countenance, by it.

AMO. Forgiue it, now. It was the *solœcisme* of my starres.

CRI. The *Wring by the hand*, and the *Banquet* is ours.

MER. O, here's a *lady, feeles* like a wench of the first yeare; you would thinke her hand did melt in your touch; and the bones of her fingers ran out at length, when you prest 'hem, they are so gently delicate! Hee that had the grace to print a kisse on these lips, should taste wine, & rose-leaues. O, shee kisses as close as a cockle. Let's take 'hem downe, as deepe as our hearts, wench, till our very soules mixe. Adieu, *Signior*. Good faith, I shall drinke to you at supper, sir.

ANA. Stay, *Monsieur*. Who awards you the *prize?*

CRI. Why, his proper merit, sir: you see hee has plaid downe your grand garbe-Master, here.

ANA. That's not in your *logicke* to determine, sir: you are no courtier. This is none of your seuen, or nine beggerly *sciences*, but a certaine mysterie aboue 'hem, wherein wee that haue skill must pronounce, and not such fresh-men as you are.

CRI. Indeed, I must declare my selfe to you no profest courtling; nor to haue any excellent stroke, at your subtile weapons: yet if you please, I dare venter a hit with you, or your fellow, sir DAGONET, here.

ANA. With me?

CRI. Yes, sir.

ANA. Heart, I shall neuer haue such a fortune to saue my selfe in a fellow againe, and your two reputations, gentlemen, as in this. I'le vndertake him.

HED.

HED. Doe, and swinge him soundly, good ANAIDES.

ANA. Let mee alone, I'le play other manner of play, then has beene seene, yet. I would the *prize* lay on't.

MER. It shall if you will, I forgiue my right.

ANA. Are you so confident? what's your weapon?

CRI. At any, I, sir.

MER. The *perfect Close,* That's now the best.

ANA. Content, I'le pay your scholaritie. Who offers?

CRI. Mary, that will I. I dare giue you that aduantage, too.

ANA. You dare? Well, looke to your *liberall* skonce.

AMO. Make your play still, vpon the answere, sir.

ANA. Hold your peace, you are a hobby-horse.

ASO. Sit by me, Master.

MER. Now CRITES, strike home.

CRI. You shall see me vndoe the assur'd swaggerer with a tricke, instantly: I will play all his owne play before him; court the wench, in his garbe, in his phrase, with his face; leaue him not so much as a looke, an eye, a stalke, or an imperfect oth, to expresse himselfe by, after me.

MER. Excellent, CRITES.

ANA. When begin you, sir? Haue you consulted? *A charge.*

CRI. To your cost, sir; which is the *Peece*, stands forth to bee courted? O, are you shee? Well, Madame, or sweet lady, it is so, I doe loue you in some sort, doe you conceiue? and though I am no *Monsieur*, nor no *Signior*, and do want (as they say) *logicke* and *sophistrie*, and good words, to tell you why it is so; yet by this hand, and by that candle, it is so; And though I bee no booke-worme, nor one that deales by arte, to giue you *rhetorike*, and causes, why it should be so, or make it good it is so, yet dam' me, but I know it is so, and am assur'd it is so, and I and my sword shall make it appeare it is so; and giue you reason sufficient, how it can be no otherwise, but so———

HED. S'light, ANAIDES, you are mockt; and so we are all.

MER. How now, Signior! What, suffer your selfe to bee cossen'd of your courtship, before your face?

HED. This is plaine confederacy, to disgrace vs: Let's bee gone, and plot some reuenge.

AMO. *When men disgraces share,*
The lesser is the care.

CRI. Nay stay, my deare *Ambition*, I can doe you ouer too. You that tell your Mistris, Her beautie is all composde of theft; Her haire stole from APOLLO'S goldy-locks; Her white and red, lillies, and roses stolne out of paradise; Her eyes, two starres, pluckt from the skie; Her nose, the *gnomon* of *Loues* diall, that tells you how the clocke of your heart goes: And for her other parts, as you cannot reckon 'hem, they are so many; so you cannot recount them, they are so manifest. Yours, if his owne, vnfortunate HOYDEN, in stead of HEDON. *A flourish.*

ASO.

ASO. Sister, come away, I cannot endure 'hem longer.
MER. Goe, *Dors*, and you, my Madame *Courting-stocks,*
Follow your scorned, and derided mates ;
Tell to your guiltie brests, what meere guilt blocks
You are, and how vnworthy humane states.
CRI. Now, sacred god of wit, if you can make
Those, whom our sports taxe in these apish graces,
Kisse (like the fighting snakes) your peacefull rod ;
These times shall canonize you for a god.
MER. Why, CRITES, thinke you any noble spirit,
Or any, worth the title of a man,
Will be incenst, to see th'inchaunted vailes
Of selfe-conceit, and seruile flatterie
(Wrapt in so many folds, by time, and custome)
Drawne from his wronged, and bewitched eyes ?
Who sees not now their shape, and nakednesse,
Is blinder then the sonne of earth, the mole :
Crown'd with no more humanitie, nor soule.
CRI. Though they may see it, yet the huge estate
Phansie, and forme, and sensuall pride haue gotten,
Will make them blush for anger, not for shame ;
And turne shewne nakednesse, to impudence.
Humour is now the test, we trie things in ;
All power is iust : Nought that delights is sinne.
And, yet the zeale of euery knowing man,
(Opprest with hills of tyrannie, cast on vertue
By the light phant'sies of fooles, thus transported)
Cannot but vent the *Ætna* of his fires,
T'enflame best bosomes, with much worthier loue
Then of these outward, and effeminate shades :
That, these vaine ioyes, in which their wills consume
Such powers of wit, and soule, as are of force
To raise their beings to æternitie,
May be conuerted on workes, fitting men.
And, for the practice of a forced looke,
An antique gesture, or a fustian phrase,
Studie the natiue frame of a true heart,
An inward comelinesse of bountie, knowledge,
And spirit, that may conforme them, actually,
To *Gods* high figures, which they haue in power :
Which to neglect for a selfe-louing neatnesse,
Is sacrilege, of an vnpardon'd greatnesse.
MER. Then let the truth of these things strengthen thee,
In thy exempt, and only man-like course :
Like it the more, the lesse it is respected ;

Though

Though men faile, vertue is by gods protected.
See,here comes ARETE, I'le with-draw my selfe.

Act V. *Scene* V.

ARETE, CRITES.

CRITES, you must prouide strait for a masque,
'Tis CYNTHIAS pleasure. CRI. How, bright ARETE !
Why, 'twere a labour more for HERCVLES.
Better, and sooner durst I vnder-take
To make the different seasons of the yeere,
The windes, or elements to sympathize,
Then their vnmeasurable vanitie
Dance truely in a measure. They agree ?
What though all concord's borne of contraries ?
So many follies will confusion proue,
And like a sort of jarring instruments,
All out of tune : because (indeede) we see
There is not that analogie, twixt discords,
As betweene things but meerely opposite.
ARE. There is your error. For as HERMES wand
Charmes the disorders of tumultuous ghosts,
And as the strife of *Chaos* then did cease,
When better light then *Natures* did arriue :
So, what could neuer in it selfe agree,
Forgetteth the *eccentrike* propertie,
And at her sight, turnes forth-with regular,
Whose scepter guides the flowing *Ocean.*
And though it did not, yet the most of them
(Being either courtiers, or not wholy rude)
Respect of maiestie, the place, and presence,
Will keepe them within ring ; especially
When they are not presented as themselues
But masqu'd like others. For (in troth) not so
T'incorporate them, could be nothing else,
Then like a state vngouern'd without lawes ;
Or body made of nothing but diseases :
The one, through impotency poore, and wretched,
The other, for the *anarchie* absurd.
CRI. But, ladie, for the reuellers themselues,
It would be better (in my poore conceit)
That others were imploid : for such as are
Vnfit to be in CYNTHIAES court, can seeme
No lesse vnfit to be in CYNTHIAES sports.

ARE. That, CRITES, is not purposed without
Particular knowledge of the Goddesse mind,
(Who holding true intelligence, what follies
Had crept into her palace) shee resolu'd,
Of sports, and triumphs, vnder that pretext,
To haue them muster in their pompe, and fulnesse :
That so shee might more strictly, and to roote,
Effect the reformation shee intends.
CRI. I now conceiue her heauenly drift in all,
And will apply my spirits, to serue her will.
O thou, the very power, by which I am,
And but for which, it were in vaine to be,
Chiefe next DIANA, virgin, heauenly faire,
Admired ARETE (of them admir'd,
Whose soules are not enkindled by the sense)
Disdaine not my chaste fire, but feede the flame
Deuoted truely to thy gracious name.
ARE. Leaue to suspect vs : CRITES well shall find,
As we are now most deare, wee'le proue most kind.
Harke, I am call'd. CRI. I follow instantly.
PHŒBVS APOLLO : if with ancient rites,
And due deuotions, I haue euer hung
Elaborate *pæans*, on thy golden shrine,
Or sung thy triumphs in a loftie straine,
Fit for a theater of gods to heare ;
And thou, the other sonne of mighty IOVE,
Cyllenian MERCVRY (sweet MAIAS ioy)
If in the busie tumults of the mind,
My path thou euer hast illumined,
For which, thine altars I haue oft perfum'd,
And deckt thy statues with discoloured flowres :
Now thriue inuention in this glorious court,
That not of bountie only, but of right,
CYNTHIA may grace, and giue it life by sight.

Act V. *Scene* VI.

HESPERVS, CYNTHIA, ARETE, TYMÈ, PHRONESIS, THAVMA.

The Hymne.

QVeene, *and* Huntresse, *chaste, and faire,*
Now the Sunne *is laid to sleepe,*

Seated,

Seated, in thy siluer chaire,
State in wonted manner keepe :
HESPERVS *intreats thy light,*
Goddesse, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy enuious shade
Dare it selfe to interpose ;
CYNTHIAS *shining orbe was made*
Heauen to cleere, when day did close :
Blesse vs then with wished sight,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearle apart,
And thy cristall-shining quiuer ;
Giue vnto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soeuer :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

CYN. When hath DIANA, like an enuious wretch,
That glitters onely to his soothed selfe,
Denying to the world, the precious vse
Of hoorded wealth, with-held her friendly aide ?
Monthly, we spend our still-repaired shine,
And not forbid our virgin-waxen torch
To burne, and blaze, while nutriment doth last :
That once consum'd, out of IOVES treasurie
A new we take, and sticke it in our spheare,
To giue the mutinous kind of wanting men,
Their look't--for light. Yet,what is their desert ?
" Bountie is wrong'd, interpreted as due ;
" Mortalls can challenge not a ray, by right,
" Yet doe expect the whole of CYNTHIAS light.
But if that *Deities* with-drew their gifts,
For humane follies, what could men deserue
But death, and darknesse ? It behooues the high,
For their owne sakes, to doe things worthily.
ARE. Most true, most sacred *Goddesse* ; for the heauens
Receiue no good of all the good they doe.
Nor IOVE, nor you, nor other heauenly power,
Are fed with fumes, which doe from incense rise,
Or sacrifices reeking in their gore,
Yet, for the care which you of mortalls haue,
(Whose proper good it is, that they be so)
You well are pleas'd with odours redolent :
But ignorant is all the race of men,
Which still complaines, not knowing why, or when.

CYN. Else, noble ARETE, they would not blame,
And taxe, for or vnjust, or for as proud,
Thy CYNTHIA, in the things which are indeed
The greatest glories in our starrie crowne;
Such is our chastitie: which safely scornes
(Not *Loue*; for who more feruently doth loue
Immortall honour, and diuine renowne?
But) giddie CVPID, VENVS franticke sonne.
Yet ARETE, if by this vailed light,
Wee but discouer'd (what we not discerne)
Any the least of imputations stand
Readie to sprinkle our vnspotted fame,
With note of lightnesse, from these reuels neere:
Not, for the empire of the vniuerse,
Should night, or court, this whatsoeuer shine,
Or grace of ours vnhappily enjoy.
" Place, and occasion are two priuie theeues;
" And from poore innocent ladies often steale
" (The best of things) an honourable name:
" To stay with follies, or where faults may be,
" Infers a crime, although the partie free.
ARE. How *Cynthian-ly* (that is, how worthily
And like herselfe) the matchlesse CYNTHIA speakes!
Infinite iealousies, infinite regards,
Doe watch about the true virginitie:
But PHŒBE liues from all, not onely fault,
But as from thought, so from suspicion free.
" Thy presence *broad-seales* our delights for pure,
" What's done in CYNTHIAS sight, is done secure.
CYN. That then so answer'd (dearest ARETE)
What th'argument or of what sort our sports
Are like to be this night, I not demaund.
Nothing which dutie, and desire to please
Beares written in the forehead, comes amisse.
But vnto whose inuention, must we owe,
The complement of this nights furniture?
ARE. Excellent Goddesse, to a mans, whose worth,
(Without hyperbole,) I thus may praise;
One (at least) studious of deseruing well,
And (to speake truth) indeed deseruing well:
" Potentiall merit stands for actuall,
" Where onely oportunitie doth want,
" Not will, nor power: both which in him abound.
One, whom the MVSES, and MINERVA loue.
For whom should they, then CRITES, more esteeme,

Whom

Whom PHŒBVS (though not *Fortune)* holdeth deare ?
And (which conuinceth excellence in him,)
A principall admirer of your selfe.
Euen, through th' vngentle injuries of *fate*,
And difficulties, which doe vertue choake,
Thus much of him appeares. What other things
Of farther note, doe lye vnborne in him,
Them I doe leaue for cherishment to shew,
And for a Goddesse graciously to judge.
CYN. We haue alreadie judg'd him, ARETE :
Nor are we ignorant, how noble minds
Suffer too much through those indignities,
Which times, and vicious persons cast on them :
Our selfe haue euer vowed to esteeme,
(As vertue, for it selfe, so) fortune base ;
Who's first in worth, the same be first in place.
Nor farther notice (ARETE) we craue
Then thine approuals soueraigne warrantie :
Let' be thy care, to make vs knowne to him,
" CYNTHIA shall brighten, what the world made dimme.

Act V. *Scene* VII.

The first Masque.

CVPID, like ANTEROS. *To them.*

CLeare pearle of heauen, and, not to bee farther ambitious in titles, CYNTHIA. The fame of this illustrous night, among others, hath also drawne these foure faire virgins from the palace of their Queene *Perfection* (a word, which makes no sufficient difference, twixt hers, and thine) to visit thy imperiall court : for she, their soueraigne, not finding where to dwell among men, before her returne to heauen, aduised them wholy to consecrate themselues to thy celestiall seruice, as in whose cleere spirit (the proper element, and sphere of vertues) they should behold not her alone, (their euer honour'd mistris) but themselues (more truly themselues) to liue inthroniz'd. Her selfe would haue commended them vnto thy fauour more particularly, but that shee knowes no commendation is more auaileable with them, then that of proper vertue. Neuerthelesse, she will'd them to present this christall *mound*, a note of monarchie, and symbole of perfection, to thy more worthie *deitie*; which, as heere by me they most humbly doe, so amongst the rarities thereof, that is the chiefe, to shew whatsoeuer the world hath excellent, howsoeuer remote and various. But your irradiate iudgement will soone discouer the secrets of this little cristall world. Themselues (to appeare more plainely) because they know nothing more odious, then false pretexts, haue chosen to expresse

their seuerall qualities , thus in seuerall colours.

The first,in citron colour,is natural affection,which giuen vs to procure our good,is somtime called Storge,and as euery one is neerest to himselfe, so this hand-maid of reason, allowable selfe-loue , as it is without harme, so are none without it : Her place in the court of perfection was to quicken mindes in the pursuit of honour. Her deuice is a perpendicular leuell, vpon a Cube, or Square. The word , SE SVO MODVLO. Alluding to that true measure of ones selfe, which as euerie one ought to make, so is it most conspicuous in thy diuine example.

The second, in greene, is AGLAIA , delectable and pleasant Conuersation,whose propertie is to moue a kindly delight,and sometime not without laughter : Her office, to entertaine assemblies, and keepe societies together with faire familiaritie. Her deuice within *a Ring of clouds , a Heart with shine about it.* The Word , CVRARVM NVBILA PELLO. An Allegorie of CYNTHIAES light,which no lesse cleares the skie,then her faire mirth the heart.

The third, in the discolour'd mantle spangled all ouer,is EVPHANTASTE, *a well conceited wittinesse*, and imployd in honouring the court with the riches of her pure inuention. Her deuice, vpon a *Petasus*, or *Mercuriall* hat, a *Crescent.* The Word, SIC LAVS INGENII. Inferring , that the praise and glorie of wit, doth euer increase , as doth thy growing moone.

The fourth in white, is APHELEIA ,a *Nymph* as pure and simple as the soule , or as an abrase table, and is therefore called *simplicitie* ; without folds, without pleights , without colour , without counterfeit : and (to speake plainly) *Plainenesse* it selfe. Her deuice is no deuice. The word vnder her *Siluer Shield*, OMNIS ABEST FVCVS. Alluding to thy spotlesse selfe, who art as farre from impuritie, as from mortalitie.

My selfe (celestiall Goddesse) more fit for the court of CYNTHIA,then the arbors of CYTHEREE , am call'd ANTEROS, or *Loues enemie*;the more welcome therefore to thy court, and the fitter to conduct this *Quaternion*, who as they are thy professed votaries, and for that cause aduersaries to *Loue*, yet thee (perpetuall *Virgin)* they both loue, and vow to loue eternally.

Act V. *Scene* VIII.

CYNTHIA, ARETE, CRITES.

NOt without wonder, nor without delight,
Mine eyes haue view'd (in contemplations depth)
This worke of wit, diuine, and excellent :
What shape ? what substance ? or what vnknowne power
In virgins habite, crown'd with lawrell leaues,
And oliue branches wouen in betweene,
On sea-girt rockes, like to a Goddesse shines?
O front ! ô face ! ô all cælestiall sure,

And

And more then mortall! ARETE, behold
Another CYNTHIA, and another Queene,
Whose glorie (like a lasting *plenilune)*
Seemes ignorant of what it is to wane.
Not vnder heauen an obiect could be found
More fit to please. Let CRITES make approch.
Bountie forbids to pall our thankes with stay,
Or to deferre our fauour, after view:
" The time of grace is, when the cause is new.
ARE. Loe, here the man (celestiall DELIA)
Who (like a circle bounded in it selfe)
Contaynes as much, as man in fulnesse may.
Loe, here the man, who not of vsuall earth,
But of that nobler, and more precious mould,
Which PHŒBVS selfe doth temper, is compos'd;
And, who (though all were wanting to reward)
Yet, to himselfe he would not wanting be:
Thy fauours gaine is his ambitions most,
And labours best; who (humble in his height)
Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.
CYN. With no lesse pleasure, then we haue beheld
This precious christall, worke of rarest wit,
Our eye doth reade thee (now enstil'd) our CRITES;
Whom learning, vertue, and our fauour last,
Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.
" With common eye the supreme should not see.
Henceforth be ours, the more thy selfe to be.
CRI. Heau'ns purest light, whose orbe may be eclips'd,
But not thy praise; (diuinest CYNTHIA)
How much too narrow for so high a grace,
Thine (saue therein) the most vnworthy CRITES
Doth find himselfe! for euer shine thy fame;
Thine honours euer, as thy beauties doe;
In me they must, my darke worlds chiefest lights,
By whose propitious beames my powers are rais'd
To hope some part of those most loftie points,
Which blessed ARETE hath pleas'd to name,
As markes, to which my'ndeuours steps should bend:
Mine, as begun at thee, in thee must end.

Act V. *Scene* IX.

The second Masque.

MERCVRIE, as a PAGE.

SIster of PHŒBVS, to whose bright orbe we owe, that we not complaine of his absence; These foure brethren (for they are brethren, and sonnes of EVTAXIA, a lady knowne, and highly belou'd of your resplendent *deitie)* not able to be absent, when CYNTHIA held a solemnitie, officiously insinuate themselues into thy presence: For, as there are foure cardinall vertues, vpon which the whole frame of the *court* doth moue, so are these the foure cardinall properties, without which, the body of *complement* moueth not. With these foure siluer iauelins (which they beare in their hands) they support in Princes courts the state of the presence, as by office they are obliged; which, though here they may seeme superfluous, yet, for honors sake, they thus presume to visite thee, hauing also beene emploid in the palace of Queene *Perfection*. And though to them, that would make themselues gracious to a Goddesse, sacrifices were fitter then presents, or *Impreses*, yet they both hope thy fauour, and (in place of either) vse seuerall *Symboles*, contayning the titles of thy imperiall dignitie.

First, the hethermost, in the changeable blew, and greene robe, is the commendably-fashioned gallant, EVCOSMOS; whose courtly habite is the grace of the presence, and delight of the surueying eye: whom ladies vnderstand by the names of *neate*, and *elegant*. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE VIRGINI, in which he would expresse thy *deities* principall glory, which hath euer beene *virginitie*.

The second, in the rich acoutrement, and robe of purple, empaled with gold, is EVPATHES; who entertaynes his mind with an harmelesse, but not incurious varietie: All the obiects of his senses are sumptuous, himselfe a gallant, that, without excesse, can make vse of superfluitie: goe richly in imbroideries, iewells (and what not?) without vanitie, and fare delicately without gluttonie: and therefore not (not without cause) is vniuersally thought to be of *fine humour*. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE OPTIMAE. An attribute to expresse thy *goodnesse*, in which thou so resemblest IOVE thy father.

The third, in the blush-colour'd sute, is, EVTOLMOS, as duely respecting others, as neuer neglecting himselfe; commonly knowne by the title of *good audacitie:* to courts, and courtly assemblies, a guest most acceptable. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE VIRAGINI. To expresse thy *hardy courage*, in chase of sauage beasts, which harbour in woods, and wildernesse.

The fourth, in watchet tinsell, is the kind, and truly benefique EVCOLOS. Who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficultie; and hath the happinesse to make euery kindnesse seeme double, by the timely

timely, and freely bestowing thereof. He is the chiefe of them, who (by the vulgar) are said to be of *good nature*. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE MAXIMAE. An adiunct to signifie thy *greatnesse*, which in heauen, earth , and hell is formidable.

Act V. *Scene* X.

CVPID, MERCVRIE.

The Maskes ioyne, and dance.

IS not that AMORPHVS, the trauailer?

MER. As though it were not ! doe you not see how his legs are in trauaile with a measure?

CVP. HEDON, thy master is next.

MER. What, will CVPID turne *nomenclator*, and cry them?

CVP. No faith, but I haue a *comedie* toward, that would not be lost for a kingdome.

MER. In good time, for CVPID will proue the *comedie*.

CVP. MERCVRY, I am studying how to match them.

MER. How to mis-match them were harder.

CVP. They are the *Nymphs* must doe it , I shall sport my selfe with their passions aboue measure.

MER. Those *Nymphs* would be tam'd a little indeed, but I feare thou hast not arrowes for the purpose.

CVP. O, yes, here be of all sorts,flights,rouers, and butt-shafts. But I can wound with a brandish, and neuer draw bow for the matter.

MER. I cannot but beleeue it, my inuisible archer,and yet me thinks you are tedious.

CVP. It behoues me to be somewhat circumspect, MERCVRY ; for if CYNTHIA heare the twang of my bow , shee'le goe neere to whip mee with the string : therefore , to preuent that , I thus discharge a brandish vpon———it makes no matter which of the couples. PHANTASTE, and AMORPHVS, at you.

MER. Will the shaking of a shaft strike 'hem into such a feuer of affection?

CVP. As well as the wincke of an eye : but I pray thee,hinder me not with thy prattle.

MER. IOVE forbid I hinder thee. Mary, all that I feare, is CYNTHIAS presence; which, with the cold of her chastitie, casteth such an *antiperistasis* about the place, that no heate of thine will tarry with the patient.

CVP. It will tarry the rather, for the *antiperistasis* will keepe it in.

MER. I long to see the experiment.

CVP. Why, their marrow boiles already , or they are all turn'd *eunuchs*.

MER. Nay,and't bee so , I'le giue ouer speaking , and bee a spectator onely.

They haue danced the first straine.

AMO. CYNTHIA (by my bright soule) is a right exquisite, and splendidious

didious lady; yet AMORPHVS, I thinke, hath seene more fashions, I am sure more countries: but whether I haue, or not, what neede wee gaze on CYNTHIA, that haue our selfe to admire?

PHA. O, excellent CYNTHIA! yet if PHANTASTE sate where shee doo's, and had such a tire on her head (for attire can doe much) I say no more--but goddesses are goddesses, and PHANTASTE is as shee is! I would the reuells were done once, I might goe to my schoole of glasse, againe, and learne to doe my selfe right after all this ruffling.

MER. How now, CVPID? here's a wonderfull change with your brandish! doe you not heare, how they dote?

CVP. What prodigie is this? no word of loue? no mention? no motion?

MER. Not a word, my little *Ignis fatue*, not a word.

CVP. Are my darts inchaunted? Is their vigour gone? is their vertue———

MER. What? CVPID turn'd iealous of himselfe? ha, ha, ha.

CVP. Laughs MERCVRY?

MER. Is CVPID angrie?

CVP. Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

MOR. A rare *comœdie*, it shall be intitled, CVPIDS.

CVP. Doe not scorne vs, HERMES.

MER. Choller, and CVPID, are two fiery things; I scorne 'hem not. But I see that come to passe, which I presag'd in the beginning.

CVP. You cannot tell: perhaps the physicke will not worke so soone vpon some, as vpon others. It may be, the rest are not so resty.

MER. *Ex vngue*, you know the old *adage*, as these, so are the remainder.

CVP. I'le trie: this is the same shaft, with which I wounded ARGVRION.

MER. I, but let mee saue you a labour, CVPID: there were certayne bottles of water fetcht, and drunke off (since that time) by these gallants.

CVP. IOVE, strike me into earth: The *Fountayne* of *selfe-Loue!*

MER. Nay, faint not, CVPID.

CVP. I remembred it not.

MER. Faith, it was ominous to take the name of ANTEROS vpon you, you know not what charme or inchantment lies in the word: you saw, I durst not venter vpon any deuice, in our presentment, but was content to be no other then a simple page. Your arrowes properties (to keepe *decorum)* CVPID, are suted (it should seeme) to the nature of him you personate.

CVP. Indignitie not to be borne.

MER. Nay rather, an attempt to haue beene forborne.

The second straine.

CVP. How might I reuenge my selfe on this insulting MERCVRY? there's CRITES, his minion, he has not tasted of this water. It shall be so. Is CRITES turn'd dotard on himselfe too?

MER. That followes not, because the venome of your shafts cannot pierce him, CVPID.

CVP.

CVP. As though there were one *antidote* for these, and another for him?

MER. As though there were not! or as if one effect might not arise of diuers causes? What say you to CYNTHIA, ARETE, PHRONESIS, TIMÈ, and others there?

CVP. They are diuine.

MER. And CRITES aspires to be so.

CVP. But that shall not serue him.

MER. 'Tis like to doe it, at this time. But CVPID is growne too couetous, that will not spare one of a multitude.

CVP. One is more then a multitude.

MER. ARETES fauour makes any one shot-proofe against thee, CVPID. I pray thee, light hony-bee, remember thou art not now in ADONIS garden, but in CYNTHIAS presence, where thornes lie in garrison about the roses. Soft, CYNTHIA speakes. *The third straine.*

Act V. *Scene* XI.

CYNTHIA, ARETE, CRITES, MASQVERS.

LAdies, and gallants of our court, to end,
And giue a timely period to our sports,
Let vs conclude them with declining night;
Our empire is but of the darker halfe.
And if you iudge it any recompence
For your faire paines, t'haue earn'd DIANAS thankes,
DIANA grants them: and bestowes their crowne
To gratifie your acceptable zeale.
For you are they, that not (as some haue done)
Doe censure vs, as too seuere, and sowre,
But as (more rightly) gracious to the good;
Although we not denie, vnto the proud,
Or the prophane, perhaps indeede austere:
For so ACTAEON, by presuming farre,
Did (to our griefe) incurre a fatall doome;
And so, swolne NIOBE (comparing more
Then he presum'd) was trophæed into stone.
But are we therefore judged too extreme?
Seemes it no crime, to enter sacred bowers,
And hallowed places, with impure aspect,
Most lewdly to pollute? Seemes it no crime,
To braue a *deitie?* Let mortals learne
To make religion of offending heauen;

And

And not at all to censure powers diuine.
To men, this argument should stand for firme,
" A Goddesse did it, therefore it was good :
" We are not cruell, nor delight in bloud.
But what haue serious repetitions
To doe with reuels, and the sports of court?
We not intend to sowre your late delights
With harsh expostulation. Let 't suffice,
That we take notice, and can take reuenge
Of these calumnious, and lewd blasphemies.
For we are no lesse CYNTHIA, then we were,
Nor is our power (but as our selfe) the same :
Though we haue now put on no tyre of shine,
But mortall eyes vndaz'led may indure.
" Yeeres are beneath the spheres : and time makes weake
" Things vnder heauen, not powers which gouerne heauen.
And though our selfe be, in our selfe, secure,
Yet let not mortals challenge to themselues
Immunitie from thence. Loe, this is all :
" Honour hath store of spleene, but wanteth gall.
Once more, we cast the slumber of our thankes
On your ta'ne toile, which here let take an end.
And that we not mis-take your seuerall worths,
Nor you our fauour, from your selues remooue
What makes you not your selues, those cloudes of masque :
They vnmasque. " Particular paines, particular thankes doe aske.
How ! let me view you ! ha ? Are we comtemn'd ?
Is there so little awe of our disdaine,
That any (vnder trust of their disguise)
Should mixe themselues with others of the court ?
And (without forehead) boldly presse so far,
As farther none ? How apt is lenitie
To be abusde ? seueritie to be loth'd ?
And yet, how much more doth the seeming face
Of neighbour-vertues, and their borrowed names,
Adde of lewd boldnesse,to loose vanities ?
Who would haue thought that PHILAVTIA durst
Or haue vsurped noble STORGES name ?
Or with that theft haue ventred, on our eyes ?
Who would haue thought, that all of them should hope
So much of our conniuence, as to come
To grace themselues, with titles not their owne ?
In stead of med'cines, haue we maladies ?
And such impostumes, as PHANTASTE is,
Grow in our palace ? we must lance these sores,

Or

Or all will putrifie. Nor are these all,
For we suspect a farder fraud then this:
Take off our vaile, that shadowes may depart,
And shapes appeare, beloued ARETE———So.
Another face of things presents it selfe,
Then did of late: What! featherd CVPID mask'd?
And mask'd like ANTEROS? And, stay! more strange!
Deare MERCVRIE, our brother like a page,
To countenance the ambush of the boy?
Nor endeth our discouerie as yet:
GELAIA, like a *Nymph*, that but ere-while
(In male attire) did serue ANAIDES?
CVPID came hither to find sport and game,
Who, heretofore hath beene too conuersant
Among our traine; but neuer felt reuenge:
And MERCVRIE bare CVPID companie.
CVPID, we must confesse this time of mirth
(Proclaim'd by vs) gaue opportunitie,
To thy attempts, although no priuiledge;
Tempt vs no farther, we cannot indure
Thy presence longer: vanish hence, away.
You, MERCVRIE, we must intreate to stay,
And heare what we determine of the rest;
For in this plot, we well perceiue your hand.
But (for we meane not a *censorian* taske,
And yet to lance these vlcers growne so ripe)
Deare ARETE, and CRITES, to you two
We giue the charge; impose what paines you please:
Th' incurable cut off, the rest reforme,
Remembring euer what we first decreed,
Since reuells were proclaim'd let now none bleed.
ARE. How well DIANA can distinguish times?
And sort her censures? keeping to her selfe
The doome of gods, leauing the rest to vs?
Come, cite them, CRITES, first, and then proceed.
CRI. First, PHILAVTIA (for she was the first,)
Then light GELAIA, in AGLAIAS name,
Thirdly PHANTASTE, and MORIA next,
Maine follies all, and of the female crew:
AMORPHVS, or EVCOSMOS conterfeit,
Voluptuous HEDON tane for EVPATHES,
Brazen ANAIDES, and ASOTVS last,
With his two pages, MORVS and PROSAITES;
And thou, the trauellers euill, COS, approch,
Impostors all, and male deformities———

ARE. Nay, forward, for I delegate my power.
And will that at thy mercie they doe stand,
Whom they so oft so plainely scorn'd before.
" 'Tis vertue which they want, and wanting it,
" Honour no garment to their backes can fit.
Then, CRITES, practise thy discretion.
CRI. Adored CYNTHIA, and bright ARETE;
Another might seeme fitter for this taske,
Then CRITES farre, but that you iudge not so:
For I (not to appeare vindicatiue,
Or mindfull of contempts, which I contemn'd
As done of impotence) must be remisse,
Who, as I was the authour, in some sort,
To worke their knowledge into CYNTHIAS sight,
So should be much seuerer to reuenge
Th'indignitie, hence issuing to her name.
But there's not one of these, who are vnpain'd,
Or by themselues vnpunished for vice
Is like a furie to the vicious minde,
And turnes delight it selfe to punishment.
But we must forward to designe their doome;
You are offenders, that must be confest,
Doe you confesse it? ALL. We doe.
CRI. And, that you merit sharpe correction? ALL. Yes.
CRI. Then we (reseruing vnto DELIAES grace,
Her farther pleasure, and to ARETE
What DELIA granteth) thus doe sentence you.
That from this place (for pœnance knowne of all,
Since you haue drunke so deeply of *selfe-Loue)*
You (two and two) singing a *palinode*,
March to your seuerall homes by NIOBES stone,
And offer vp two teares apiece thereon;
That it may change the name, as you must change,
And of a stone be called *Weeping Crosse*:
Because it standeth crosse of CYNTHIAS way,
One of whose names is sacred TRIVIA.
And,after pœnance thus perform'd, you passe
In like set order, not as MIDAS did,
To wash his gold off into *Tagus* streame,
But to the well of knowledge, *Helicon*;
Where purged of your present maladies,
(Which are not few, nor slender) you become
Such as you faine would seeme: and then returne,
Offring your seruice to great CYNTHIA.
This is your sentence, if the goddesse please.

To

To ratifie it with her high consent :
" The scope of wise mirth vnto fruict is bent.
CYN. We doe approue thy censure, belou'd CRITES.
Which MERCVRY, thy true propitious friend,
(A *deitie*, next IOVE, belou'd of vs)
Will vnder-take to see exactly done :
And for this seruice of discouerie
Perform'd by thee, in honor of our name,
We vow to guerdon it with such due grace,
As shall become our bountie, and thy place.
" Princes, that would their people should doe well,
" Must at themselues begin, as at the head ;
" For men, by their example, patterne out
" Their imitations, and reguard of lawes :
" A vertuous *Court* a world to vertue drawes.

PALINODE.

AMO. *From* spanish *shrugs*, french *faces*, *smirks*, *irps*, *and all affected humours:*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

PHA. *From secret friends, sweet seruants, loues, doues, and such phantastique humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

AMO. *From stabbing of armes, flap-dragons, healths, whiffes, and all such swaggering humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

PHA. *From waning of fannes, coy glaunces, glickes, cringes, and all such simpring humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

AMO. *From making loue by atturny, courting of puppets, and paying for new acquaintance.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

PHA. *From perfum'd dogs, munkeyes, sparrowes, dildo's, and parachito's.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

AMO. *From wearing bracelets of haire, shooe-ties, gloues, garters, and rings with poesies.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

PHA. *From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing, and renewing old riueld faces.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

AMO. *From squiring to tilt-yards, play-houses, pageants, and all such publique places.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

PHA. *From entertayning one gallant to gull an other, and making fooles of either.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

AMO. *From belying ladies fauours, noble-mens countenance, coyning counterfet imployments, vaine-glorious taking to them other mens seruices, and all* selfe-louing *humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

SONG.

NOw each one drie his weeping eyes,
And to the well of knowledge haste;
Where purged of your maladies,
You may of sweeter waters taste:
And, with refined voice, report
The grace of CYNTHIA, *and her court.*

THE EPILOGVE.

GEntles, be't knowne to you, since I went in
I am turn'd rimer; and doe thus begin.
The Author (iealous, how your sense doth take
His trauailes) hath enioyned me to make
Some short, and ceremonious *epilogue*;
But if I yet know what, I am a rogue:
He ties me to such lawes, as quite distract
My thoughts; and would a yeere of time exact.
I neither must be faint, remisse, nor sorry,
Sowre, serious, confident, nor peremptory:

But

But betwixt these. Let's see ; to lay the blame
Vpon the Childrens action, that were lame.
To craue your fauour, with a begging knee,
Were to distrust the writers facultie.
To promise better at the next we bring,
Prorogues disgrace, commends not any thing.
Stifly to stand on this, and proudly approue
The play, might taxe the maker of *selfe-Loue.*
I'le onely speake, what I haue heard him say ;
By (---) *'tis good, and if you lik't, you may.*

THE END.

Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.

Hoc volo : nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.

This Comicall Satyre was first acted, in the yeere

1600.

By the then Children of Queene

ELIZABETHS

Chappell.

The principall Comœdians were,

NAT. FIELD. — IOH. VNDERWOOD.

SAL. PAVY. — ROB. BAXTER.

THO. DAY. — IOH. FROST.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

POËTASTER,

OR

His Arraignement.

A Comicall Satyre.

Acted, in the yeere 1601. By the then
Children of Queene ELIZABETHS
CHAPPEL.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Et mihi de nullo fama rubore placet.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY,
for *Matthew Lownes.*

M. DC. XVI.

TO

THE VERTVOVS, AND MY WORTHY FRIEND,

Mr. Richard Martin.

SIR, *A thankefull man owes a courtesie euer : the vnthankefull, but when he needes it. To make mine owne marke appeare, and shew by which of these seales I am known, I send you this peece of what may liue of mine ; for whose innocence, as for the Authors, you were once a noble and timely vndertaker, to the greatest Iustice of this kingdome. Enioy now the delight of your goodnesse ; which is to see that prosper, you preseru'd : and posteritie to owe the reading of that, without offence, to your name; which so much ignorance, and malice of the times, then conspir'd to haue supprest.*

Your true louer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

AVGVSTVS CÆSAR.
MECŒNAS.
MARC. OVID.
COR. GALLVS.
PROPERTIVS.
FVS. ARISTVS.
PVB. OVID.
VIRGIL.
HORACE.
TREBATIVS.

LVPVS.
TVCCA.
CRISPINVS.
HERMOGENES.
DE. FANNIVS.
ALBIVS.
MINOS.
HISTRIO.
PYRGVS.
LICTORS.

IVLIA.
CYTHERIS.
PLAVTIA.
CHLOE.
MAYDES.

THE SCENE.

ROME.

POETASTER.

After the second sounding.

ENVIE.

Arising in the midst of the stage.

Ight, I salute thee; but with wounded nerues:
Wishing thy golden splendor, pitchy darknesse.
What's here? TH'ARRAIGNMENT? I: This, this is it,
That our sunke eyes haue wak't for, all this while:
Here will be subiect for my snakes, and me.
Cling to my necke, and wrists, my louing wormes,
And cast you round, in soft, and amorous foulds,
Till I doe bid, vncurle: Then, breake your knots,
Shoot out your selues at length, as your forc't stings
Would hide themselues within his malic't sides,
To whom I shall apply you. Stay: the shine
Of this assembly here offends my sight,
I'le darken that first, and out-face their grace.
Wonder not if I stare: These fifteene weekes
(So long as since the plot was but an *embrion)*
Haue I, with burning lights mixt vigilant thoughts,
In expectation of this hated play:
To which (at last) I am arriu'd as *Prologue.*
Nor would I, you should looke for other lookes,
Gesture, or complement from me, then what
Th'infected bulke of ENVIE can afford:
For I am risse here with a couetous hope,
To blast your pleasures, and destroy your sports,
With wrestings, comments, applications,

Spie-

Spie-like suggestions, priuie whisperings,
And thousand such promooting sleights as these.
Marke, how I will begin : The *Scene* is, ha !
ROME? ROME? and ROME? Cracke ey-strings,and your balles
Drop into earth ; let me be euer blind.
I am preuented ; all my hopes are crost,
Checkt, and abated ; fie, a freezing sweate
Flowes forth at all my pores, my entrailes burne :
What should I doe ? ROME ? ROME ? O my vext soule,
How might I force this to the present state ?
Are there no players here ? no poet-apes,
That come with basiliskes eyes, whose forked tongues
Are steept in venome, as their hearts in gall ?
Eyther of these would helpe me ; they could wrest,
Peruert, and poyson all they heare, or see,
With senselesse glosses, and allusions.
Now if you be good deuils, flye me not.
You know what deare, and ample faculties
I haue indow'd you with : Ile lend you more.
Here, take my snakes among you, come, and eate,
And while the squeez'd juice flowes in your blacke jawes,
Helpe me to damne the Authour . Spit it foorth
Vpon his lines, and shew your rustie teeth
At euerie word, or accent : or else choose
Out of my longest vipers, to sticke downe
In your deep throats ; and let the heads come forth
At your ranke mouthes ; that he may see you arm'd
With triple malice, to hisse, sting, and teare
His worke, and him ; to forge, and then declame,
Traduce, corrupt, apply, enforme, suggest :
O, these are gifts wherein your soules are blest.
What ? doe you hide your selues ? will none appeare ?
None answere ? what, doth this calme troupe affright you ?
Nay, then I doe despaire : downe, sinke againe.
This trauaile is all lost with my dead hopes.
If in such bosomes, spight haue left to dwell,
Enuie is not on earth, nor scarse in hell.

The third sounding.

PROLOGVE.

STay , Monster, ere thou sinke, thus on thy head
Set we our bolder foot; with which we tread
Thy malice into earth : So spight should die,

Despis'd

Despis'd and scorn'd by noble industrie.
If any muse why I salute the stage,
An armed *Prologue* ; know,'tis a dangerous age :
Wherein, who writes, had need present his *Scenes*
Fortie fold-proofe against the coniuring meanes
Of base detractors, and illiterate apes,
That fill vp roomes in faire and formall shapes.
'Gainst these, haue we put on this forc't defence :
Whereof the *allegorie* and hid sence
Is, that a well erected confidence
Can fright their pride, and laugh their folly hence.
Here now, put case our Authour should, once more,
Sweare that his play were good ; he doth implore,
You would not argue him of arrogance :
How ere that common spawne of ignorance,
Our frie of writers, may beslime his fame,
And giue his action that adulterate name.
Such ful-blowne vanitie he more doth lothe,
Then base deiection : There's a meane'twixt both.
Which with a constant firmenesse he pursues,
As one,that knowes the strength of his owne *muse*.
And this he hopes all free soules will allow,
Others,that take it with a rugged brow,
Their moods he rather pitties, then enuies:
His mind it is aboue their iniuries.

Act I. *Scene* I.

Ovid, Lvscvs.

THen, when this bodie falls in funerall fire,
My name shall liue, and my best part aspire.
It shall goe so.

Lvsc. Young master, master Ovid, doe you heare? gods a mee ! away with your *songs*, and *sonnets* ; and on with your gowne and cappe, quickly : here, here, your father will be a man of this roome presently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be briefe. These verses too, a poyson on 'hem, I cannot abide 'hem, they make mee readie to cast , by the bankes of *helicon*. Nay looke, what a rascally vntoward thing this *poetrie* is ; I could teare 'hem now.

Ovid. Giue me, how neere's my father ?

Lvsc. Hart a'man : get a law-booke in your hand, I will not answere you else. Why so : now there's some formalitie in you. By Iove , and three or foure of the gods more, I am right of mine olde masters humour for that ; this villanous *poetrie* will vndoe you, by the welkin.

OVID. What, hast thou buskins on, LVSCVS, that thou swear'st so tragically, and high?

LVSC. No, but I haue bootes on, sir, and so ha's your father too by this time: for he call'd for 'hem, ere I came from the lodging.

OVID. Why? was he no readier?

LVSC. O no; and there was the madde skeldring captaine, with the veluet armes, readie to lay hold on him as hee comes downe: he that presses euerie man he meets, with an oath, to lend him money, and cries; (Thou must doo't, old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worship.)

OVID. Who? PANTILIVS TVCCA?

LVSC. I, hee: and I met little master LVPVS, the *Tribune*, going thither too.

OVID. Nay, and he be vnder their arrest, I may (with safetie inough) reade ouer my *elegie*, before he come.

LVSC. Gods a mee! What'll you doe? why, young master, you are not *castalian* mad, lunatike, frantike, desperate? ha?

OVID. What ailest thou, LVSCVS?

LVSC. God be with you, sir, I'le leaue you to your *poeticall* fancies, and *furies*. I'le not be guiltie, I.

OVID. Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone:
For thus alone, our eare shall better judge
The hastie errours of our morning *muse*.

Ouid.Lib.1. Amo.Ele.15.

ENuie, why twitst thou me, my time's spent ill?
And call'st my verse, fruits of an idle quill?
Or that (vnlike the line from whence I sprung)
Wars dustie honours I pursue not young?
Or that I studie not the tedious lawes;
And prostitute my voyce in euerie cause?
Thy scope is mortall; mine eternall fame:
Which through the world shall euer chaunt my name.
HOMER *will liue, whil'st* TENEDOS *stands, and* IDE,
Or, to the sea, fleet SIMOIS *doth slide:*
And so shall HESIOD *too, while vines doe beare,*
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened eare.
CALLIMACHVS, *though in inuention lowe,*
Shall still be sung: since he in art doth flowe.
No losse shall come to SOPHOCLES *proud vaine.*
With sunne, and moone, ARATVS *shall remaine.*
Whil'st slaues be false, fathers hard, and bawdes be whorish,
Whil'st harlots flatter, shall MENANDER *flourish.*
ENNIVS, *though rude, and* ACCIVS *high-reard straine,*
A fresh applause in euerie age shall gaine.
Of VARRO'S *name, what eare shall not be told?*
Of IASONS ARGO? *and the fleece of gold?*

Then

Then shall LVCRETIVS *loftie numbers die,*
When earth, and seas in fire and flames shall frie.
TYTIRVS, *Tillage,* ÆNEE *shall be read,*
Whil'st ROME *of all the conquer'd world is head.*
Till CVPIDS *fires be out, and his bowe broken,*
Thy verses (neate TIBVLLVS*) shall be spoken.*
Our GALLVS *shall be knowne from east to west:*
So shall LYCORIS, *whom he now loues best.*
The suffering plough-share, or the flint may weare:
But heauenly poesie *no death can feare.*
Kings shall giue place to it, and kingly showes,
The bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus *flowes.*
Kneele hindes to trash: me let bright PHŒBVS *swell,*
With cups full flowing from the MVSES *well.*
Frost-fearing myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad louers Ile be often read.
"*Ennie, the liuing, not the dead, doth bite:*
"*For after death all men receine their right.*
Then, when this bodie fals in funerall fire,
My name shall liue, and my best part aspire.

Act I. *Scene* II.

OVID *Senior*, OVID *Iunior*, LVSCVS, TVCCA, LVPVS, PYRGVS.

YOur name shall liue indeed, sir; you say true: but how infamously, how scorn'd and contemn'd in the eyes and eares of the best and grauest *Romanes*, that you thinke not on: you neuer so much as dreame of that. Are these the fruits of all my trauaile and expenses? is this the scope and aime of thy studies? are these the hopefull courses, wherewith I haue so long flattered my expectation from thee? verses? *poetrie?* OVID, whom I thought to see the pleader, become OVID the play-maker?

OVID *iu.* No, sir.

OVID *se.* Yes, sir. I heare of a *tragœdie* of yours comming foorth for the common players there, call'd MEDEA. By my houshold-gods, if I come to the acting of it, Ile adde one tragick part, more then is yet expected, to it: beleeue me when I promise it. What? shall I haue my sonne a stager now? an enghle for players? a gull? a rooke? a shot-clogge? to make suppers, and bee laught at? PVBLIVS, I will set thee on the funerall pile, first.

OVID *iu.* Sir, I beseech you to haue patience.

LVSC. Nay, this tis to haue your eares damm'd vp to good counsell. I did augure all this to him afore-hand, without poring into an oxes panch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

TVCC. How now, good man slaue? what, *rowle powle?* all riualls, rascall? why my Master, of worship, do'st heare? Are these thy best proiects? is this thy desseignes and thy discipline, to suffer knaues to bee competitors with commanders and gentlemen? are wee *paralells*, rascall? are wee *paralells?*

OVID. *se.* Sirrah, goe get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

TVCC. Doe, you perpetuall stinkard, doe, goe, talke to tapsters and ostlers, you slaue, they are i' your element, goe: here bee the Emperours captaines, you raggamuffin rascall; and not your *cam'rades.*

LVPV. Indeed, MARCVS OVID, these players are an idle generation, and doe much harme in a state, corrupt yong gentrie very much, I know it: I haue not beene a *Tribune* thus long, and obseru'd nothing: besides, they will rob vs, vs, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring vs vpon their stages, and make vs ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you, or me, the wisest men they can come by still; me: only to bring vs in contempt with the vulgar, and make vs cheape.

TVCC. Th'art in the right, my venerable cropshin, they will indeede: the tongue of the *oracle* neuer twang'd truer. Your courtier cannot kisse his mistris slippers, in quiet, for 'hem: nor your white innocent gallant pawne his reuelling sute, to make his punke a supper. An honest decayed commander, cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seene in a bawdie house, but he shall be straight in one of their wormewood *comœdies.* They are growne licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are i' the *statute*, the rascals, they are *blazond* there, there they are trickt, they and their pedigrees; they neede no other *heralds*, I wisse.

OVID. *se.* Mee thinkes, if nothing else, yet this alone, the very reading of the publike *edicts* should fright thee from commerce with them; and giue thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrayes what a student you are: this argues your proficiencie in the *law.*

OVID. *iu.* They wrong mee, sir, and doe abuse you more,
That blow your eares with these vntrue reports.
I am not knowne vnto the open stage,
Nor doe I traffique in their *theaters.*
Indeed, I doe acknowledge, at request
Of some neere friends, and honorable *Romanes*,
I haue begunne a *poeme* of that nature.

OVID. *se.* You haue, sir, a *poeme?* and where is't? that's the *law* you studie.

OVID. *iu.* CORNELIVS GALLVS borrowed it to reade.

OVID. *se.* CORNELIVS GALLVS? There's another gallant, too, hath drunke of the same poison: and TIBVLLVS, and PROPERTIVS. But these are gentlemen of meanes, and reuenew now. Thou art a yonger brother, and hast nothing, but thy bare exhibition: which I protest shall bee bare indeed, if thou forsake not these vnprofitable by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a profest *poet*, that his *poetrie* did euer afford

ford him so much as a competencie. I, your god of *poets* there (whom all of you admire and reuerence so much) HOMER, he whose worme-eaten statue must not bee spewd against, but with hallowed lips, and groueling adoration, what was he? what was he?

TVCC. Mary, I'le tell thee, old swaggrer; He was a poore, blind, riming rascall, that liu'd obscurely vp and downe in boothes, and taphouses, and scarce euer made a good meale in his sleepe, the whoorson hungrie begger.

OVID. *se.* He saies well: Nay, I know this nettles you now, but answere me; Is't not true? you'le tell me his name shall liue; and that (now being dead) his workes haue eternis'd him, and made him diuine. But could this diuinitie feed him, while he liu'd? could his name feast him?

TVCC. Or purchase him a *Senators* reuenue? could it?

OVID. *se.* I, or giue him place in the common-wealth? worship, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

TVCC. Thou speakest sentences, old BIAS.

LVPV. All this the *law* will doe, yong sir, if youle follow it.

OVID. *se.* If he be mine, hee shall follow and obserue, what I will apt him too, or, I professe here openly, and vtterly to disclaime in him.

OVID. *in.* Sir, let me craue you will, forgoe these moodes;
I will be any thing, or studie any thing:
I'le proue the vnfashion'd body of the *law*
Pure elegance, and make her ruggedst straines
Runne smoothly, as PROPERTIVS *elegies*.

OVID. *se.* PROPERTIVS *elegies?* good!

LVPV. Nay, you take him too quickly, MARCVS.

OVID. *se.* Why, he cannot speake, he cannot thinke out of *poetrie*, he is bewitcht with it.

LVPV. Come, doe not mis-prize him.

OVID. *se. Mis-prize?* I, mary, I would haue him vse some such wordes now: They haue some touch, some taste of the *law*. Hee should make himselfe a stile out of these, and let his PROPERTIVS *elegies* goe by.

LVPV. Indeed, yong PVBLIVS, he that will now hit the marke, must shoot thorough the *law*, we haue no other *planet* raignes, & in that spheare, you may sit, and sing with angels. Why, the *law* makes a man happy, without respecting any other merit: a simple scholer, or none at all may be a lawyer.

TVCC. He tells thee true, my noble *Neophyte*; my little *Grammaticaster*, he do's: It shall neuer put thee to thy *Mathematiques*, *Metaphysiques*, *Philosophie*, and I know not what suppos'd sufficiencies; If thou canst but haue the patience to plod inough, talke, and make noise inough, be impudent inough, and 'tis inough.

LVPV. Three bookes will furnish you.

TVCC. And the lesse arte, the better: Besides, when it shall be in the power of thy cheu'rill conscience, to doe right, or wrong, at thy pleasure, my pretty ALCIBIADES.

LVPV. I, and to haue better men then himselfe by many thousand degrees, to obserue him, and stand bare.

TVCC. True, and he to carry himselfe proud, and stately, and haue the law on his side for't, old Boy.

OVID. *se.* Well, the day growes old, gentlemen, and I must leaue you. PVBLIVS, if thou wilt hold my fauour, abandon these idle fruitlesse studies that so bewitch thee. Send IANVS home his back-face againe, and looke only forward to the *law*; Intend that: I will allow thee, what shall sute thee in the ranke of gentlemen, and maintaine thy societie with the best: and vnder these conditions, I leaue thee. My blessings light vpon thee, if thou respect them: if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine owne heart wil ake for it selfe; and so farewel, What, are my horses come?

LVSC. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

OVID. *se.* That's well. ASINIVS LVPVS, a word. Captaine, I shall take my leaue of you?

TVCC. No, my little old Boy, dispatch with COTHVRNVS there: I'le attend thee, I.

LVSC. To borrow some ten drachmes, I know his proiect.

OVID. *se.* Sir, you shall make me beholding to you. Now, captaine TVCCA, what say you?

TVCC. Why, what should I say? or what can I say, my flowre o' the order? Should I say, thou art rich? or that thou art honorable? or wise? or valiant? or learned? or liberall? Why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it (my noble LVCVLLVS) thou knowest it: come, bee not ashamed of thy vertues, old stumpe. Honour's a good brooch to weare in a mans hat, at all times. Thou art the *man of warres* MECŒNAS, old boy. Why shouldst not thou bee grac't then by them, as well as hee is by his *poets?* How now, my carrier, what newes?

LVSC. The boy has staied within for his *cue*, this halfe houre.

TVCC. Come, doe not whisper to me, but speake it out: what? it is no treason against the state, I hope, is't?

LVSC. Yes, against the state of my masters purse.

PYRG. Sir, AGRIPPA desires you to forbeare him till the next weeke: his moyles are not yet come vp.

TVCC. His moyles? now the *bots*, the *spauin*, and the *glanders*, and some dozen diseases more, light on him, and his moyles. What ha' they the *yellowes*, his moyles, that they come no faster? or are they foundred? ha? his moyles ha' the *staggers* belike: ha' they?

PYRG. O no, sir: then your tongue might be suspected for one of his moyles.

TVCC. Hee owes mee almost a talent, and hee thinks to beare it away with his moyles, does hee? Sirrah, you, nut-cracker: goe your waies to him againe, and tell him I must ha' money, I: I cannot eate stones and turfes, say. What, will he clem me, and my followers? Aske him and he will clem me: doe, goe. He would haue mee frie my ierkin, would hee?

Away,

Away, setter, away. Yet,stay,my little tumbler : this old boy shall supply now : I will not trouble him, I cannot bee importunate, I : I cannot bee impudent.

PYRG. Alas , sir , no : you are the most maidenly blushing creature vpon the earth.

TVCC. Do'st thou heare , my little *Sixe and fiftie* , or thereabouts? Thou art not to learne the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater, *Time :* thou hadst not this chaine for nothing. Men of worth haue their *chymæra's* , as well as other creatures : and they doe see monsters , sometimes : they doe, they doe, braue boy.

PYRG. Better cheape then he shall see you, I warrant him.

TVCC. Thou must let me haue sixe, sixe, drachmes, I meane,old boy; thou shalt doe it : I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in priuate too , do'st thou see ? Goe , walke off : there, there. Sixe is the summe. Thy sonn's a gallant sparke, and must not be put out of a sudden : come hither, CALLIMACHVS. Thy father tells me thou art too poeticall, boy , thou must not be so : thou must leaue them, yong nouice,thou must : They are a sort of poore starued rascalls ; that are euer wrapt vp in foule linnen : and can boast of nothing but a leane visage, peering out of a seame-rent sute; the very *emblemes* of beggerie. No : dost heare ? turne Lawyer , Thou shalt be my solicitor : Tis right, old boy, Ist ?

OVID. *se.* You were best tell it, Captaine.

TVCC. No : fare thou well mine honest horse-man , and thou old beuer. Pray thee *Romane*, when thou commest to towne,see me at my lodging, visit me sometimes : thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Doe not balke me good swaggerer. IOVE keepe thy chaine from pawning , goe thy waies,if thou lack money, I'le lend thee some : I'le leaue thee to thy horse now. Adieu.

OVID. *se.* Farewell, good Captaine.

TVCC. Boy, you can haue but halfe a share now, boy.

OVID. *se.* 'Tis a strange boldnesse , that accompanies this fellow : Come.

OVID. *iu.* I'le giue attendance on you, to your horse,sir, please you--

OVID. *se.* No : keepe your chamber, and fall to your studies; doe so: the gods of *Rome* blesse thee.

OVID. *iu.* And giue me stomacke to digest this *law*,
That should haue followed sure, had I beene he.
O sacred *poesie*, thou spirit of *Romane artes* ,
The soule of science, and the queene of soules,
What prophane violence, almost sacriledge,
Hath here beene offered thy diuinities !
That thine owne guiltlesse pouertie should arme
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus !
For thence, is all their force of argument
Drawne forth against thee ; or from the abuse

Of

Of thy great powers in adultrate braines :
When, would men learne but to distinguish spirits,
And set true difference twixt those jaded wits
That runne a broken pase for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy *Muse*,
Borne on the wings of her immortall thought,
That kickes at earth with a disdainefull heele,
And beats at heauen gates with her bright hooues ;
They would not then with such distorted faces,
And desp'rate censures stab at *poesie*.
They would admire bright knowledge and their minds
Should ne're descend on so vnworthy obiects,
As gold,or titles : they would dread farre more,
To be thought ignorant, then be knowne poore.
" The time was once, when wit drown'd wealth : but now,
" Your onely barbarisme is t'haue wit, and want.
" No matter now in vertue who excells,
" He,that hath coine, hath all perfection else.

Act I. *Scene* III.

TIBVLLVS, OVID.

OVID? OVID. Who's there? Come in. TIBV. Good morrow, Lawyer.
OVID. Good morrow (deare TIBVLLVS) welcome : sit downe.
TIBV. Not I. What : so hard at it? Let's see, what's here?
Nay, I will see it—— OVID. Pray thee away———
TIBV. *If thrice in field, a man vanquish his foe,*
'Tis after in his choice to serue, or no.
How now OVID! *Law*--cases in verse?
OVID. In troth, I know not : they runne from my pen
Vnwittingly, if they be verse. What's the newes abroad?
TIBV. Off with this gowne, I come to haue thee walke.
OVID. No, good TIBVLLVS, I'm not now in case,
Pray' let me alone. TIBV. How? not in case!
S'light thou'rt in too much case, by all this *law*.
OVID. Troth, if I liue, I will new dresse the *law*,
In sprightly *poesies* habillaments.
TIBV. The hell thou wilt. What, turne *law* into verse?
Thy father has school'd thee, I see. Here, reade that same.
There's subiect for you : and if I mistake not,
A *Supersedeas* to your melancholy.
OVID. How! subscrib'd IVLIA! O, my life, my heauen!
TIBV. Is the mood chang'd?
OVID. Musique of wit! Note for th' harmonious spheares!

Celestiall

Celestiall accents, how you rauish me!

TIBV. What is it, OVID?

OVID. That I must meete my IVLIA, the Princesse IVLIA.

TIBV. Where?

OVID. Why, at———hart, I haue forgot: my passion so transports mee.

TIBV. Ile saue your paines: it is at ALBIVS house,
The iewellers, where the faire LYCORIS lies.

OVID. Who? CYTHERIS, CORNELIVS GALLVS loue?

TIBV. I, heele be there too, and my PLAVTIA.

OVID. And why not your DELIA?

TIBV. Yes, and your CORINNA.

OVID. True, but my sweet TIBVLLVS, keepe that secret:
I would not, for all ROME, it should be thought,
I vaile bright IVLIA vnderneath that name:
IVLIA the gemme, and iewell of my soule,
That takes her honours from the golden skie,
As beautie doth all lustre, from her eye.
The ayre respires the pure *elyzian* sweets,
In which she breathes: and from her lookes descend
The glories of the summer. Heauen she is,
Prays'd in her selfe aboue all praise: and he,
Which heares her speake, would sweare the tune-full orbes
Turn'd in his *zenith* onely. TIBV. PVBLIVS, thou'lt lose thy selfe.

OVID. O, in no labyrinth, can I safelier erre,
Then when I lose my selfe in praysing her.
Hence *Law*, and welcome, *Muses*; though not rich,
Yet are you pleasing: let's be reconcilde,
And now made one. Hencefoorth, I promise faith,
And all my serious houres to spend with you:
With you, whose musicke striketh on my heart,
And with bewitching tones steales forth my spirit,
In IVLIAS name; faire IVLIA: IVLIAS loue
Shall be a law, and that sweet law I'le studie,
The law, and art of sacred IVLIAS loue:
All other obiects will but abiects prooue.

TIBV. Come, wee shall haue thee as passionate, as PROPERTIVS, anon.

OVID. O, how does my SEXTVS?

TIBV. Faith, full of sorrow, for his CYNTHIAS death.

OVID. What, still?

TIBV. Still, and still more, his grieues doe grow vpon him,
As doe his houres. Neuer did I know
An vnderstanding spirit so take to heart
The common worke of *fate*. OVID. O my TIBVLLVS,

Let

Let vs not blame him : for,against such chances,
The heartiest strife of vertue is not proofe.
We may read constancie,and fortitude,
To other soules : but had our selues beene strooke
With the like *planet*, had our loues (like his)
Beene rauisht from vs, by injurious death,
And in the height, and heat of our best dayes,
It would haue crackt our sinnewes, shrunke our veines,
And made our verie heart-strings iarre, like his.
Come, let's goe take him foorth, and prooue, if mirth
Or companie will but abate his passion.

TIBV. Content, and I implore the gods, it may.

Act II. *Scene* I.

ALBIVS, CRISPINVS, CHLOE, MAYDES, CYTHERIS.

MAster CRISPINVS, you are welcome : Pray', vse a stoole, sir. Your cousin CYTHERIS will come downe presently. Wee are so busie for the receiuing of these courtiers here, that I can scarce be a minute with my selfe, for thinking of them: Pray you sit,sir, Pray you sit, sir.

CRIS. I am verie well,sir. Ne're trust me,but you are most delicately seated here, full of sweet delight and blandishment ! an excellent ayre, an excellent ayre !

ALBI. I, sir,'tis a prettie ayre. These courtiers runne in my minde still; I must looke out:for IVPITERS sake,sit, sir. Or please you walke into the garden ? There's a garden on the back-side.

CRIS. I am most strenuously well, I thanke you, sir.

ALBI. Much good doe you, sir.

CHLO. Come, bring those perfumes forward a little, and strew some roses, and violets here ; Fye , here bee roomes sauour the most pittifully ranke that euer I felt : I crie the gods mercie , my husband's in the winde of vs.

ALBI. Why, this is good , excellent, excellent : well said,my sweet CHLOE. Trimme vp your house most obsequiously.

CHLO. For VVLCANVS sake , breathe somewhere else : in troth you ouercome our perfumes exceedingly,you are too predominant.

ALBI. Heare but my opinion, sweet wife.

CHLO. A pinne for your pinnion. In sincerite , if you be thus fulsome to me in euerie thing, I'le bee diuorc't ; Gods my bodie ? you know what you were , before I married you ; I was a gentlewoman borne, I ; I lost all my friends to be a citizens wife ; because I heard indeed, they kept their wiues as fine as ladies ; and that wee might rule our husbands, like ladies ; and doe what wee listed : doe you thinke I would haue married you,else ?

ALBI.

ALBI. I acknowledge, sweet wife, she speakes the best of any woman in *Italy*,and mooues as mightily: which makes me, I had rather she should make bumpes on my head, as big as my two fingers, then I would offend her. But sweet wife ———

CHLO. Yet againe? I'st not grace inough for you, that I call you husband, and you call me wife: but you must still bee poking mee, against my will, to things?

ALBI. But you know, wife; here are the greatest ladies, and gallantest gentlemen of ROME, to bee entertain'd in our house now: and I would faine aduise thee, to entertaine them in the best sort, yfaith wife.

CHLO. In sinceritie, did you euer heare a man talke so idlely? You would seeme to be master? You would haue your spoke in my cart? you would aduise me to entertaine ladies, and gentlemen? because you can marshall your pack-needles, horse-combes, hobby-horses, and wall-candlestickes in your ware-house better then I; therefore you can tell how to entertaine ladies, and gentle-folkes better then I?

ALBI. O my sweet wife, vpbraid me not with that: "Gaine sauours sweetly from any thing; He that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike; and admit no difference betwixt oade, and frankincense; or the most precious balsamum, and a tar-barrell.

CHLO. Mary fough: You sell snuffers too,if you be remembred, but I pray you let mee buy them out of your hand; for I tell you true, I take it highly in snuffe, to learne how to entertaine gentlefolkes, of you, at these yeeres, I faith. Alas man; there was not a gentleman came to your housei' your tother wiues time, I hope? nor a ladie? nor musique? nor masques? Nor you, nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disbast my selfe, from my hood and my fartingall,tothese bumrowles,and your whale-bone-bodies.

ALBI. Looke here, my sweet wife; I am mum, my deare mummia, my balsamum, my *spermacete*, and my verie citie of———shee has the most best,true,fæminine wit in ROME!

CRIS. I haue heard so, sir; and doe most vehemently desire to participate the knowledge of her faire features.

ALBI. Ah, peace; you shall heare more anon: bee not seene yet, I pray you; not yet: Obserue.

CHLO. 'Sbodie, giue husbands the head a little more, and they'll bee nothing but head shortly; whats he there?

MAYD. 1. I know not forsooth.

MAYD. 2. Who would you speake with, sir?

CRIS. I would speake with my cousin CYTHERIS.

MAYD. Hee is one forsooth would speake with his cousin CYTHERIS.

CHLO. Is she your cousin, sir?

CRIS. Yes in truth, forsooth, for fault of a better.

CHLO. Shee is a gentlewoman?

CRIS.

CRIS. Or else she should not be my cousin, I assure you.

CHLO. Are you a gentleman borne?

CRIS. That I am, ladie; you shall see mine armes, if't please you.

CHLO. No, your legges doe sufficiently shew you are a gentleman borne, sir: for a man borne vpon little legges, is alwayes a gentleman borne.

CRIS. Yet, I pray you, vouchsafe the sight of my armes, Mistresse; for I beare them about me, to haue 'hem seene: my name is CRISPINVS, or CRI-SPINAS indeed; which is well exprest in my armes, (a Face crying *in chiefe*; and beneath it a blouddie Toe, betweene three Thornes *pungent.*)

CHLO. Then you are welcome, sir; now you are a gentleman borne, I can find in my heart to welcome you: for I am a gentlewoman borne too; and will beare my head high inough, though 'twere my fortune to marrie a trades-man.

CRIS. No doubt of that, sweet feature, your carriage shewes it in any mans eye, that is carried vpon you with iudgement.

Hee is still going in and out.

ALBI. Deare wife, be not angry.

CHLO. God's my passion!

ALBI. Heare me but one thing; let not your maydes set cushions in the parlor windowes; nor in the dyning-chamber windowes; nor vpon stooles, in eyther of them, in any case; for 'tis tauerne-like; but lay them one vpon another, in some out-roome, or corner of the dyning-chamber.

CHLO. Goe, goe, meddle with your bed-chamber onely, or rather with your bed in your chamber, onely; or rather with your wife in your bed onely; or on my faith, I'le not be pleas'd with you onely.

ALBI. Looke here, my deare wife, entertaine that gentleman kindly, I pre' thee; ——— mum.

CHLO. Goe, I need your instructions indeede; anger mee no more, I aduise you. Citi-sin, quoth'a! she's a wise gentlewoman yfaith, will marrie her selfe to the sinne of the citie.

ALBI. But this time, and no more (by heauen) wife: hang no pictures in the hall, nor in the dyning-chamber, in any case, but in the gallerie onely, for 'tis not courtly else, o' my word, wife.

CHLO. 'Sprecious, neuer haue done!

ALBI. Wife. ———

CHLO. Doe I not beare a reasonable corrigible hand ouer him, CRISPINVS?

CRIS. By this hand, ladie, you hold a most sweet hand ouer him.

ALBI. And then for the great gilt andyrons? ———

CHLO. Againe! would the andyrons were in your great guttes, for mee.

ALBI. I doe vanish, wife.

CHLO. How shall I doe, Master CRISPINVS? here will bee all the brauest ladies in court presently, to see your cousin CYTHERIS: ô the gods!

gods ! how might I behaue my selfe now, as to entertayne them most courtly ?

CRIS. Mary, ladie, if you will entertaine them most courtly, you must doe thus: as soone as euer your maide,or your man brings you word they are come ; you must say (A poxe on'hem, what doe they here.) And yet when they come, speake them as faire, and giue them the kindest welcome in wordes, that can be.

CHLO. Is that the fashion of courtiers, CRISPINVS?

CRIS. I assure you, it is, ladie, I haue obseru'd it.

CHLO. For your poxe, sir, it is easily hit on ; but, 'tis not so easily to speake faire after, me thinkes ?

ALBI. O wife, the coaches are come, on my word, a number of coaches, and courtiers.

CHLO. A poxe on them : what doe they here ?

ALBI. How now wife ! wouldst thou not haue 'hem come ?

CHLO. Come? come, you are a foole, you : He knowes not the trick on't. Call CYTHERIS, I pray you : and good master CRISPINVS, you can obserue, you say ; let me intreat you for all the ladies behauiours, iewels, iests, and attires, that you marking as well as I,we may put both our markes together, when they are gone, and conferre of them.

CRIS. I warrant you , sweet ladie ; let mee alone to obserue, till I turne my selfe to nothing but obseruation.
Good morrow cousin CYTHERIS.

CYTH. Welcome kind cousin. What? are they come ?

ALBI. I, your friend CORNELIVS GALLVS, OVID, TIBVLLVS, PROPERTIVS, with IVLIA the Emperors daughter, and the ladie PLAVTIA, are lighted at the dore ; and with them HERMOGENES TIGELLIVS, the excellent musician.

CYTH. Come, let vs goe meet them, CHLOE.

CHLO. Obserue, CRISPINVS.

CRIS. At a haires breadth, ladie, I warrant you.

Act II. *Scene* II.

GALLVS, OVID, TIBVLLVS, PROPERTIVS, HERMOGENES, IVLIA, PLAVTIA, CYTHERIS, CHLOE, ALBIVS, CRISPINVS.

HEalth to the louely CHLOE: you must pardon me, Mistris, that I preferre this faire gentlewoman.

CYTH. I pardon, and praise you for it, sir ; and I beseech your Excellence, receiue her beauties into your knowledge and fauour.

IVLI. CYTHERIS, shee hath fauour, and behauiour, that commands as much of me: and sweet CHLOE,know I doe exceedingly loue you,and

that I will approue in any grace my father the Emperour may shew you. Is this your husband?

ALBI. For fault of a better, if it please your highnesse.

CHLO. Gods my life! how hee shames mee!

CYTH. Not a whit, CHLOE, they all thinke you politike, and wittie; wise women choose not husbands for the eye, merit, or birth, but wealth, and soueraigntie.

OVID. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

TIBV. And would be glad to deserue your loue, sir.

ALBI. My wife will answere you all, gentlemen; I'le come to you againe presently.

PLAV. You haue chosen you a most faire companion here, CYTHERIS, and a very faire house.

CYTH. To both which, you and all my friends, are very welcome, PLAVTIA.

CHLO. With all my heart, I assure your ladiship.

PLAV. Thankes, sweet Mistris CHLOE.

IVLI. You must needes come to court, ladie, yfaith, and there bee sure your welcome shall be as great to vs.

OVID. Shee will well deserue it, Madame. I see, euen in her lookes, gentrie, and generall worthinesse.

TIBV. I haue not seene a more certaine character of an excellent disposition.

ALBI. Wife.

CHLO. O, they doe so commend me here, the courtiers! what's the matter now?

ALBI. For the banquet, sweet wife.

CHLO. Yes; and I must needs come to court, and bee welcome, the Princesse sayes.

GALL. OVID, and TIBVLLVS, you may bee bold to welcome your Mistresses here.

OVID. We find it so, sir.

TIBV. And thanke CORNELIVS GALLVS.

OVID. Nay, my sweet SEXTVS, in faith thou art not sociable.

PROP. Infaith, I am not, PVBLIVS; nor I cannot.
Sicke mindes, are like sicke men that burne with feuers,
Who when they drinke, please but a present tast,
And after beare a more impatient fit.
Pray, let me leaue you; I offend you all,
And my selfe most. GALL. Stay, sweet PROPERTIVS.

TIBV. You yeeld too much vnto your grieues, and fate,
Which neuer hurts, but when we say it hurts vs.

PROP. O peace, TIBVLLVS; your philosophie
Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds.
Speake they of griefes, that know to sigh, and grieue;

The

The free and vnconstrained spirit feeles
No weight of my oppression. OVID. Worthy *Roman!*
Me thinkes I taste his miserie; and could
Sit downe, and chide at his malignant starres.
IVLI. Me thinkes I loue him, that he loues so truely.
CYTH. This is the perfect'st loue, liues after death.
GALL. Such is the constant ground of vertue still.
PLAV. It puts on an inseparable face.
CHLO. Haue you markt euery thing, CRISPINVS?
CRIS. Euery thing, I warrant you.
CHLO. What gentlemen are these? doe you know them?
CRIS. I, they are *poets*, lady.
CHLO. *Poets?* they did not talke of me since I went, did they?
CRIS. O yes, and extold your perfections to the heauens.
CHLO. Now in sinceritie, they be the finest kind of men, that euer I knew: *Poets?* Could not one get the Emperour to make my husband a *Poet*, thinke you?
CRIS. No, ladie, 'tis loue, and beautie make *Poets*: and since you like *Poets* so well, your loue, and beauties shall make me a *Poet*.
CHLO. What shall they? and such a one as these?
CRIS. I, and a better then these: I would be sorry else.
CHLO. And shall your lookes change? and your haire change? and all, like these?
CRIS. Why, a man may be a *Poet*, and yet not change his haire, lady.
CHLO. Well, wee shall see your cunning: yet if you can change your haire, I pray, doe.
ALBI. Ladies, and lordings, there's a slight banquet staies within for you, please you draw neere, and accost it.
IVLI. We thanke you, good ALBIVS: but when shall wee see those excellent iewels you are commended to haue?
ALBI. At your ladiships seruice. I got that speech by seeing a play last day, and it did me some grace now: I see, 'tis good to collect sometimes; I'le frequent these plaies more then I haue done, now I come to be familiar with courtiers.
GALL. Why, how now, HERMOGENES? what ailest thou trow?
HERM. A little melancholy, let me alone, pray thee.
GALL. Melancholy! how so?
HERM. With riding: a plague on all coaches for me.
CHLO. Is that hard-fauour'd gentleman a *poet* too; CYTHERIS?
CYTH. No; this is HERMOGENES, as humorous as a *poet* though: he is a *Musician*.
CHLO. A *Musician?* then he can sing.
CYTH. That he can excellently; did you neuer heare him?
CHLO. O no: will he be intreated, thinke you?
CYTH. I know not. Friend, Mistresse CHLOE would faine heare

HERMOGENES sing : are you interested in him ?

GALL. No doubt, his owne humanitie will command him so farre, to the satisfaction of so faire a beautie ; but rather then faile, weele all bee suiters to him.

HERM. 'Cannot sing.

GALL. Pray thee, HERMOGENES.

HERM. 'Cannot sing.

GALL. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house, I know thou maist be euer welcome.

CHLO. That he shall in truth, sir, if he can sing.

OVID. What's that ?

GALL. This gentlewoman is wooing HERMOGENES for a song.

OVID. A song ? come, he shall not denie her. HERMOGENES ?

HERM. 'Cannot sing.

GALL. No, the ladies must doe it, hee staies but to haue their thankes acknowledg'd as a debt to his cunning.

IVLI. That shall not want : our selfe will be the first shall promise to pay him more then thankes, vpon a fauour so worthily vouchsaf't.

HERM. Thanke you, Madame, but 'will not sing.

TIBV. Tut, the onely way to winne him, is to abstaine from intreating him.

CRIS. Doe you loue singing, ladie ?

CHLO. O, passingly.

CRIS. Intreat the ladies, to intreat me to sing then, I beseech you.

CHLO. I beseech your grace, intreat this gentleman to sing.

IVLI. That we will CHLOE ; can he sing excellently ?

CHLO. I thinke so, Madame : for he intreated me, to intreat you, to intreat him to sing.

CRIS. Heauen, and earth ! would you tell that ?

IVLI. Good sir, let's intreat you to vse your voice.

CRIS. Alas, Madame, I cannot in truth.

PLAV. The gentleman is modest : I warrant you, he sings excellently.

OVID. HERMOGENES, cleere your throat : I see by him, here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

CRIS. Not I, sir, I'le challenge no man.

TIBV. That's your modestie, sir : but wee, out of an assurance of your excellencie, challenge him in your behalfe.

CRIS. I thanke you, gentlemen, I'le doe my best.

HERM. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

GALL. O, this contention is excellent. What is't you sing, sir ?

CRIS. *If I freely may discouer, &c.* Sir, I'le sing that.

OVID. One of your owne compositions, HERMOGENES. He offers you vantage enough.

CRIS. Nay truely, gentlemen, I'le challenge no man—— : I can sing but one staffe of the dittie neither.

GALL.

GALL. The better : HERMOGENES himselfe will bee intreated to sing the other.

SONG.

IF I freely may discouer,
What would please me in my louer :
I would haue her faire, and wittie,
Sauouring more of court, then cittie ;
A little proud, but full of pittie :
Light, and humorous in her toying.
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enioying,
Neither too easie, nor too hard :
All extremes I would haue bard.

GALL. Beleeue me, sir, you sing most excellently.

OVID. If there were a praise aboue excellence, the gentleman highly deserues it.

HERM. Sir, all this doth not yet make mee enuie you : for I know I sing better then you.

TIBV. Attend HERMOGENES, now.

2.

Shee should be allowed her passions,
So they were but vs'd as fashions ;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,
Euery fit, with change, still crowning.
Purely iealous, I would haue her,
Then onely constant when I craue her.
'Tis a vertue should not saue her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peeuishnesse annoy me.

IVLI. Nay, HERMOGENES, your merit hath long since beene both knowne, and admir'd of vs.

HERM. You shall heare me sing another : now will I begin.

GALL. We shall doe this gentlemans banquet too much wrong, that staies for vs, ladies.

IVLI. 'Tis true : and well thought on, CORNELIVS GALLVS.

HERM. Why 'tis but a short aire, 'twill be done presently, pray' stay; strike musique.

OVID. No, good HERMOGENES : wee'll end this difference within.

IVLI. 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, that they know no meane, to be intreated, either to begin, or end.

ALBI. Please you lead the way, gentles ?

ALL. Thankes, good ALBIVS.

ALBI. O, what a charme of thankes was here put vpon me! O IOVE, what a setting forth it is to a man, to haue many courtiers come to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good olde house-keeper; *I had rather want meate, then want ghests:* specially, if they be courtly ghests. For, neuer trust me, if one of their good legges made in a house, be not worth all the good cheere, a man can make them. Hee that would haue fine ghests, let him haue a fine wife; he that would haue a fine wife, let him come to me.

CRIS. By your kind leaue, Master ALBIVS.

ALBI. What, you are not gone, Master CRISPINVS?

CRIS. Yes faith, I haue a desseigne drawes me hence: pray' sir, fashion me an excuse to the ladies.

ALBI. Will you not stay? and see the iewels, sir? I pay you stay.

CRIS. Not for a million, sir, now; Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so in a word, please you to expiate this complement.

ALBI. Mum.

CRIS. Ile presently goe and enghle some broker, for a *Poets* gowne, and bespeake a garland: and then iewellers, looke to your best iewell yfaith.

Act III. *Scene* I.

HORACE, CRISPINVS.

Hot.li.1.Sat.9 HMh? yes; I will begin an *ode* so: and it shall be to MECŒNAS.

CRIS. 'Slid, yonder's HORACE! they say hee's an excellent *Poet:* MECŒNAS loues him. Ile fall into his acquaintance, if I can; I thinke he be composing, as he goes i' the street! ha? 't is a good humour, and he be: Ile compose too.

HORA. *Swell me a bowle with lustie wine,*
Till I may see the plump LYÆVS *swim*
Aboue the brim:
I drinke, as I would wright,
In flowing measure, fill'd with flame, and spright.

CRIS. Sweet HORACE, MINERVA, and the *Muses* stand auspicious to thy desseignes. How far'st thou, sweete man? frolicke? rich? gallant? ha?

HORA. Not greatly gallant, sir, like my fortunes; well.
I'm bold to take my leaue, sir, you'ld naught else, sir, would you?

CRIS. Troth, no, but I could wish thou did'st know vs, HORACE, we are a scholer, I assure thee.

HORA. A scholer, sir? I shall bee couetous of your faire knowledge.

CRIS. Gramercie, good HORACE. Nay, we are new turn'd *Poet* too, which is more; and a *Satyrist* too, which is more then that: I write iust in thy veine, I. I am for your *odes* or your *sermons*, or any thing indeed; wee are a gentleman besides: our name is RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, we are a prettie *stoick* too.

HORA.

HORA. To the proportion of your beard, I thinke it, sir.

CRIS. By PHŒBVS, here's a most neate fine street, is't not? I protest to thee, I am enamour'd of this street now, more then of halfe the streets of *Rome*, againe; 'tis so polite, and terse! There's the front of a building now. I studie architecture too: if euer I should build, I'de haue a house iust of that *prospectiue*.

HORA. Doubtlesse, this gallants tongue has a good turne, when hee sleepes.

CRIS. I doe make verses, when I come in such a street as this: O your city-ladies, you shall ha'hem sit in euery shop like the *Muses*——offring you the *castalian* dewes, and the *thespian* liquors, to as many as haue but the sweet grace and audacitie to——sip of their lips. Did you neuer heare any of my verses?

HORA. No, sir (but I am in some feare, I must, now.)

CRIS. I'le tell thee some (if I can but recouer 'hem) I compos'd e'en now of a dressing, I saw a iewellers wife weare, who indeede was a iewell her selfe: I preferre that kind of tire now, what's thy opinion, HORACE?

HORA. With your siluer bodkin, it does well, sir.

CRIS. I cannot tell, but it stirres me more then all your court-curles, or your spangles, or your tricks: I affect not these high gable-ends, these *tuscane*-tops, nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your *pyramid's*; giue me a fine sweet—— little delicate dressing, with a bodkin, as you say: and a mushrome, for all your other ornatures.

HORA. Is't not possible to make an escape from him?

CRIS. I haue remitted my verses, all this while, I thinke I ha' forgot 'hem.

HORA. Here's he, could wish you had else.

CRIS. Pray IOVE, I can intreat 'hem of my memorie.

HORA. You put your memorie to too much trouble, sir.

CRIS. No, sweet HORACE, we must not ha' thee thinke so.

HORA. I crie you mercy; then, they are my eares
That must be tortur'd: well, you must haue patience, eares.

CRIS. Pray thee, HORACE, obserue.

HORA. Yes, sir: your sattin sleeue begins to fret at the rug that is vnderneath it, I doe obserue: And your ample veluet bases are not without euident staines of a hot disposition, naturally.

CRIS. O— I'le die them into another colour, at pleasure: how many yards of veluet dost thou thinke they containe?

HORA. Hart! I haue put him now in a fresh way
To vexe me more: Faith, sir, your mercers booke
Will tell you with more patience, then I can;
(For I am crost, and so's not that, I thinke.)

CRIS. S'light, these verses haue lost me againe: I shall not inuite 'hem to mind, now.

HORA. Racke not your thoughts, good sir; rather, deferre it

To a new time ; I'le meete you at your lodging,
Or where you please : Till then, IOVE keepe you, sir.

CRIS. Nay, gentle HORACE, stay : I haue it, now.

HORA. Yes, sir. APOLLO, HERMES, IVPITER, looke down vpon me.

CRIS. *Rich was thy hap, sweet, deintie cap,*
There to be placed:
Where thy smooth blacke, sleeke white may smacke,
And both be graced.

white, is there vsurpt for her brow ; her forehead : and then *sleeke*, as the *paralell* to *smooth*, that went before. A kind of *Paranomasie*, or *Agnomination* : doe you conceiue, sir ?

HORA. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt, and leaue you.

CRIS. Why, what haste hast thou ? pray thee, stay a little : thou shalt not goe yet, by PHŒBVS.

HORA. I shall not ? what remedie ? Fie, how I sweat with suffering!

CRIS. And then———

HORA. Pray, sir, giue me leaue to wipe my face a little.

CRIS. Yes, doe, good HORACE.

HORA. Thanke you, sir.

Death ! I must craue his leaue to pisse anon ;
Or that I may goe hence with halfe my teeth :
I am in some such feare. This tyrannie
Is strange, to take mine eares vp by *commission*,
(Whether I will or no) and make them stalls
To his lewd *solœcismes*, and worded trash.
Happy thou, bold BOLANVS, now, I say ;
Whose freedome, and impatience of this fellow,
Would, long ere this, haue call'd him foole, and foole,
And ranke, and tedious foole, and haue slung iests
As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him
Out of the place : whil'st my tame modestie
Suffers my wit be made a solemne asse
To beare his fopperies———

CRIS. HORACE, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But--- pray thee, let's proue, to enioy thee awhile: Thou hast no businesse, I assure me. Whether is thy iourney directed ? ha?

HORA. Sir, I am going to visit a friend, that's sicke.

CRIS. A friend ? What's he ? doe not I know him ?

HORA. No, sir, you doe not know him ; and 'tis not the worse for him.

CRIS. What's his name ? where's he lodg'd ?

HORA. Where, I shall be fearefull to draw you out of your way, sir ; a great way hence : Pray', sir, let's part.

CRIS. Nay, but where is't ? I pray thee, say.

HORA. On the farre side of all *Tyber* yonder, by CAESARS gardens.

CRIS.

CRIS. O, that's my course directly; I am for you. Come, goe: why stand'st thou?

HORA. Yes, sir: marry, the plague is in that part of the citie; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

CRIS. Fow: It's no matter, I feare no pestilence, I ha' not offended PHŒBVS.

HORA. I haue, it seemes; or else this heauie scourge
Could ne're haue lighted on me———

CRIS. Come, along.

HORA. I am to goe downe some halfe mile, this way, sir, first, to speake with his physician: And from thence to his apothecary, where I shall stay the mixing of diuers drugs———

CRIS. Why, it's all one. I haue nothing to doe, and I loue not to be idle, I'le beare thee companie. How call'st thou the pothecary?

HORA. O, that I knew a name would fright him now. Sir RHADAMANTHVS, RHADAMANTHVS, sir.
There's one so cald, is a iust iudge, in hell,
And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those,
That (here on earth) torment poore patient spirits.

CRIS. He dwells at the three *Furies*, by IANVS Temple?

HORA. Your pothecary does, sir.

CRIS. Hart, I owe him money for sweet meates, and hee has laid to arrest me, I heare: but———

HORA. Sir, I haue made a most solemne vow: I will neuer baile any man.

CRIS. Well then, I'le sweare, and speake him faire, if the worst come. But his name is MINOS, not RHADAMANTHVS, HORACE.

HORA. That may bee, sir: I but guest at his name by his signe. But your MINOS is a iudge too, sir?

CRIS. I protest to thee, HORACE (doe but taste mee once) if I doe know my selfe, and mine owne vertues truely, thou wilt not make that esteeme of VARIVS, or VIRGIL, or TIBVLLVS, or any of 'hem indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou dost; which I am content to forgiue: I would faine see, which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facilitie then I; or that could court his mistris, kisse her hand, make better sport with her fanne, or her dogge———

HORA. I cannot baile you yet, sir.

CRIS. Or that could moue his body more gracefully, or dance better: you shoo'd see mee, were it not i' the street———

HORA. Nor yet.

CRIS. Why, I haue beene a reueller, and at my cloth of siluer sute, and my long stocking, in my time, and will be againe———

HORA. If you may be trusted, sir.

CRIS. And then for my singing, HERMOGENES himselfe enuies me; that is your onely Master of musique you haue in *Rome*.

HORA.

HORA. Is your mother liuing, sir?

CRIS. Au: Conuert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

HORA. You haue much of the mother in you, sir: your father is dead?

CRIS. I, I thanke IOVE, and my grand-father too and all my kinsfolkes, and well compos'd in their vrnes.

HORA. The more their happinesse; that rest in peace,
Free from th'abundant torture of thy tongue;
Would I were with them too. CRIS. What's that, HORACE?

HORA. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate
A cunning woman, one SABELLA sung,
When in her vrne, she cast my destinie,
I being but a child CRIS. What was't I pray thee?

HORA. Shee told me, I should surely neuer perish
By famine, poyson, or the enemies sword;
The *hecticke* feuer, cough, or pleurisie,
Should neuer hurt me; nor the tardie gowt:
But in my time, I should be once surpriz'd,
By a strong tedious talker, that should vexe
And almost bring me to consumption.
Therefore (if I were wise) she warn'd me shunne
All such long-winded monsters, as my bane:
For if I could but scape that one discourser,
I might (no doubt) proue an olde aged man.
By your leaue, sir?

CRIS. Tut, tut: abandon this idle humour, 'tis nothing but melancholy. 'Fore IOVE, now I thinke ont, I am to appeare in court here, to answere to one that has me in suit; sweet HORACE, goe with mee, this is my houre: if I neglect it, the law proceedes against me. Thou art familiar with these things, pray thee, if thou lou'st me, goe.

HORA. Now, let me dye, sir, if I know your lawes;
Or haue the power to stand still halfe so long
In their loud courts, as while a case is Argued.
Besides, you know, sir, where I am to goe,
And the necessitie.———

CRIS. 'Tis true:———

HORA. I hope the houre of my release be come: Hee will (vpon this consideration) discharge me, sure.

CRIS. Troth, I am doubtfull, what I may best doe; whether to leaue thee, or my affaires, HORACE?

HORA. O IVPITER, mee, sir; mee, by any meanes: I beseech you, mee, sir.

CRIS. No faith, I'le venture those now: Thou shalt see I loue thee, come HORACE.

HORA. Nay then, I am desperate: I follow you, sir. 'Tis hard con-

contending with a man that ouer-comes thus.

CRIS. And how deales MECŒNAS with thee? liberally? ha?
Is he open-handed? bountifull?

HORA. Hee's still himselfe, sir.

CRIS. Troth, HORACE, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends and acquaintance; they are all most choice spirits, and of the first ranke of *Romanes:* I doe not know that *poet*, I protest, ha's vs'd his fortune more prosperously, then thou hast. If thou would'st bring me knowne to MECŒNAS, I should second thy desert well; thou should'st find a good sure assistant of mee: one, that would speake all good of thee in thy absence, and be content with the next place, not enuying thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not liue, but I thinke thou and I (in a small time) should lift them all out of fauour, both VIRGIL, VARIVS, and the best of them; and enioy him wholy to our selues.

HORA. Gods, you doe know it, I can hold no longer;
This brize hath prickt my patience: Sir, your silkenesse
Cleerely mistakes MECŒNAS, and his house;
To thinke, there breathes a spirit beneath his roofe,
Subiect vnto those poore affections
Of vnder-mining enuie, and detraction,
Moodes, onely proper to base groueling minds:
That place is not in *Rome*, I dare affirme,
More pure, or free, from such low common euils.
There's no man greeu'd, that this is thought more rich,
Or this more learned; each man hath his place,
And to his merit, his reward of grace:
Which with a mutuall loue they all embrace.

CRIS. You report a wonder! 'tis scarce credible, this.

HORA. I am no torture, to enforce you to beleeue it, but 'tis so.

CRIS. Why, this enflames mee with a more ardent desire to bee his, then before: but, I doubt I shall find the entrance, to his familiaritie, somwhat more then difficult, HORACE.

HORA. Tut, you'le conquer him, as you haue done me; There's no standing out against you, sir, I see that. Either your importunitie, or the intimation of your good parts; or——

CRIS. Nay, I'le bribe his porter, and the groomes of his chamber; make his doores open to mee that way, first: and then, I'le obserue my times. Say, he should extrude mee his house to day; shall I therefore desist, or let fall my suite, to morrow? No: I'le attend him, follow him, meet him i' the street, the high waies, run by his coach, neuer leaue him. What? Man hath nothing giuen him, in this life, without much labour.

HORA. And impudence.

Archer of heauen, PHŒBVS, take thy bow,
And with a full drawne shaft, naile to the earth
This PYTHON; that I may yet run hence, and liue:

Or

Or brawnie HERCVLES, doe thou come downe,
And (though thou mak'st it vp thy thirteenth labour)
Rescue me from this HYDRA of discourse, here.

Act III. *Scene* II.

ARISTIVS, HORACE, CRISPINVS.

HORACE, well met. HORA. O welcome, my releeuer,
ARISTIVS, As thou lou'st me, ransome me.
ARIS. What ayl'st thou, man? HORA. 'Death, I am seaz'd on here
By a Land-*Remora*, I cannot stirre;
Not moue, but as he please. CRIS. Wilt thou goe, HORACE?
HORA. 'Hart! he cleaues to me like ALCIDES shirt,
Tearing my flesh, and sinnewes; ô, I ha' beene vext
And tortur'd with him, beyond fortie feuers.
For IOVES sake, find some meanes, to take me from him.
ARIS. Yes, I will: but I'le goe first, and tell MECŒNAS.
CRIS. Come, shall we goe?
ARIS. The iest will make his eyes runne, yfaith.
HORA. Nay, ARISTIVS?
ARIS. Farewell, HORACE.
HORA. 'Death! will a'leaue me? FVSCVS ARISTIVS, doe you heare?
Gods of *Rome!* you said, you had somewhat to say to me, in priuate.
ARIS. I, but I see, you are now imploi'd with that gentleman: 'twere offence to trouble you. I'le take some fitter oportunitie, farewell.
HORA. Mischiefe, and torment! ô, my soule, and heart,
How are you crampt with anguish! Death it selfe
Brings not the like convulsions. ô, this day,
That euer I should view thy tedious face———
CRIS. HORACE, what passion? what humour is this?
HORA. Away, good prodigie, afflict me not.
(A friend, and mocke me thus!) neuer was man
So left vnder the axe——how now.

Act III. *Scene* III.

MINOS, LICTORS, CRISPINVS, HORACE.

THat's he, in the imbrodered hat, there, with the ash-colour'd feather: his name is LABERIVS CRISPINVS.
LICT. LABERIVS CRISPINVS; I arrest you in the Empe-rours name.
CRIS. Me, sir? doe you arrest me?
LICT. I, sir, at the sute of Master MINOS the pothecarie.

HORA.

HORA. Thankes, great APOLLO : I will not slip thy fauour offered me in my escape, for my fortunes.

CRIS. Master MINOS ? I know no master MINOS. Where's HORACE ? HORACE ? HORACE ?

MINO. Sir, doe not you know me ?

CRIS. O yes ; I know you, master MINOS : 'crie you mercy. But HORACE ? Gods me, is he gone ?

MINO. I, and so would you too, if you knew how. Officer, looke to him.

CRIS. Doe you heare, master MINOS ? pray' let's be vs'd like a man of our owne fashion. By IANVS, and IVPITER, I meant to haue paied you next weeke, euery drachme. Seeke not to eclipse my reputation, thus vulgarly.

MINO. Sir, your oathes cannot serue you, you know I haue forborne you long.

CRIS. I am conscious of it, sir. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, doe not exhale me thus ; remember 'tis but for sweet meates———

LICT. Sweet meat must haue sowre sawce, sir. Come along.

CRIS. Sweet, master MINOS : I am forfeited to eternall disgrace, if you doe not commiserate. Good officer, be not so officious.

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

TVCCA, PYRGVS, MINOS, LICTORS, CRISPINVS, HISTRIO, DEMETRIVS.

WHy, how now, my good brace of bloud-hounds ? whither doe you dragge the gent'man ? you mungrels, you curres, you bandogs, wee are Captaine TVCCA, that talke to you, you inhumane pilchers.

MINO. Sir, he is their prisoner.

TVCC. Their pestilence. What are you, sir ?

MINO. A citizen of *Rome*, sir.

TVCC. Then you are not farre distant from a foole, sir.

MINO. A pothecarie, sir.

TVCC. I knew thou wast not a *physician* ; fough : out of my nostrils, thou stink'st of *lotium*, and the syringe : away, quack-saluer. Follower, my sword.

PYRG. Here, noble leader, youle doe no harme with it : I'le trust you.

TVCC. Doe you heare, you, good-man slaue ? hooke, ramme, rogue, catch-pole, lose the gent'man, or by my veluet armes———

LICT. What will you doe, sir ?

The Officer strikes vp his heeles.

TVCC. Kisse thy hand, my honourable actiue varlet : and imbrace thee, thus.

PYRG. O patient *metamorphosis !*

TVCC. My sword, my tall rascall.

LICT. Nay, soft, sir : Some wiser then some.

TVCC. What ? and a wit to ! By PLVTO , thou must bee cherish'd, slaue ; here's three drachmes for thee : hold.

PYRG. There's halfe his lendings gone.

TVCC. Giue mee.

LICT. No, sir, your first word shall stand : I'le hold all.

TVCC. Nay, but, rogue———

LICT. You would make a rescue of our prisoner, sir, you ?

TVCC. I, a rescue ? away inhumane varlet. Come, come, I neuer rellish aboue one iest at most ; doe not disgust me : Sirra, doe not. Rogue,I tell thee, rogue, doe not.

LICT. How, sir ? rogue ?

TVCC. I, why ! thou art not angrie, rascall ? art thou ?

LICT. I cannot tell, sir, I am little better, vpon these termes.

TVCC. Ha ! gods, and fiends ! why,do'st heare ? rogue, thou,giue me thy hand ; I say vnto thee, thy hand : rogue. What ? do'st not thou know me ? not me, rogue ? not Captaine TVCCA, rogue ?

MINO. Come : pra'surrender the gentleman his sword, officer ; we'll haue no fighting here.

TVCC. What's thy name ?

MINO. MINOS, an't please you.

TVCC. MINOS ? come, hither, MINOS ; Thou art a wise fellow, it seemes : Let me talke with thee.

CRIS. Was euer wretch so wretched, as vnfortunate I ?

TVCC. Thou art one of the *centum-viri*, old boy, art' not ?

MINO. No, indeed, master Captaine.

TVCC. Goe to, thou shalt be, then : I'le ha' thee one, MINOS. Take my sword from those rascals , do'st thou see ? goe , doe it : I cannot attempt with patience. What does this gentleman owe thee , little MINOS ?

MINO. Fourescore *sesterties*, sir.

TVCC. What ? no more ? Come , thou shalt release him , MINOS : what, I'le bee his baile, thou shalt take my word, old boy , and casheere these furies : thou shalt do't, I say , thou shalt, little MINOS, thou shalt.

CRIS. Yes, and as I am a gentleman,and a reueller, I'le make a peece of *poetrie*, and absolue all, within these fiue daies.

TVCC. Come , MINOS is not to learne how to vse a gent'man of qualitie , I know ; My sword : If hee pay thee not , I will , and I must , old boy. Thou shalt bee my pothecary too : ha'st good *eringo's*, MINOS ?

MINO. The best in *Rome*, sir.

TVCC. Goe too then——Vermine, know the house.

PYRG.

PYRG. I warrant you, Collonell.

TVCC. For this gentleman, MINOS?

MINO. I'le take your word, Captaine.

TVCC. Thou hast it, my sword———

MINO. Yes, sir: but you must discharge the arrest, Master CRISPINVS.

TVCC. How, MINOS? looke in the gentlemans face, and but reade his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, MINOS.

CRIS. By IOVE, sweet Captaine, you doe most infinitely endeare, and oblige me to you.

TVCC. Tut, I cannot complement, by MARS: but IVPITER loue me, as I loue good wordes, and good clothes, and there's an end. Thou shalt giue my boy that girdle, and hangers, when thou hast worne them a little more———

CRIS. O IVPITER! Captaine, he 'shall haue them now, presently: please you to be acceptiue, young gentleman.

PYRG. Yes, sir, feare not; I shall accept: I haue a prettie foolish humour of taking, if you knew all.

TVCC. Not now, you shall not take, boy.

CRIS. By my truth, and earnest, but hee shall, Captaine, by your leaue.

TVCC. Nay, and a 'sweare by his truth, and earnest, take it boy: doe not make a gent'man forsworne.

LICT. Well, sir, there is your sword; but thanke master MINOS: you had not carried it as you doe, else.

TVCC. MINOS is iust, and you are knaues, and———

LICT. What say you, sir?

TVCC. Passe on, my good scoundrell, passe on, I honour thee: But, that I hate to haue action with such base rogues as these; you should ha' seene me vnrip their noses now, and haue sent 'hem to the next barbers, to stitching: for, doe you see-- I am a man of humour, and I doe loue the varlets, the honest varlets; they haue wit, and valour: and are indeed good profitable——errant rogues, as any liue in an empire. Doest thou heare, POETASTER? second me. Stand vp (MINOS) close, gather, yet, so. Sir (thou shalt haue a quarter share, bee resolute) you shall, at my request, take MINOS by the hand, here, little MINOS, I will haue it so; all friends, and a health: Be not inexorable. And thou shalt impart the wine, old boy, thou shalt do't, little MINOS, thou shalt: make vs pay it in our physicke. What? we must liue, and honour the gods, sometimes; now BACCHVS, now COMVS, now PRIAPVS: euery god, a little. What's he, that stalkes by, there? boy, PYRGVS, you were best let him passe, sirrah; doe, ferret, let him passe, doe.

PYRG. 'Tis a player, sir.

TVCC. A player? Call him, call the lowsie slaue hither: what, will he saile by, and not once strike, or vaile to a *Man of warre?* ha? doe you

heare ? you, player, rogue, stalker, come backe here : no respect to men of worship, you slaue ? What,you are proud,you rascall,are you proud ? ha ? you grow rich,doe you ? and purchase,you two-penny teare-mouth ? you haue *fortune*, and the good yeere on your side , you stinkard ? you haue ? you haue ?

HIST. Nay, sweet Captaine, be confin'd to some reason ; I protest I saw you not, sir.

TVCC. You did not ? where was your sight , OEDIPVS ? you walke with hares eies , doe you ? I'le ha' 'hem glas'd , rogue ; and you say the word, they shall be glaz'd for you : come, we must haue you turne fiddler again, slaue, 'get a base violin at your backe,and march in a tawnie coate, with one sleeue, to Goose-faire , and then you'll know vs ; you'll see vs then ; you will, gulch, you will ? Then, wil't please your worship to haue any musicke, Captaine ?

HIST. Nay, good Captaine.

TVCC. What ? doe you laugh, *Owleglas ?* death , you perstemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellowes : I haue commanded a hundred and fiftie such rogues, I.

1. PYR. I, and most of that hundred and fiftie,haue beene leaders of a legion.

HIST. If I haue exhibited wrong, I'le tender satisfaction,Captaine.

TVCC. Sai'st thou so, honest vermine ? Giue me thy hand, thou shalt make vs a supper one of these nights.

HIST. When you please, by IOVE, Captaine, most willingly.

TVCC. Doest thou 'sweare ? to morrow then ; say , and hold slaue. There are some ofyou plaiers honest gent'man-like scoundrels,and suspected to ha' some wit , as well as your *poets* ; both at drinking , and breaking of iests : and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder yee, now and then, of halfe a dozen shillings, or so. Doest thou not know that PANTALABVS there ?

HIST. No, I assure you, Captaine.

TVCC. Goe, and bee acquainted with him, then ; hee is a gent'man, parcell-*poet*, you slaue : his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Goe, he pens high, loftie, in a new stalking straine ; bigger then halfe the rimers i' the towne, againe : he was borne to fill thy mouth , MINOTAVRVS,he was : hee will teach thee to teare , and rand, Rascall , to him , cherish his *muse*, goe : thou hast fortie, fortie, shillings, I meane, stinkard, giue him in earnest, doe, he shall write for thee, slaue. If hee pen for thee once , thou shalt not need to trauell, with thy pumps full of grauell, any more,after a blinde iade and a hamper : and stalke vpon boords,and barrell heads,to an old crackt trumpet———

HIST. Troth, I thinke I ha' not so much about me, Captaine.

TVCC. It's no matter : giue him what thou hast : *Stiffe toe* , I'le giue my word for the rest : though it lacke a shilling, or two, it skils not : Goe, thou art an honest shister , I'le ha' the *statute* repeal'd for thee. MINOS,

I must

must tell thee, MINOS, thou hast deiected yon gent'mans spirit exceedingly: do'st obserue? do'st note, little MINOS?

MINO. Yes, sir.

TVCC. Goe to then, raise; recouer, doe. Suffer him not to droop, in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager: put twentie into his hand, twentie, sesterces, I meane, and let no bodie see: goe, doe it, the worke shall commend it selfe, be MINOS, I'le pay.

MINO. Yes forsooth, Captaine.

2. PYR. Doe not we serue a notable sharke?

TVCC. And what new matters haue you now afoot, sirrah? ha? I would faine come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play; if I knew when there were a good bawdie one: but they say, you ha' nothing but *humours*, *reuells*, and *satyres*, that girde, and fart at the time, you slaue.

HIST. No, I assure you, Captaine, not wee. They are on the other side of *Tyber*: we haue as much ribaldrie in our plaies, as can bee, as you would wish, Captaine: All the sinners, i' the suburbs, come, and applaud our action, daily.

TVCC. I heare, you'll bring me o' the stage there; you'll play me, they say: I shall be presented by a sort of copper-lac't scoundrels of you: life of PLVTO, and you stage me, stinkard; your mansions shall sweat for't, your tabernacles, varlets, your *Globes*, and your *Triumphs*.

HIST. Not we, by PHŒBVS, Captaine: doe not doe vs imputation without desert.

TVCC. I wu' not, my good two-penny rascall: reach mee thy neufe. Do'st heare? What wilt thou giue mee a weeke, for my brace of beagles, here, my little point-trussers? you shall ha' them act among yee. Sirrah, you, pronounce. Thou shalt heare him speake, in king DARIVS dolefull straine.

1. PYR. *O dolefull dayes! O direfull deadly dump!*
O wicked world! and worldly wickednesse!
How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,
In rue of this right rascall wretchednesse!

TVCC. In an amorous vaine now, sirrah, peace.

1. PYR. *O, shee is wilder, and more hard, withall,*
Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stoniewall.
Yet might shee loue me, to vpreare her state:
I, but perhaps, shee hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might shee loue me, to content her sire:
I, but her reason masters her desire.
Yet might shee loue me as her beauties thrall:
I, but I feare, shee cannot loue at all.

TVCC. Now, the horrible fierce Souldier, you, sirrah.

1. PYR. *What? will I braue thee? I, and beard thee too.*
A roman *spirit scornes to beare a braine,*
So full of base pusillanimitie.

DEMET. HIST. Excellent.

TVCC. Nay,thou shalt see that,shall rauish thee anon : prick vp thine eares, stinkard : the Ghost, boies.

1. PYR. *Vindicta.*

2. PYR. *Timoria.*

1. PYR. *Vindicta.*

2. PYR. *Timoria.*

1. PYR. *Veni.*

2. PYR. *Veni.*

TVCC. Now, thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling plaier.

1. PYR. I, but some bodie must crie *(murder)* then, in a small voice.

TVCC. Your fellow-sharer, there, shall do't ; Crie, sirrah, crie.

1. PYR. *Murder, murder.*

2. PYR. *Who calls out murder ? lady, was it you ?*

DEMET. HIST. O, admirable good, I protest.

TVCC. Sirrah, boy, brace your drumme a little straighter , and doe the t'other fellow there, hee in the—— what sha' call him—— and yet, stay too.

2. PYR. *Nay, and thou dalliest, then I am thy foe,*
And feare shall force, what friendship cannot win ;
Thy death shall burie what thy life conceales,
Villaine ! thou diest, for more respecting her——

1. PYR. *O, stay my Lord.*

2. PYR. *Then me : yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee :*
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

TVCC. Enough of this, boy.

2. PYR. *Why then lament therefore : damn'd be thy guts vnto king* PLVTOES *hell, and princely* EREBVS ; *for sparrowes must haue foode.*

HIST. 'Pray, sweet Captaine, let one of them doe a little of a ladie.

TVCC. O ! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him, there : doe, sirrah, doe : 'twill allay your fellowes furie a little.

1. PYR. *Master, mocke on : the scorne thou giuest me,*
Pray IOVE, *some lady may returne on thee.*

2. PYR. No : you shall see mee doe the *Moore* : Master, lend mee your scarfe a little.

TVCC. Here, 'tis at thy seruice, boy.

They with-draw to make themselues ready.

2. PYR. You, master MINOS, harke hither a little.

TVCC. How do'st like him ? art not rapt ? art not tickled now ? do'st not applaud, rascall ? do'st not applaud ?

HIST. Yes : what will you aske for 'hem a weeke, Captaine ?

TVCC. No, you mangonizing slaue,I will not part from 'hem : you'll sell 'hem for enghles you : let's ha' good cheere to morrow-night at supper, stalker, and then wee'll talke, good capon, and plouer, doe you heare, sirrah ? and doe not bring your eating plaier with you there ; I cannot away with him : He will eate a legge of mutton, while I am in my porridge, the

the leane POLVPHAGVS, his belly is like *Barathrum*, he lookes like a mid-wife in mans apparell, the slaue. Nor the villanous-out-of-tune fiddler ÆNOBARBVS, bring not him. What hast thou there? sixe and thirtie? ha?

HIST. No, here's all I haue (Captaine) some fiue and twentie. Pray, sir, will you present, and accommodate it vnto the gentleman: for mine owne part, I am a meere stranger to his humour: besides, I haue some businesse inuites me hence, with Master ASINIVS LVPVS, the *tribune*.

TVCC. Well: goe thy waies: pursue thy proiects, let mee alone with this desseigne; my POETASTER shall make thee a play, and thou shalt be a man of good parts, in it. But stay, let mee see: Doe not bring your ÆSOPE, your polititian; vnlesse you can ram vp his mouth with cloues: the slaue smells ranker then some sixteene dung-hills, and is seuenteene times more rotten: Mary, you may bring FRISKER, my *zany*: Hee's a good skipping swaggerer; and your fat foole there, my MANGO, bring him too: but let him not begge rapiers, nor scarfes, in his ouer-familiar playing face, nor rore out his barren bold iests, with a tormenting laughter, betweene drunke, and drie. Doe you heare, stiffe-toe? Giue him warning, admonition, to forsake his sawcy glauering grace, and his goggle eie: it does not become him, sirrah: tell him so. I haue stood vp and defended you I, to gent'men, when you haue beene said to prey vpon pu'nees, and honest citizens, for socks, or buskins: or when they ha' call'd you vsurers, or brokers, or said, you were able to helpe to a peece of flesh——— I haue sworne, I did not thinke so. Nor that you were the common retreats for punkes decai'd i' their practice. I cannot beleeue it of you———

HIST. 'Thanke you, Captaine: IVPITER, and the rest of the gods confine your moderne delights, without disgust.

TVCC. Stay, thou shalt see the *Moore*, ere thou goest: what's he, with the halfe-armes there, that salutes vs out of his cloke, like a *motion*? ha?

HIST. O, sir, his dubblet's a little decaied; hee is otherwise a very simple honest fellow, sir, one DEMETRIVS, a dresser of plaies about the towne, here; we haue hir'd him to abuse HORACE, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants: as, TIBVLLVS, MECŒNAS, CORNELIVS GALLVS, and the rest.

TVCC. And: why so, stinkard?

HIST. O, it will get vs a huge deale of money (Captaine) and wee haue need on't; for this winter ha's made vs all poorer, then so many staru'd snakes: No bodie comes at vs; not a gentleman, nor a———

TVCC. But, you know nothing by him, doe you, to make a play of?

HIST. Faith, not much, Captaine: but our Author will deuise, that, that shall serue in some sort.

TVCC. Why, my PARNASSVS, here, shall helpe him, if thou wilt: Can thy Author doe it impudently enough?

HIST. O, I warrant you, Captaine, and spitefully inough, too; hee ha's one of the most ouer-flowing ranke wits, in *Rome*. He will slander any man that breathes, if he disgust him. TVCC.

TVCC. I'le know the poore, egregious, nitty rascall, and he haue these commendable qualities, I'le cherish him (stay, here comes the *Tartar)* I'le make a gathering for him, I : a purse, and put the poore slaue in fresh rags. Tell him so, to comfort him : well said, boy.

The boy comes in on Minos shoulders, who stalkes, as he acts.

2. PYR. *Where art thou, boy ? where is* CALIPOLIS ?
Fight earth-quakes, in the entrailes of the earth,
And easterne whirle-windes in the hellish shades :
Some foule contagion of th'infected heauens
Blast all the trees ; and in their cursed tops
The dismall night-rauen, and tragicke owle
Breed, and become fore-runners of my fall.

TVCC. Well, now fare thee well, my honest penny-biter : Commend me to seuen-shares and a halfe, and remember to morrow— if you lacke a seruice, you shall play in my name, rascalls, but you shall buy your owne cloth, and I'le ha' two shares for my countenance. Let thy author stay with mee.

DEME. Yes, sir.

TVCC. 'Twas well done, little MINOS, thou didst stalke well; forgiue me that I said thou stunkst, MINOS : 'twas the sauour of a *poet*, I met sweating in the street, hangs yet in my nostrills.

CRIS. Who ? HORACE ?

TVCC. I ; he, do'st thou know him ?

CRIS. O, he forsooke me most barbarously, I protest.

TVCC. Hang him fustie *satyre*, he smells all goate ; hee carries a ram, vnder his arme-holes, the slaue : I am the worse when I see him. Did not MINOS impart ?

CRIS. Yes, here are twentie drachmes, he did conuey.

TVCC. Well said, keepe 'hem, wee'll share anon ; come, little MINOS.

CRIS. Faith, Captaine, I'le be bold to shew you a mistris of mine, a iewellers wife, a gallant, as we goe along.

TVCC. There spoke my *Genius*. MINOS, some of thy *eringoes*, little MINOS ; send : come hither, PARNASSVS, I must ha' thee familiar with my little locust, here, 'tis a good vermine, they say. See, here's HORACE, and old TREBATIVS, the great lawier, in his companie ; let's auoid him, now : He is too well seconded.

Act III. *Scene* V.

HORACE, TREBATIVS.

Hor.Sat.1.li.2.

THere are, to whom I seeme excessiue sower ;
And past a *satyres* law, t'extend my power :
Others, that thinke what euer I haue writ
Wants pith, and matter to eternise it ;

And

And that they could, in one daies light, disclose
A thousand verses, such as I compose.
What shall I doe, TREBATIVS? say. TREB. Surcease.
HORA. And shall my *Muse* admit no more encrease?
TREB. So I aduise. HORA. An ill death let mee die.
If 'twere not best; but sleepe auoids mine eye:
And I vse these, lest nights should tedious seeme.
TREB. Rather, contend to sleepe, and liue like them,
That holding golden sleepe in speciall price,
Rub'd with sweet oiles, swim siluer *Tyber* thrice,
And euery eu'en, with neat wine steeped be:
Or, if such loue of writing rauish thee,
Then dare to sing vnconquer'd CAESARS deeds;
Who cheeres such actions, with aboundant meeds.
HORA. That, father, I desire; but when I trie,
I feele defects in euery facultie:
Nor is't a labour fit for euery pen,
To paint the horrid troups of armed men;
The launces burst, in GALLIA'S slaughtred forces;
Or wounded *Parthians*, tumbled from their horses:
Great CAESARS warres cannot be fought with words.
TREB. Yet, what his vertue in his peace affords,
His fortitude, and iustice thou canst show;
As wise LVCILIVS, honor'd SCIPIO.
HORA. Of that, my powers shall suffer no neglect,
When such sleight labours may aspire respect:
But, if I watch not a most chosen time,
The humble wordes of FLACCVS cannot clime
The' attentiue eare of CAESAR; nor must I
With lesse obseruance shunne grosse flatterie:
For he, reposed safe in his owne merit,
Spurnes backe the gloses of a fawning spirit.
TREB. But, how much better would such accents sound,
Then, with a sad, and serious verse to wound
PANTOLABVS, railing in his saweie iests?
Or NOMENTANVS spent in riotous feasts?
" In *satyres*, each man (though vntoucht) complaines
" As he were hurt; and hates such biting straines.
HORA. What shall I doe? MILONIVS shakes his heeles
In ceaslesse dances, when his braine once feeles
The stirring feruour of the wine ascend;
And that his eyes false number apprehend.
CASTOR his horse; POLLVX loues handie fights:
Thousand heads, a thousand choise delights.

My

My pleasure is in feet, my words to close,
As, both our better, old LVCILIVS does :
He, as his trustie friends, his bookes did trust
With all his secrets ; nor, in things vniust,
Or actions lawfull, ran to other men :
So, that the old mans life, describ'd was seene
As in a votiue table in his lines ;
And to his steps my *Genius* inclines,
Lucanian, or *Apulian*, I not whether ;
For the *Venusian* colonie plowes either :
Sent thither, when the *Sabines* were forc'd thence
(As old fame sings) to giue the place defence
'Gainst such, as seeing it emptie, might make rode
Vpon the empire ; or there fixe abode :
Whether th' *Apulian* borderer it were,
Or the *Lucanian* violence they feare.
But this my stile no liuing man shall touch,
If first I be not forc'd by base reproch ;
But, like a sheathed sword, it shall defend
My innocent life ; for, why should I contend
To draw it out, when no malicious thiefe
Robs my good name, the treasure of my life ?
O IVPITER, let it with rust be eaten,
Before it touch, or insolently threaten
The life of any with the least disease ;
So much I loue, and woe a generall peace.
But, he that wrongs me (better, I proclame,
He neuer had assai'd to touch my fame.)
For he shall weepe, and walke with euery tongue
Throughout the citie, infamously song.
SERVIVS, the *Prætor*, threats the lawes, and vrne,
If any at his deedes repine or spurne ;
The witch, CANIDIA, that ALBVCIVS got,
Denounceth witch-craft, where shee loueth not :
THVRIVS, the iudge, doth thunder worlds of ill,
To such, as striue with his iudiciall will ;
" All men affright their foes in what they may,
" Nature commands it, and men must obay.
Obserue with me; " The wolfe his tooth doth vse :
" The bull his horne. And, who doth this infuse,
" But nature ? There's luxurious SCAEVA ; Trust
His long-liu'd mother with him ; His so iust
And scrupulous right hand no mischiefe will ;
No more, then with his heele a wolfe will kill,

Or

Or Oxe with iaw : Mary, let him alone
With temper'd poison to remoue the croane.
But, briefly, if to age I destin'd bee,
Or that quick deaths black wings inuiron me ;
If rich, or poore ; at *Rome* ; or fate command
I shall be banish't to some other land ;
What hiew soeuer, my whole state shall beare,
I will write *satyres* still, in spight of feare.
TREB. HORACE ; I feare, thou draw'st no lasting breath :
And that some great mans friend will be thy death.
HORA. What ? when the man that first did *satyrise*,
Durst pull the skin ouer the eares of vice ;
And make, who stood in outward fashion cleare,
Giue place, as foule within ; shall I forbeare ?
Did LAELIVS, or the man, so great with fame,
That from sackt *Carthage* fetcht his worthy name,
Storme, that LVCILIVS did METELLVS pierce ?
Or bury LVPVS quick, in famous verse ?
Rulers, and subiects, by whole tribes he checkt ;
But vertue, and her friends did still protect :
And when from sight, or from the iudgement seat,
The vertuous SCIPIO, and wise LAELIVS met,
Vnbrac't, with him in all light sports, they shar'd ;
Till, their most frugall suppers were prepar'd.
What e're I am, though both for wealth, and wit ;
Beneath LVCILIVS, I am pleas'd to sit,
Yet, enuy (spight of her empoisoned brest)
Shall say, I liu'd in grace here, with the best ;
And, seeking in weake trash to make her wound,
Shall find me solid, and her teeth vnsound :
'Lesse, learn'd TREBATIVS censure disagree.
TREB. No, HORACE, I of force must yeeld to thee ;
Only, take heed, as being aduis'd by mee,
Lest thou incurre some danger : Better pause
Then rue thy ignorance of the sacred lawes ;
There's iustice, and great action may be su'd
'Gainst such, as wrong mens fames with verses lewd.
HORA. I, with lewd verses ; such as libels bee,
And aym'd at persons of good qualitie.
I reuerence and adore that iust decree :
But if they shall be sharp, yet modest rimes
That spare mens persons, and but taxe their crimes,
Such, shall in open court, find currant passe ;
Were CAESAR iudge, and with the makers grace.

TREB.

TREB. Nay, I'le adde more; if thou thy selfe being cleare,
Shalt taxe in person a man, fit to beare
Shame, and reproch; his sute shall quickly bee
Dissolu'd in laughter, and thou thence sit free.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

CHLOE, CYTHERIS.

BVt, sweet ladie, say: am I well inough attir'd for the court, in sadnesse?

CYTH. Well inough? excellent well, sweet Mistris CHLOE, this straight bodied city attire (I can tell you) will stir a courtiers bloud, more, then the finest loose sacks the ladies vse to be put in; and then you are as well iewell'd as any of them, your ruffe, and linnen about you, is much more pure then theirs: And for your beautie, I can tell you, there's many of them would defie the painter, if they could change with you. Mary, the worst is, you must looke to be enuied, and endure a few court-frumps for it.

CHLO. O IOVE, Madam, I shall buy them too cheape! Giue me my muffe, and my doggethere. And will the ladies be any thing familiar with me, thinke you?

CYTH. O IVNO! why, you shall see 'hem flock about you with their puffe wings, and aske you, where you bought your lawne? and what you paid for it? who starches you? and entreat you to helpe 'hem to some pure landresses, out of the citie.

CHLO. O CVPID! giue me my fanne, and my masque too: And will the lords, and the *poets* there, vse one well too, ladie?

CYTH. Doubt not of that: you shall haue kisses from them, goe pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, vpon your lips, as thick as stones out of flings, at the assault of a citie. And then your eares will be so furd with the breath of their complements, that you cannot catch cold of your head (if you would) in three winters after.

CHLO. Thanke you, sweet ladie. O heauen! And how must one behaue her selfe amongst 'hem? you know all.

CYTH. Faith, impudently inough, mistris CHLOE, and well inough. Carrie not too much vnder-thought betwixt your selfe and them; nor your citie mannerly word (forsooth) vse it not too often in any case; but plaine, I, Madam; and, No, Madam: Nor neuer say, your Lordship, nor your Honor; but, you, and you my Lord, and my Ladie: the other, they count too simple, and minsitiue. And though they desire to kisse heauen with their titles, yet they will count them fooles that giue them too humbly.

CHLO. O intolerable, IVPITER! By my troth, ladie, I would not for a world, but you had lyen in my house: and i' faith you shall not pay a farthing,

farthing, for your boord, nor your chambers.

CYTH. O, sweet Mistresse CHLOE!

CHLO. I faith, you shall not ladie, nay, good ladie, doe not offer it.

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

COR. GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, CYTHERIS, CHLOE.

COme, where be these ladies? By your leaue, bright starres, this gentleman and I are come to man you to court: where your late kind entertainement is now to bee requited with a heauenly banquet.

CYTH. A heauenly banquet, *Gallus?*

COR. GALL. No lesse, my deare, CYTHERIS.

TIBV. That were not strange, ladie, if the *epithete* were onely giuen for the companie inuited thither; your selfe, and this faire gentlewoman.

CHLO. Are we inuited to court, sir?

TIBV. You are, ladie, by the great Princesse, IVLIA: who longs to greet you with any fauours, that may worthily make you an often courtier.

CHLO. In sinceritie, I thanke her, sir. You haue a coach? ha' you not?

TIBV. The Princesse hath sent her owne, ladie.

CHLO. O VENVS! that's well: I doe long to ride in a coach most vehemently.

CYTH. But, sweet GALLVS, pray you, resolue mee, why you giue that heauenly prayse, to this earthly banquet?

COR. GALL. Because (CYTHERIS) it must bee celebrated by the heauenly powers: All the Gods, and Goddesses will bee there; to two of which, you two must be exalted.

CHLO. A prettie fiction in truth.

CYTH. A fiction indeed, CHLOE, and fit, for the fit of a *poet.*

COR. GALL. Why, CYTHERIS, may not *poets* (from whose diuine spirits, all the honours of the gods haue beene deduc't) intreate so much honor of the gods, to haue their diuine presence at a *poeticall* banquet?

CYTH. Suppose that no fiction: yet, where are your habilities to make vs two goddesses, at your feast?

COR. GALL. Who knowes not (CYTHERIS) that the sacred breath of a true *poet*, can blow any vertuous humanitie, vp to *deitie?*

TIBV. To tell you the femall truth (which is the simple truth) ladies; and to shew that *poets* (in spight of the world) are able to *deifie* themselues: At this banquet, to which you are inuited, wee intend to assume the figures of the Gods; and to giue our seuerall Loues the formes of Goddesses. OVID will be IVPITER; the Princesse IVLIA, IVNO; GALLVS here APOLLO; you CYTHERIS, PALLAS; I will bee BACCHVS; and my Loue PLAVTIA, CERES: And to install you, and your husband,

faire CHLOE, in honours, equall with ours ; you shall be a Goddesse, and your husband a God.

CHLO. A God ? O my god !

TIBV. A God ; but a lame God, ladie : for he shall be VULCAN, and you VENVS. And this will make our banquet no lesse then heauenly.

CHLO. In sinceritie, it will bee sugred. Good IOVE, what a prettie foolish thing it is to be a *poet !* But harke you, sweet CYTHERIS ; could they not possibly leaue out my husband ? mee thinkes, a bodies husband do's not so well at Court ; A bodies friend, or so———but husband, 'tis like your clog to your *marmaset*, for all the world, and the heauens.

CYTH. Tut, neuer feare, CHLOE : your husband will be left without in the lobby, or the great chamber, when you shall be put in, i' the closet, by this lord, and by that lady.

CHLO. Nay, then I am certified : he shall goe.

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

GALLVS, HORACE, TIBVLLVS, ALBIVS, CRISPINVS, TVCCA, DEMETRIVS, CYTHERIS, CHLOE.

HORACE ! Welcome.

HORA. Gentlemen, heare you the newes ?

TIBV. What newes, my QVINTVS ?

HORA. Our melancholike friend, PROPERTIVS,
Hath clos'd himselfe, vp, in his CYNTHIAS tombe ;
And will by no intreaties be drawne thence.

ALBI. Nay, good master CRISPINVS, pray you, bring neere the gentleman.

HORA. CRISPINVS ? Hide mee, good GALLVS : TIBVLLVS, shelter mee.

CRIS. Make your approch, sweet Captaine.

TIBV. What meanes this, HORACE ?

HORA. I am surpriz'd againe, farewell. GALL. Stay, HORACE.

HORA. What, and be tir'd on, by yond' vulture ? No :
PHŒBVS defend me. TIBV. 'Slight ! I hold my life,
This same is he met him in *holy street.*

GALL. Troth, 'tis like enough. This act of PROPERTIVS relisheth very strange, with me.

TVCC. By thy leaue, my neat scoundrell : what, is this the mad boy you talk't on ?

CRIS. I : this is master ALBIVS, Captaine.

TVCC. Giue me thy hand, AGAMEMNON ; we heare abroad, thou art the HECTOR of citizens : what sayest thou ? are we welcome to thee, noble NEOPTOLEMVS ?

ALBI. Welcome, Captaine ? by IOVE, and all the Gods i' the capitoll——— TVCC.

TVCC. No more, we conceiue thee. Which of these is thy wedlocke, MENELAVS? thy HELLEN? thy LVCRECE? that wee may doe her honor; mad boy?

CRIS. Shee i' the little fine dressing, sir, is my Mistris.

ALBI. For fault of a better, sir.

TVCC. A better, prophane rascall? I crie thee mercy (my good scroile) was't thou?

ALBI. No harme, Captaine.

TVCC. Shee is a VENVS, a VESTA, a MELPOMENE: Come hither, PENELOPE; what's thy name, IRIS?

CHLO. My name is CHLOE, sir; I am a gentlewoman.

TVCC. Thou art in merit to be an empresse (CHLOE) for an eye, and a lip; thou hast an emperors nose: kisse me againe: 'tis a vertuous punke, So. Before IOVE, the gods were a sort of goslings, when they suffred so sweet a breath, to perfume the bed of a stinkard: thou hadst ill fortune, THISBE; the fates were infatuate; they were, punke; they were.

CHLO. That's sure, sir: let me craue your name, I pray you, sir.

TVCC. I am know'n by the name of Captaine TVCCA, punke; the noble *Roman*, punke: a gent'man, and a commander, punke.

CHLO. In good time: a gentleman, and a commander? that's as good as a *poet*, me thinkes.

CRIS. A prettie instrument! It's my cousin CYTHERIS violl, this: is't not?

CYTH. Nay, play cousin, it wants but such a voice, and hand, to grace it, as yours is.

CRIS. Alas, cousin, you are merrily inspir'd.

CYTH. 'Pray you play, if you loue me.

CRIS. Yes, cousin: you know, I doe not hate you.

TIBV. A most subtill wench! How she hath baited him with a violl yonder, for a song!

CRIS. Cousin, 'pray you call mistris CHLOE; shee shall heare an essay of my *poetrie*.

TVCC. I'le call her. Come hither, cockatrice: here's one, will set thee vp, my sweet punke; set thee vp.

CHLO. Are you a puet, so soone, sir?

ALBI. Wife: mum.

SONG.

LOue *is blinde, and a wanton;*
In the whole world, there is scant-
one such another:
No, not his Mother.
He hath pluckt her doues, *and* sparrowes,
To feather his sharpe arrowes,
And alone preuaileth,
Whilst sicke VENVS *waileth.*

But if CYPRIS *once recouer*
The wag ; it shall behoue her
To looke better to him :
Or shee will vndoe him.

ALBI. O, most odoriferous musicke!

TVCC. A, ha! stinkard. Another ORPHEVS, you slaue, another ORPHEVS! an ARION, riding on the backe of a dolphin, rascall!

GALL. Haue you a copy of this dittie, sir?

CRIS. Master ALBIVS ha's.

ALBI. I, but in truth, they are my wiues verses; I must not shew 'hem.

TVCC. Shew 'hem, bankerupt, shew 'hem; they haue salt in 'hem, and will brooke the aire, stinkard.

GALL. How? to his bright mistris, CANIDIA?

CRIS. I, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as OVIDS CORINNA, or PROPERTIVS his CYNTHIA, or your NEMESIS, or DELIA, TIBVLLVS.

GALL. It's the name of HORACE his witch, as I remember.

TIBV. Why? the ditt'is all borrowed; 'tis HORACES: hang him *plagiary*.

TVCC. How? he borrow of HORACE? hee shall pawne himselfe to ten brokers, first. Doe you heare, POETASTERS? I know you to be men of worship—— He shall write with HORACE, for a talent: and let MECŒNAS, and his whole colledge of *criticks* take his part: thou shalt do't, young PHŒBVS: thou shalt, PHAETON; thou shalt.

DEME. Alas, sir, HORACE! hee is a meere spunge; nothing but humours, and obseruation, he goes vp and downe sucking from euery societie, and when hee comes home, squeazes himselfe drie againe. I know him, I.

TVCC. Thou saiest true, my poore *poeticall Furie*, hee will pen all hee knowes. A sharpe thornie-tooth'd *satyricall* rascall, flie him; hee carries hey in his horne he wil sooner lose his best friend, then his least iest. What he once drops vpon paper, against a man, liues eternally to vpbraid him in the mouth of euery slaue tankerd-bearer, or water-man; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bake-house, but shall point at him: 'tis all dogge, and scorpion; he carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his taile. Fough, body of IOVE! I'le haue the slaue whipt one of these daies for his *satyres*, and his humours, by one casheer'd clarke, or another.

CRIS. Wee'll vnder-take him, Captaine.

DEME. I, and tickle him i' faith, for his arrogancie, and his impudence, in commending his owne things; and for his translating: I can trace him i' faith. O, he is the most open fellow, liuing; I had as lieue as a new sute, I were at it.

TVCC. Say no more then, but doe it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new sute; sting him, my little neufts; I'le giue you instructions: I'le bee your

your intelligencer, we'll all ioyne, and hang vpon him like so many horse-leaches, the plaiers and all. We shall sup together, soone ; and then wee'll conspire, i' faith.

GALL. O, that HORACE had staied still, here.

TIBV. So would not I : for both these would haue turn'd *Pythagoreans*, then.

GALL. What, mute ?

TIBV. I, as fishes i'faith : come, ladies, shall we goe ?

CYTH. We await you, sir. But mistris CHLOE askes, if you haue not a god to spare, for this gentleman.

GALL. Who, Captaine TVCCA ?

CYTH. I ; hee.

GALL. Yes, if we can inuite him along, he shall be MARS.

CHLO. Ha's MARS any thing to doe with VENVS ?

TIBV. O, most of all, ladie.

CHLO. Nay, then, I pray' let him bee inuited : and what shall CRISPINVS be ?

TIBV. MERCVRY, mistris CHLOE.

CHLO. MERCVRY ? that's a *Poet ?* is't ?

GALL. No, ladie ; but somewhat inclining that way : hee is a *Herald* at *armes*.

CHLO. A *Herald* at *armes ?* good : and MERCVRY ? pretty : hee ha's to doe with VENVS, too ?

TIBV. A little, with her face, ladie ; or so.

CHLO. 'Tis very well ; pray' let's goe, I long to be at it.

CYTH. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies along ?

CRIS. You shall not only pray , but preuaile , ladie. Come , sweet Captaine.

TVCC. Yes, I follow : but thou must not talke of this now , my little bankerupt.

ALBI. Captaine, looke here : mum.

DEME. I'le goe write, sir.

TVCC. Doe, doe, stay : there's a drachme, to purchase ginger-bread, for thy *muse*.

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

LVPVS, HISTRIO, LICTOR, MINOS, MECŒNAS, HORACE.

COme, let vs talke, here ; here we may bee priuate : shut the dore, LICTOR. You are a plaier, you say.

HIST. I, and't please your worship.

LVPV. Good : and how are you able to giue this intelligence ?

HIST. Mary, sir, they directed a letter to me, and my fellow-sharers.

LVPV. Speake lower , you are not now i' your *theater* , Stager : my

sword, knaue. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-sharers: forward.

HIST. Yes, sir; to hire some of our properties; as a scepter, and a crowne, for IOVE; and a *caduceus* for MERCVRY: and a *petasus*——

LVPV. *Caduceus?* and *petasus?* Let me see your letter. This is a coniuration; a conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my buskins: I'le act a *tragœdie*, i' faith. Will nothing but our gods serue these *poets* to prophane? dispatch. Plaier, I thanke thee. The Emperour shall take knowledge of thy good seruice. Who's there now? Looke, knaue. A *crowne*, and a *scepter?* this is good: rebellion, now?

LICT. 'Tis your pothecary, sir, master MINOS.

LVPV. What tell'st thou me of pothecaries, knaue? Tell him; I haue affaires of state, in hand; I can talke to no pothecaries, now. Heart of me! Stay the pothecary there.

You shall see, I haue fish't out a cunning pecce of plot now: They haue had some intelligence, that their proiect is discouer'd, and now haue they dealt with my pothecary, to poison me; 'tis so; knowing, that I meant to take physick to day: As sure as death, 'tis there. IVPITER, I thanke thee, that thou hast yet made me so much of a politician. You are welcome, sir; take the potion from him there, I haue an *antidote* more then you wote off, sir; throw it on the ground there: So. Now fetch in the dogge; And yet we cannot tarrie to trie experiments, now: arrest him, you shall goe with me, sir; I'le tickle you, pothecarie; I'le giue you a glister, i' faith. Haue I the letter? I: 'tis here. Come, your *fasces*, LICTORS: The halfe pikes, and the halberds, take them downe from the *lares*, there. Plaier, assist me.

MECÆ. Whither now, ASINIVS LVPVS, with this armorie?

LVPV. I cannot talke now; I charge you, assist me: Treason, treason.

HORA. How? treason?

LVPV. I: if you loue the Emperour, and the state, follow me.

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

OVID, IVLIA, GALLVS, CYTHERIS, TIBVLLVS, PLAVTIA, ALBIVS, CHLOE, TVCCA, CRISPINVS, HERMOGENES, PYRGVS.

GOds, and Godesses, take your seuerall seates. Now, MERCVRY, moue your *caduceus*, and in IVPITERS name command silence.

CRIS. In the name of IVPITER; silence.

HERM. The cryer of the court hath too clarified a voice.

GALL. Peace, *Momus*.

OVID. Oh, he is the God of reprehension; let him alone. 'Tis his office. MERCVRY, goe forward, and proclaime after PHŒBVS, our high pleasure,

pleasure, to all the *Deities* that shall partake this high banquet.

CRIS. Yes, sir.

GALL. The great God, IVPITER, — CRIS. The great &c.
Of his licentious goodnesse, — Of his, &c.
Willing to make this feast, no fast — Willing, &c.
From any manner of pleasure; — From any, &c.
Nor to bind any God or Goddesse, — Nor to, &c.
To be any thing the more god or goddess, for their names: — To be, &c.
He giues them all free licence, — He giues, &c.
To speake no wiser, then persons of baser titles; — To speake, &c.
And to be nothing better, then common men, or women. — And to, &c.
And therefore no God — And there, &c.
Shall need to keep himselfe more strictly to his Goddesse, — Shall need, &c.
Then any man do's to his wife. — Then any, &c.
Nor any Goddesse — Nor any, &c.
Shall need to keepe her selfe more strictly to her God, — Shall need, &c.
Then any woman do's to her husband. — Then any, &c.
But, since it is no part of wisdome, — But, since, &c.
In these daies, to come into bonds; — In these, &c.
It shall be lawfull for euery louer, — It shall, &c.
To breake louing oathes, — To breake, &c.
To change their louers, and make loue to others, — To change, &c.
As the heate of euery ones bloud, — As the, &c.
And the spirit of our *nectar* shall inspire. — And the, &c.
And IVPITER, saue IVPITER. — And IVPI. &c.

TIBV. So: now we may play the fooles, by authoritie.

HERM. To play the foole by authoritie, is wisdome.

IVLI. Away with your matterie sentences, *Momus*; they are too graue, and wise, for this meeting.

OVID. MERCVRY, giue our iester a stoole, let him sit by; and reach him of our cates.

TVCC. Do'st heare, mad IVPITER? Wee'll haue it enacted; He, that speakes the first wise word, shall be made cuckold. What sai'st thou? Is't not a good motion?

OVID. *Deities*, are you all agreed?

ALL. Agreed, great IVPITER.

ALBI. I haue read in a booke, that to play the foole wisely, is high wisdome.

GALL. How now, VULCAN! will you be the first wizard?

OVID. Take his wife, MARS, and make him cuckold, quickly,

TVCC. Come, cockatrice.

CHLO. No, let me alone with him, IVPITER: I'le make you take heed, sir, while you liue againe; if there be twelue in a companie, that you bee not the wisest of 'hem.

ALBI. No more, I will not indeed, wife, hereafter; I'le be here: mum.

OVID.

OVID. Fill vs a bowle of *nectar*, GANYMEDE: we will drinke to our daughter VENVS.

GALL. Looke to your wife, VULCAN: IVPITER begins to court her.

TIBV. Nay, let MARS looke to it: VULCAN must doe, as VENVS doe's, beare.

TVCC. Sirrah, boy: catamite. Looke, you play GANYMEDE well now, you slaue. Doe not spill your *nectar*; Carrie your cup euen: so. You should haue rub'd your face, with whites of egges, you rascall; till your browes had shone like our sooty brothers here, as sleeke as a horn-booke: or ha' steept your lips in wine, till you made 'hem so plump, that IVNO might haue beene iealous of 'hem. Punke, kisse me, punke.

OVID. Here, daughter VENVS, I drinke to thee.

CHLO. 'Thanke you, good father IVPITER.

TVCC. Why, mother IVNO! gods and fiends! what, wilt thou suffer this ocular temptation?

TIBV. MARS is enrag'd, hee lookes bigge, and begins to stut, for anger.

HERM. Well plaid, Captaine MARS.

TVCC. Well said, minstrell MOMVS: I must put you in? must I? When will you be in good fooling of your selfe, fiddler? neuer?

HERM. O, 'tis our fashion, to be silent, when there is a better foole in place, euer.

TVCC. 'Thanke you, rascall.

OVID. Fill to our daughter VENVS, GANYMEDE, who fills her father with affection.

IVLI. Wilt thou be ranging, IVPITER, before my face?

OVID. Why not, IVNO? why should IVPITER stand in awe of thy face, IVNO?

IVLI. Because it is thy wiues face, IVPITER.

OVID. What, shall a husband be afraid of his wiues face? will shee paint it so horribly? Wee are a King, cot-queane; and we will raigne in our pleasures; and wee will cudgell thee to death, if thou finde fault with vs.

IVLI. I will find fault with thee, King cuckold-maker: what, shall the King of gods turne the King of good fellowes, and haue no fellow in wickednesse? This makes our *poets*, that know our prophanenesse, liue as prophane, as we: By my god-head, IVPITER; I will ioyne with all the other gods, here; bind thee hand and foot; throw thee downe into earth; and make a poore *poet* of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

GALL. A good smart-tongu'd Goddesse; a right IVNO.

OVID. IVNO, we will cudgell thee, IVNO: we told thee so yesterday, when thou wert iealous of vs, for THETIS.

PYRG. Nay, to day shee had me in inquisition too.

TVCC. Well said, my fine *Phrygian* frie, informe, informe. Giue mee some wine (King of *Heralds)* I may drinke to my cockatrice.

OVID.

OVID. No more, GANYMEDE, wee will cudgell thee, IVNO : by STYX, we will.

IVLI. I, 'tis well, Gods may grow impudent in iniquitie, and they must not be told of it———

OVID. Yea, we will knocke our chinne against our brest ; and shake thee out of *Olympus*, into an oyster-bote, for thy scolding.

IVLI. Your nose is not long enough to doe it, IVPITER, if all thy strumpets, thou hast among the starres, tooke thy part. And there is neuer a starre in thy fore-head, but shall be a horne, if thou persist to abuse me.

CRIS. A good iest, i' faith.

OVID. We tell thee, thou anger'st vs, cot-queane ; and we will thunder thee in peeces, for thy cot-queanitie.

CRIS. Another good iest.

ALBI. O, my hammers, and my *Cyclops !* this boy fills not wine enough, to make vs kind enough, to one another.

TVCC. Nor thou hast not collied thy face enough, stinkard.

ALBI. I'le ply the table with *nectar*, and make them friends.

HERM. Heauen is like to haue but a lame skinker, then.

ALBI. " Wine, and good liuers, make true louers : I'le sentence them together. Here father, here mother, for shame, drinke your selues drunke, and forget this dissention : you two should cling together, before our faces, and giue vs example of vnitie.

GALL. O, excellently spoken, VULCAN, on the sodaine !

TIBV. IVPITER, may doe well to preferre his tongue to some office, for his eloquence.

TVCC. His tongue shall bee gent'man vsher to his wit, and still goe before it.

ALBI. An excellent fit office !

CRIS. I, and an excellent good iest, besides.

HERM. What, haue you hired MERCVRY, to cry your iests you make ?

OVID. MOMVS, you are enuious.

TVCC. Why, you whoreson block-head, 'tis your only blocke of wit in fashion (now adaies) to applaud other folkes iests.

HERM. True : with those that are not artificers themselues. VULCAN, you nod ; and the mirth of the iest droops.

PYRG. He ha's fild *nectar* so long, till his braine swims in it.

GALL. What, doe we nod, fellow Gods ? sound musicke, and let vs startle our spirits with a song.

TVCC. Doe, APOLLO : thou art a good musician.

GALL. What saies IVPITER ?

OVID. Ha ? ha ?

GALL. A song.

OVID. Why, doe, doe, sing.

PLAV. BACCHVS, what say you ?

TIBV. CERES ?

PLAV. But, to this song ?

TIBV. Sing, for my part.

IVLI. Your belly weighes downe your head, BACCHVS: here's a song toward.

TIBV. Begin, VULCAN———

ALBI. What else? what else?

TVCC. Say, IVPITER———

OVID. MERCVRY———

CRIS. I, say, say———

SONG.

WAke, our mirth begins to die:
Quicken it with tunes, and wine:
Raise your notes, you're out: fie, fie,
This drouzinesse, is an ill signe.
We banish him the queere of Gods,
That droops agen:
Then all are men,
For here's not one, but nods.

OVID. I like not this sodaine and generall heauinesse, amongst our Godheads: 'Tis somewhat ominous. APOLLO, command vs lowder musicke, and let MERCVRY, and MOMVS contend to please, and reuiue our senses.

SONG.

HERM. *THen, in a free and lofty straine,*
Our broken tunes we thus repaire;
CRIS. *And we answere them againe,*
Running diuision on the panting aire:
AMBO. *To celebrate this feast of* sense,
As free from scandall, as offence.
HERM. *Here is* beautie, *for the eye;*
CRIS. *For the eare, sweet* melodie;
HERM. Ambrosiack odours, *for the smell;*
CRIS. *Delicious* nectar, *for the taste;*
AMBO. *For the touch, a* ladies waste;
Which doth all the rest excell!

OVID. I: This hath wak't vs. MERCVRY, our Herald; Goe from our selfe, the great God IVPITER, to the great Emperour, AVGVSTVS CAESAR: And command him, from vs (of whose bountie he hath receiued his sir-name, AVGVSTVS) that for a thanke-offring to our beneficence, he presently sacrifice as a dish to this banquet, his beautifull and wanton daughter IVLIA. Shee's a curst queane, tell him; and plaies the scold behind his backe: Therefore, let her be sacrific'd. Command him this, MERCVRY, in our high name of IVPITER ALTITONANS.

IVLI. Stay, feather-footed MERCVRY, and tell AVGVSTVS, from vs, the great IVNO SATVRNIA; if he thinke it hard to doe, as IVPITER hath

hath commanded him, and sacrifice his daughter, that hee had better to doe so ten times, then suffer her to loue the well-nos'd *poet*, OVID; whom he shall doe well to whip, or cause to bee whipt, about the capitoll, for soothing her, in her follies.

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

CÆSAR, MECŒNAS, HORACE, LVPVS, HISTRIO, MINOS, LICTORS, OVID, GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, TVCCA, CRISPINVS, ALBIVS, HERMOGENES, PYRGVS, IVLIA, CYTHERIS, PLAVTIA, CHLOE.

WHat sight is this? MECŒNAS! HORACE! say!
Haue we our senses? Doe we heare? and see?
Or, are these but imaginarie obiects
Drawne by our phantasie? Why speake you not?
Let vs doe sacrifice? Are they the Gods?
Reuerence, amaze, and furie fight in me.
What? doe they kneele? Nay, then I see 'tis true
I thought impossible: ô, impious sight!
Let me diuert mine eyes; the very thought
Euerts my soule, with passion: looke not, man.
There is a panther, whose vnnaturall eyes
Will strike thee dead: turne then, and die on her
With her owne death. *He offers to kill his daughter.*

MECŒ. HORACE. What meanes imperiall CAESAR?

CAESA. What, would you haue me let the strumpet liue,
That, for this pageant, earnes so many deathes?

TVCC. Boy, slinke boy.

PYRG. 'Pray IVPITER, we be not follow'd by the sent, Master.

CAESA. Say, sir, what are you?

ALBI. I play VULCAN, sir.

CAESA. But, what are you, sir?

ALBI. Your citizen, and ieweller, sir.

CAESA. And what are you, dame?

CHLO. I play VENVS, forsooth.

CAESA. I aske not, what you play? but, what you are?

CHLO. Your citizen, and iewellers wife, sir.

CAESA. And you, good sir?

CRIS. Your gentleman, parcell-*poet*, sir.

CAESA. O, that prophaned name!
And are these seemely companie for thee,
Degenerate monster? all the rest I know,

And

And hate all knowledge, for their hatefull sakes.
Are you, that first the *deities* inspir'd
With skill of their high natures, and their powers,
The first abusers of their vse-full light;
Prophaning thus their dignities, in their formes:
And making them like you, but counterfeits?
O, who shall follow vertue, and embrace her,
When her false bosome is found nought but aire?
And yet, of those embraces, *centaures* spring,
That warre with humane peace, and poyson men.
Who shall, with greater comforts, comprehend
Her vnseene being, and her excellence;
When you, that teach, and should eternize her,
Liue, as shee were no law vnto your liues:
Nor liu'd her selfe, but with your idle breaths?
If you thinke gods but fain'd, and vertue painted,
Know, we sustaine an actuall residence;
And, with the title of an Emperour,
Retaine his spirit, and imperiall power:
By which (in imposition too remisse,
Licentious NASO, for thy violent wrong,
In soothing the declin'd affections
Of our base daughter) we exile thy feete
From all approch, to our imperiall court,
On paine of death: and thy mis-gotten loue
Commit to patronage of iron doores;
Since her soft-hearted sire cannot containe her.

MECŒ. O, good my lord; forgiue: be like the Gods.

HORA. Let royall bountie (CAESAR) mediate.

CAESA. There is no bountie to be shewed to such,
As haue no reall goodnesse: Bountie is
A spice of vertue: and what vertuous act
Can take effect on them, that haue no power
Of equall habitude to apprehend it,
But liue in worship of that idoll vice,
As if there were no vertue, but in shade
Of strong imagination, meerely enforc't?
This shewes, their knowledge is meere ignorance;
Their farre-fetcht dignitie of soule, a phansy;
And all their square pretext of grauitie
A meere vaine glorie: hence, away with 'hem.
I will preferre for knowledge, none, but such
As rule their liues by it, and can becalme
All sea of humour, with the marble *trident*
Of their strong spirits: Others fight below
With gnats, and shaddowes, others nothing know.

Act IIII. *Scene* VII.

TVCCA, CRISPINVS, PYRGVS, HORACE, MECŒNAS, LVPVS, HISTRIO.

WHat's become of my little punke, VENVS ! and the poult-foot stinkard, her husband ? ha ?

CRIS. O, they are rid home i' the coach, as fast as the wheeles can runne.

TVCC. God IVPITER is banisht, I heare: and his cockatrice, IVNO, lockt vp. 'Hart, and and all the *poetrie* in *Parnassus* get me to bee a player againe, I'le sell 'hem my share for a sesterce. But this is *humours*, HORACE, that goat-footed enuious slaue; hee's turn'd fawne now, an informer, the rogue: 'tis hee has betraid vs all. Did you not see him, with the Emperour, crouching ?

CRIS. Yes.

TVCC. Well, follow me. Thou shalt libell, and I'le cudgell the rascall. Boy, prouide me a truncheon. Reuenge shall gratulate him, *tam* MARTI, *quàm* MERCVRIO.

PYRG. I, but Master; take heed how you giue this out, HORACE is a man of the sword.

CRIS. 'Tis true, in troth: they say, he's valiant.

TVCC. Valiant ? so is mine arse; gods, and fiends ! I'le blow him into aire, when I meet him next: He dares not fight with a puck-fist.

PYRG. Master, here he comes.

Horace passes by.

TVCC. Where ? IVPITER saue thee, my good *poet*; my noble *prophet*; my little fat HORACE. I scorne to beate the rogue i' the court; and I saluted him, thus faire, because hee should suspect nothing, the rascall: Come, wee'll goe see how forward our iourney-man is toward the vntrussing of him.

CRIS. Doe you heare, Captaine ? I'le write nothing in it but innocence: because I may sweare I am innocent.

HORA. Nay, why pursue you not the Emperor for your reward, now, LVPVS ?

MECŒ. Stay, ASINIVS;
You, and your stager, and your band of *Lictors*:
I hope your seruice merits more respect,
Then thus, without a thankes, to be sent hence ?

HIST. Well, well, iest on, iest on.

HORA. Thou base vnworthy groome. LVPV. I, I, 'tis good.

HORA. Was this the treason ? this, the dangerous plot,
Thy clamorous tongue so bellowed through the court ?
Hadst thou no other proiect to encrease
Thy grace with CAESAR, but this woluish traine;

To prey vpon the life of innocent mirth,
And harmelesse pleasures, bred, of noble wit?
Away, I lothe thy presence: such as thou,
They are the moths, and scarabes of a state;
The bane of empires; and the dregs of courts;
Who (to endeare themselues to any 'employment)
Care not, whose fame they blast; whose life they endanger:
And vnder a disguis'd, and cob-web masque
Of loue, vnto their soueraigne, vomit forth
Their owne prodigious malice; and pretending
To be the props, and columnes of his safety,
The guards vnto his person, and his peace,
Disturbe it most, with their false lapwing-cries.

LVPV. Good. CAESAR shall know of this; beleeue it.

MECŒ. CAESAR doth know it (wolfe) and to his knowledge,
Hee will (I hope) reward your base endeuours.
" Princes that will but heare, or giue accesse
" To such officious spies, can ne're be safe:
" They take in poyson, with an open eare,
" And,free from danger, become slaues to feare.

Act IIII. *Scene* VIII.

OVID.

BAnisht the court? Let me be banisht life;
Since the chiefe end of life is there concluded:
Within the court, is all the kingdome bounded,
And as her sacred spheare doth comprehend
Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
In any part of all the empire else;
So euery body, moouing in her spheare,
Containes ten thousand times as much in him,
As any other,her choice orbe excludes.
As in a circle, a magician, then
Is safe, against the spirit, he excites;
But out of it, is subiect to his rage,
And loseth all the vertue of his arte:
So I, exil'd the circle of the court,
Lose all the good gifts, that in it I ioy'd.
" No vertue currant is, but with her stamp:
" And no vice vicious, blaunch't with her white hand.
The court's the abstract of all *Romes* desert;
And my deare IVLIA, th'abstract of the court.

Mee

Mee thinkes, now I come neere her, I respire
Some aire of that late comfort, I receiu'd :
And while the euening, with her modest vaile,
Giues leaue to such poore shaddowes as my selfe,
To steale abroad, I, like a heart-lesse ghost,
Without the liuing body of my loue,
Will here walke, and attend her. For I know,
Not farre from hence, shee is imprisoned,
And hopes, of her strict guardian, to bribe
So much admittance, as to speake to me,
And cheere my fainting spirits, with her breath.

Act IIII. *Scene* IX.

Shee appeareth aboue, as at her chamber window.

IVLIA, OVID.

OVID ? my loue ? OVID. Here, heauenly IVLIA.
IVLI. Here ? and not here ? O, how that word doth play
With both our fortunes, differing, like our selues,
Both one ; and yet diuided, as oppos'd ?
I high, thou low ? ô, this our plight of place
Doubly presents the two lets of our loue,
Locall, and ceremoniall height, and lownesse :
Both waies, I am too high, and thou too low.
Our mindes are euen, yet : ô, why should our bodies,
That are their slaues, be so without their rule ?
I'le cast my selfe downe to thee ; If I die,
I'le euer liue with thee : no height of birth,
Of place, of dutie, or of cruell power,
Shall keepe mee from thee ; should my father locke
This body vp within a tombe of brasse,
Yet I'le be with thee. If the formes, I hold
Now in my soule, be made one substance with it ;
That soule immortall ; and the same 'tis now ;
Death cannot raze th'affects, shee now retayneth :
And then, may shee be any where shee will.
The soules of parents rule not childrens soules,
When death sets both in their dissolu'd estates ;
Then is no child, nor father : then eternitie
Frees all, from any temporall respect.
I come, my OVID, take me in thine armes :
And let me breathe my soule into thy brest.
OVID. O, stay, my loue : the hopes thou do'st conceiue
Of thy quicke death, and of thy future life,
Are not autenticall. Thou choosest death,

So thou might'st ioy thy loue, in th'other life.
But know (my princely loue) when thou art dead,
Thou onely must suruiue in perfect soule;
And in the soule, are no affections:
We powre out our affections with our bloud;
And with our blouds affections, fade our loues.
" No life hath loue in such sweet state, as this;
" No essence is so deare to moodie sense,
" As flesh, and bloud; whose quintessence is sense.
" Beautie, compos'd of bloud, and flesh, moues more,
" And is more plausible to bloud, and flesh,
" Then spirituall beautie can be to the spirit.
Such apprehension, as we haue in dreames
(When sleepe, the bond of senses, locks them vp)
Such shall we haue, when death destroies them quite.
If loue be then thy obiect, change not life;
Liue high, and happy still: I still below,
Close with my fortunes, in thy height, shall ioy.
IVLI. Ay me, that vertue, whose braue eagles wings
With euery stroke, blow starres, in burning heauen;
Should like a swallow (preying toward stormes)
Fly close to earth: and with an eager plume,
Pursue those obiects, which none else can see,
But seeme to all the world, the emptie aire.
Thus thou (poore OVID) and all vertuous men
Must prey like swallowes, on inuisible foode;
Pursuing flies, or nothing: and thus loue,
And euery worldly phansie, is transpos'd,
By worldly tyrannie, to what plight it list.
O, father, since thou gau'st me not my mind,
Striue not to rule it: Take, but what thou gau'st
To thy disposure. Thy affections
Rule not in me; I must beare all my griefes,
Let me vse all my pleasures: vertuous loue
Was neuer scandall to a Goddesse state.
But, hee's inflexible! and, my deare loue,
Thy life may chance be shortned, by the length
Of my vnwilling speeches to depart.
Farewell, sweet life: though thou be yet exil'd
Th'officious court; enioy me amply, still:
My soule, in this my breath, enters thine eares,
And on this turrets floore, will I lie dead,
Till we may meet againe. In this proud height,
I kneele beneath thee, in my prostrate loue,
And kisse the happy sands, that kisse thy feet.

" Great

" Great IOVE submits a scepter, to a cell ;
" And louers, ere they part, will meet in hell.
OVID. Farewell, all companie ; and if I could
All light with thee : hells shade should hide my browes,
Till thy deare beauties beames redeem'd my vowes.
IVLI. OVID, my loue : alas, may we not stay
A little longer (think'st thou) vndescern'd ?
OVID. For thine owne good,faire Goddesse,doe not stay:
Who would ingage a firmament of fires,
Shining in thee, for me, a falling starre ?
Be gone, sweet life-bloud : if I should descerne
Thy selfe but toucht, for my sake, I should die.
IVLI. I will be gone, then ; and not heauen it selfe
Shall draw me backe. OVID. Yet IVLIA, if thou wilt,
A little longer, stay. IVLI. I am content.
OVID. O, mightie OVID ! what the sway of heauen
Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.
IVLI. Who shall goe first, my loue ? my passionate eyes
Will not endure to see thee turne from mee.
OVID. If thou goe first, my soule will follow thee.
IVLI. Then we must stay. OVID. Ay me, there is no stay
In amorous pleasures : if both stay, both die.
I heare thy father ; hence, my *deitie*.
Feare forgeth sounds in my deluded eares ;
I did not heare him : I am mad with loue.
There is no spirit, vnder heauen, that workes
With such illusion : yet such witchcraft kill mee,
Ere a sound mind, without it, saue my life.
Here, on my knees, I worship the blest place
That held my goddesse ; and the louing aire,
That clos'd her body in his silken armes :
Vaine OVID ! kneele not to the place, nor aire ;
Shee's in thy heart : rise then, and worship there.
" The truest wisdome silly men can haue,
" Is dotage, on the follies of their flesh.

Act V. *Scene* I.

CÆSAR, MECŒNAS, GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, HORACE, EQVITES RO.

WE, that haue conquer'd still, to saue the conquer'd,
And lou'd to make inflictions feard, not felt ;
Grieu'd to reproue, and ioyfull to reward,
More proud of reconcilement, then reuenge,

Resume into the late state of our loue,
Worthy CORNELIVS GALLVS, and TIBVLLVS:
You both are gentlemen, you, CORNELIVS,
A souldier of renowne; and the first *pronost*,
That euer let our *Roman* eagles flie
On swarthy *Ægypt*, quarried with her spoiles.
Yet (not to beare cold formes, nor mens out-termes,
Without the inward fires, and liues of men)
You both haue vertues, shining through your shapes;
To shew, your titles are not writ on posts,
Or hollow statues, which the best men are,
Without *Promethean* stuffings reacht from heauen!
Sweet *poesies* sacred garlands crowne your gentrie:
Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The most abstract, and perfect; if shee bee
True borne, and nurst with all the sciences.
Shee can so mould *Rome*, and her monuments,
Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they shall stand fresh, and miraculous,
Euen, when they mixe with innouating dust;
In her sweet streames shall our braue *Roman* spirits
Chace, and swim after death, with their choise deeds
Shining on their white shoulders; and therein
Shall *Tyber*, and our famous riuers fall
With such attraction, that th'ambitious line
Of the round world shall to her center shrinke,
To heare their musicke: And, for these high parts,
CAESAR shall reuerence the *Pierian* artes.
MECŒ. Your Maiesties high grace to *poesie*,
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions
Of leaden soules; who (for the vaine assumings
Of some, quite worthlesse of her soueraigne wreaths)
Containe her worthiest *prophets* in contempt.
GALL. Happy is *Rome* of all earths other states,
To haue so true, and great a president,
For her inferiour spirits to imitate,
As CAESAR is; who addeth to the sunne,
Influence, and lustre: in encreasing thus
His inspirations, kindling fire in vs.
HORA. PHŒBVS himselfe shall kneele at CAESARS shrine,
And deck it with *bay*-garlands dew'd with wine,
To quite the worship CAESAR does to him:
Where other Princes, hoisted to their thrones
By fortunes passionate and disordered power,
Sit in their height, like clouds, before the sunne,

Hindring

Hindring his comforts ; and (by their excesse
Of cold in vertue, and crosse heate in vice)
Thunder, and tempest, on those learned heads,
Whom CAESAR with such honour doth aduance.
TIBV. All humane businesse fortune doth command
Without all order ; and with her blinde hand,
Shee, blinde, bestowes blinde gifts : that still haue nurst
They see not who, nor how, but still, the worst.
CAES. CAESAR, for his rule, and for so much stuffe
As fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it
(As if his hand had eyes, and soule, in it)
With worth, and iudgement. " Hands, that part with gifts,
" Or will restraine their vse, without desert ;
" Or with a miserie, numm'd to vertues right,
" Worke, as they had no soule to gouerne them,
" And quite reiect her : seu'ring their estates
" From humane order. Whosoeuer can,
" And will not cherish vertue, is no man.
EQVES. VIRGIL is now at hand, imperiall CAESAR.
CAES. *Romes* honour is at hand then. Fetch a chaire,
And set it on our right hand ; where 'tis fit,
Romes honour, and our owne, should euer sit.
Now he is come out of *Campania*,
I doubt not, he hath finisht all his *Æneids*,
Which, like another soule, I long t'enioy.
What thinke *you three, of VIRGIL, gentlemen,
(That are of his profession, though rankt higher)
Or HORACE, what saist thou, that art the poorest,
And likeliest to enuy, or to detract ?
HORA. CAESAR speakes after common men, in this,
To make a difference of me, for my poorenesse :
As if the filth of pouertie sunke as deepe
Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
Of riches doth, into an ignorant soule.
No, CAESAR, they be path-lesse, moorish minds,
That being once made rotten with the dung
Of damned riches, euer after sinke
Beneath the steps of any villanie.
But knowledge is the *nectar*, that keepes sweet
A perfect soule, euen in this graue of sinne ;
And for my soule, it is as free, as CAESARS :
For, what I know is due, I'le giue to all.
" He that detracts, or enuies vertuous merit,
" Is still the couetous, and the ignorant spirit.
CAES. Thankes, HORACE, for thy free, and holsome sharpnesse :

*Viz. *Mecœnas, Gallus, Tibullus*

Which

Which pleaseth CAESAR more, then seruile fawnes.
" A flatterd prince soone turnes the prince of fooles.
And for thy sake, wee'll put no difference more
Betweene the great, and good, for being poore.
Say then, lou'd HORACE, thy true thought of VIRGIL.
HORA. I iudge him of a rectified spirit,
By many reuolutions of discourse
(In his bright reason influence) refin'd
From all the tartarous moodes of common men ;
Bearing the nature, and similitude
Of a right heauenly bodie ; most seuere
In fashion, and collection of himselfe :
And then as cleare, and confident, as IOVE.
GALL. And yet so chaste, and tender is his care,
In suffering any syllable to passe,
That, he thinkes, may become the honour'd name
Of issue to his so examin'd selfe ;
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit
In his owne *poemes*, he doth still distaste :
As if his mindes peece, which he stroue to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils haue her right.
TIBV. But, to approue his workes of soueraigne worth,
This obseruation (me thinkes) more then serues :
And is not vulgar. That, which he hath writ,
Is with such iudgement, labour'd, and distill'd
Through all the needfull vses of our liues,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.
CAES. You meane, he might repeat part of his workes,
As fit for any conference, he can vse ?
TIBV. True, royall CAESAR. CAES. Worthily obseru'd:
And a most worthie vertue in his workes.
What thinks materiall HORACE, of his learning ?
HORA. His learning labours not the schoole-like glosse,
That most consists in *ecchoing* wordes, and termes,
And soonest wins a man an empty name :
Nor any long, or far-fetcht circumstance,
Wrapt in the curious generalties of artes:
But a direct, and *analyticke* summe
Of all the worth and first effects of artes.
And for his *poesie*, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And liue hereafter, more admir'd, then now.
CAES. This one consent, in all your doomes of him,

And mutuall loues of all your seuerall merits,
Argues a trueth of merit in you all.

Act V. *Scene* II.

CÆSAR, VIRGIL, MECŒNAS, GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, HORACE, EQVITES RO.

SEe, here comes VIRGIL; we will rise and greet him :
Welcome to CAESAR, VIRGIL. CAESAR, and VIRGIL
Shall differ but in sound ; to CAESAR, VIRGIL
(Of his expressed greatnesse) shall be made
A second sur-name, and to VIRGIL, CAESAR.
Where are thy famous *Æneids*? doe vs grace
To let vs see, and surfet on their sight.
VIRG. Worthlesse they are of CAESARS gracious eyes,
If they were perfect ; much more with their wants :
Which yet are more, then my time could supply.
And, could great CAESARS expectation
Be satisfied with any other seruice,
I would not shew them. CAES. VIRGIL is too modest ;
Or seekes, in vaine, to make our longings more.
Shew them, sweet VIRGIL. VIRG. Then, in such due feare,
As fits presenters of great workes, to CAESAR,
I humbly shew them. CAES. Let vs now behold
A humane soule made visible in life ;
And more refulgent in a senselesse paper,
Then in the sensuall complement of Kings.
Read, read, thy selfe, deare VIRGIL, let not me
Prophane one accent, with an vntun'd tongue :
" Best matter, badly showne, shewes worse, then bad.
See then, this chaire, of purpose set for thee
To reade thy *poeme* in : refuse it not.
" Vertue, without presumption, place may take
" Aboue best Kings, whom onely she should make.
VIRG. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times
A grosse vntruth ; that any *poet* (void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporall dignity)
Should, with *decorum*, transcend CAESARS chaire.
" Poore vertue rais'd, high birth and wealth set vnder,
" Crosseth heau'ns courses, and makes worldlings wonder.
CAES. The course of heauen, and fate it selfe, in this
Will CAESAR crosse ; much more all worldly custome.

HORA.

HORA. " Custome, in course of honour, euer erres :
" And they are best, whom fortune least preferres.
CAES. HORACE hath (but more strictly) spoke our thoughts.
The vast rude swinge of generall confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense :
And therefore reason (which in right should be
The speciall rector of all *harmonie*)
Shall shew we are a man, distinct by it,
From those, whom custome rapteth in her preasse.
Ascend then, VIRGIL : and where first by chance
We here haue turn'd thy booke, doe thou first reade.
VIRG. Great CAESAR hath his will : I will ascend.
'Twere simple iniurie to his free hand,
That sweepes the cobwebs, from vn-vsed vertue,
And makes her shine proportion'd, to her worth,
To be more nice to entertaine his grace ;
Then he is choise, and liberall to afford it.
CAES. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doores,
And let none enter, peace. Begin, good VIRGIL.

Virg.lib.4. Æneid.
VIRG. *Meane while, the skies 'gan thunder ; and in taile*
Of that, fell powring stormes of sleet, and haile :
The Tyrian *lords, and* Troian *youth, each where*
* Iulus. *With* VENVS Dardane* *nephew, now, in feare*
Seeke out for seuerall shelter through the plaine ;
Whil'st flouds come rowling from the hills amaine.
* Æneas. DIDO *a caue, The* Troian* *Prince the same*
* Iuno. *Lighted vpon. There, earth, and heauens great** dame,
That hath the charge of marriage, first gaue signe
Vnto this contract ; fire, and aire did shine,
As guiltie of the match ; and from the hill
The nymphs, *with shreekings, doe the region fill.*
Here first began their bane ; This day was ground
Of all their ills : For now, nor rumours sound,
Nor nice respect of state mooues DIDO *ought ;*
Her loue, no longer now, by stealth is sought :
Shee calls this wedlocke, and with that faire name
Couers her fault. Forth-with the bruit, and fame,
Through all the greatest Lybian *townes, is gone ;*
Fame, a fleet euill, then which is swifter none :
That mouing growes, and flying gathers strength ;
Little at first, and fearefull ; but at length
Shee dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud
With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud !
This child, our parent earth, stird vp with spight
Of all the gods, brought forth ; and, as some wright,

Shee

Shee was last sister of that Giant race,*
That thought to scale IOVES *court; right swift of pase,*
And swifter, far, of wing: a monster vast,
And dreadfull. Looke, how many plumes are plac't
On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
Sticke vnderneath: and (which may stranger rise
In the report) as many tongues shee beares,
As many mouthes, as many listning eares.
Nightly, in midst of all the heauen, shee flies,
And through the earths darke shaddow, shreeking, cries;
Nor doe her eyes once bend, to taste sweet sleepe:
By day, on tops of houses, shee doth keepe,
Or on high towers; and doth thence affright
Cities, and townes of most conspicuous site.
As couetous shee is of tales, and lies,
As prodigall of truth: This monster, &c.

* *Cœus, Enceladus, &c.*

Act V. *Scene* III.

LVPVS, TVCCA, CRISPINVS, DEMETRIVS, HISTRIO, LICTORS, CÆSAR, VIRGIL, MECŒNAS, GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, HORACE, EQVITES RO.

COme, follow me, assist me, second me: where's the Emperour?
EQVES 1. Sir, you must pardon vs.
EQVES 2. CAESAR is priuate now, you may not enter.
TVCC. Not enter? Charge 'hem, vpon their allegeance, crop-shin.
EQVES 1. We haue a charge to the contrary, sir.
LVPV. I pronounce you all traytors, horrible traytors:
What? doe you know my affaires?
I haue matter of danger, and state, to impart to CAESAR.
CAES. What noise is there? who's that names CAESAR?
LVPV. A friend to CAESAR. One that for CAESARS good, would speake with CAESAR.
CAES. Who is't? looke, CORNELIVS.
EQVES 1. ASINIVS LVPVS.
CAES. O, bid the turbulent informer hence;
We haue no vacant eare, now, to receiue
The vnseason'd fruits of his officious tongue.
MECŒ. You must auoid him there.
LVPV. I coniure thee, as thou art CAESAR, or respect'st thine owne safetie; or the safetie of the state, CAESAR: Heare mee, speake with mee, CAESAR;

CAESAR; 'tis no common businesse, I come about; but such as, being neglected, may concerne the life of CAESAR.

CAES. The life of CAESAR? Let him enter. VIRGIL, keepe thy seat.

EQVITES. Beare backe there: whither will you? keepe backe.

TVCC. By thy leaue good man vsher: mend thy perruke, so.

LVPV. Lay hold on HORACE there; and on MECŒNAS, *Lictors. Romans*, offer no rescue, vpon your allegeance: Reade, royall CAESAR; I'le tickle you, *Satyre.*

TVCC. He will, *humours*, he will: He will squeeze you, *Poet* puckfist.

LVPV. I'le lop you off, for an vnprofitable branch, you *satyricall* varlet.

TVCC. I, and EPAMINONDAS your patron, here, with his flaggon chaine; Come, resigne: Though 'twere your great grand-fathers, the law ha's made it mine now, sir. Looke to him, my party-colour'd rascalls; looke to him.

CAES. What is this, ASINIVS LVPVS? I vnderstand it not.

LVPV. Not vnderstand it? A libell, CAESAR. A dangerous, seditious libell. A libell in picture.

CAES. A libell?

LVPV. I, I found it in this HORACE his studie, in MECŒNAS his house, here; I challenge the penaltie of the lawes against 'hem.

TVCC. I, and remember to begge their land betimes; before some of these hungrie court-hounds sent it out.

CAES. Shew it to HORACE: Aske him, if he know it.

LVPV. Know it? His hand is at it, CAESAR.

CAES. Then 'tis no libell.

HORA. It is the imperfect body of an *embleme*, CAESAR, I began for MECŒNAS.

LVPV. An *embleme?* right: That's *greeke* for a libell.
Doe but marke, how confident he is.

HORA. A iust man cannot feare, thou foolish *Tribune*;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastnesse of a tyrannes eare,
The senselesse rigour of the wrested lawes,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authoritie
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life.
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

LVPV. Innocence? ô, impudence! Let mee see, let mee see. Is not here an Eagle? And is not that Eagle meant by CAESAR? ha? Do's not CAESAR giue the eagle? Answere me; what saist thou?

TVCC. Hast thou any euasion, stinkard?

LVPV. Now hee's turn'd dumbe. I'le tickle you, *Satyre.*

HORA. Pish. Ha, ha.

LVPV. Dost thou pish me? Giue me my long-sword.

HORA. With reuerence to great CAESAR, worthy *Romans*,

Obserue

Obserue but this ridiculous commenter :
The soule to my *deuice*, was in this *distich*.
Thus, oft, the base and rauenous multitude
Suruiue, to share the spoiles of fortitude.
Which in this body, I haue figur'd here,
A VULTVRE———
LVPV. A Vulture? I; now, 'tis a Vulture. O, abominable! monstrous! monstrous! ha's not your Vulture a beake? ha's it not legges? and tallons? and wings? and feathers?
TVCC. Touch him, old *Buskins*.
HORA. And therefore must it be an Eagle?
MECŒ. Respect him not, good HORACE: Say your *deuice*.
HORA. A VULTVRE, and a WOLFE———
LVPV. A Wolfe? good. That's I; I am the wolfe. My name's LVPVS, I am meant by the wolfe. On, on, a Vulture, and a Wolfe———
HORA. Preying vpon the carcasse of an ASSE———
LVPV. An Asse? Good still: That's I, too. I am the asse.
You meane me by the asse———
MECŒ. 'Pray thee, leaue braying then.
HORA. If you will needes take it, I cannot with modestie giue it from you.
MECŒ. But, by that beast, the old *Ægyptians*
Were wont to figure in their *hieroglyphicks*,
Patience, frugalitie, and fortitude;
For none of which, we can suspect you, *Tribune*.
CAES. Who was it, LVPVS, that inform'd you first,
This should be meant by vs? or was't your comment?
LVPV. No, CAESAR: A player gaue mee the first light of it, indeede.
TVCC. I, an honest sycophant-like slaue, and a politician, besides.
CAES. Where is that player?
TVCC. He is without, here.
CAES. Call him in.
TVCC. Call in the player, there: Master ÆSOPE, call him.
EQVITES. Player? where is the player? Beare backe: None, but the player, enter.
TVCC. Yes: this gent'man, and his *Achates* must.
CRIS. 'Pray you, master vsher; wee'll stand close, here.
TVCC. 'Tis a gent'man of qualitie, this; though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell yee. Come ÆSOPE: hast a bay-leafe i' thy mouth? Well said, be not out, stinkard. Thou shalt haue a *monopoly* of playing, confirm'd to thee and thy couey, vnder the Emperours broad seale, for this seruice.
CAES. Is this hee?
LVPV. I, CAESAR: this is hee.

CAES. Let him be whipt. LICTORS, goe take him hence.
And LVPVS, for your fierce credulitie,
One fit him with a paire of larger eares :
'Tis CAESARS doome, and must not be reuok't.
We hate,to haue our court, and peace disturb'd
With these quotidian clamours. See it done.
LVPV. CAESAR. CAES. Gag him, we may haue his silence.
VIRG. CAESAR hath done like CAESAR. Faire, and iust
Is his award, against these brainelesse creatures.
'Tis not the wholesome sharpe moralitie,
Or modest anger of a *satyricke* spirit,
That hurts, or wounds the bodie of a state ;
But the sinister application
Of the malicious,ignorant, and base
Interpreter : who will distort, and straine
The generall scope and purpose of an authour,
To his particular, and priuate spleene.
CAES. We know it, our deare VIRGIL, and esteeme it
A most dishonest practice, in that man,
Will seeme too wittie in anothers worke.
This while the rest whisper Cæsar. What would CORNELIVS GALLVS, and TIBVLLVS ?
TVCC. Nay, but as thou art a man, do'st heare ? a man of worship ; and honourable : Holde, here, take thy chaine againe. Resume, mad MECŒNAS. What ? do'st thou thinke, I meant t' haue kept it, bold boy ? No; I did it but to fright thee, I,to try how thou would'st take it. What ? will I turne sharke, vpon my friends ? or my friends friends ? I scorne it with my three soules. Come, I loue bully HORACE, as well as thou do'st, I : 'tis an honest *hieroglyphick.* Giue mee thy wrist, *Helicon.* Do'st thou thinke, I'le second e're a *rhinoceros* of them all, against thee ? ha ? or thy noble *Hippocrene*,here ? I'le turne stager first,and be whipt too : do'st thou see, bully ?
CAES. You haue your will of CAESAR : vse it *Romanes.*
VIRGIL shall be your *Prætor* ; and our selfe
Will here sit by, spectator of your sports ;
And thinke it no impeach of royaltie.
Our eare is now too much prophan'd (graue MARO)
With these distates, to take thy sacred lines :
Put vp thy booke, till both the time and wee
Be fitted with more hallowed circumstance
For the receiuing so diuine a worke.
Proceede with your desseigne.
MECŒ. GALL. TIBV. Thankes, to great CAESAR.
GALL. TIBVLLVS, draw you the inditement then, whil'st HORACE arrests them, on the *statute* of *Calumny :* MECŒNAS, and I, will take our places here. *Lictors,* assist him.

HORA.

HORA. I am the worst accuser, vnder heauen.

GALL. Tut, you must do't : 'Twill be noble mirth.

HORA. I take no knowledge, that they doe maligne me.

TIBV. I, but the world takes knowledge.

HORA. 'Would the world knew,
How heartily I wish, a foole should hate me.

TVCC. Body of IVPITER ! What ? Will they arraigne my briske POETASTER, and his poore iourney-man , ha ? Would I were abroad skeldring for a drachme, so I were out of this labyrinth againe : I doe feele my selfe turne stinkard, already. But I must set the best face I haue, vpon't now : well said, my diuine, deft HORACE, bring the whorson detracting slaues to the barre, doe. Make 'hem hold vp their spread golls : I'le giue in euidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, CRISPINVS, would thy man had a cleane band.

CRIS. What must we doe, Captaine ?

TVCC. Thou shalt see anon : Doe not make diuision with thy legs,so.

CAES. What's he, HORACE?

HORA. I only know him for a motion, CAESAR.

TVCC. I am one of thy Commanders, CAESAR ; A man of seruice, and action ; My name is PANTILIVS TVCCA : I haue seru'd i' thy warres against MARKE ANTONY, I.

CAES. Doe you know him, CORNELIVS?

GALL. Hee's one, that hath had the mustring , or conuoy of a company, now, and then : I neuer noted him by any other imployment.

CAES. We will obserue him better.

TIBV. LICTOR, proclaime silence, in the court.

LICT. In the name of CAESAR, silence.

TIBV. Let the parties , the accuser , and the accused , present themselues.

LICT. The accuser, and the accused ; present your selues in court.

CRIS. DEMETRIVS. Here.

VIRG. Reade the inditement.

TIBV. RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS , *and* DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, *hold vp your hands. You are, before this time, ioyntly and seuerally indited, and here presently to be arraigned, vpon the* Statute *of* Calumny , *or* Lex Remmia *(The one by the name of* RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, *aliàs* CRISPINAS, Poetaster, *and* plagiary : *the other, by the name of* DEMETRIVS FANNIVS , play-dresser , *and* plagiary) *That you (not hauing the feare of* PHŒBVS, *or his shafts , before your eyes) contrary to the peace of our liege lord,* AVGVSTVS CAESAR, *his crowne and dignitie , and against the forme of a* Statute, *in that case made, and prouided ; haue most ignorantly, foolishly, and (more like your selues) maliciously, gone about to depraue , and calumniate the person and writings of* QVINTVS HORACIVS FLACCVS, *here present,* poet, *and* priest *to the* Muses : *and to that end haue mutually conspir'd, and plotted, at sundry times, as by seuerall meanes, and in sundry places, for the*

better accomplishing your base and enuious purpose; taxing him, falsly, of selfe-loue, arrogancy, impudence, rayling, filching by translation, &c. *Of all which* calumnies, *and euery of them, in manner and forme aforesaid, what answere you? Are you guiltie, or not guiltie?*

TVCC. Not guiltie, say.

CRIS. DEMET. Not guiltie.

TIBV. How will you be tryed?

TVCC. By the *Romane* Gods, and the noblest *Romanes.*

CRIS. DEMET. By the *Romane* Gods, and the noblest *Romanes.*

VIRG. Here sits MECŒNAS, and CORNELIVS GALLVS: Are you contented to be tryed by these?

TVCC. I, so the noble Captaine may bee ioyn'd with them in commission, say.

CRIS. DEMET. I, so the noble Captaine may bee ioyn'd with them in commission.

VIRG. What sayes the plaintife?

HORA. I am content.

VIRG. Captaine, then take your place.

TVCC. Alas, my worshipfull *Prætor!* 'tis more of thy gent'nesse, then of my deseruing, Iwusse. But, since it hath pleas'd the court to make choice of my wisdome, and grauitie, come, my calumnious varlets: Let's heare you talke for your selues, now, an houre or two. What can you say? Make a noise. Act, act.

VIRG. Stay, turne, and take an oath first. *You shall sweare,*
By thunder-darting IOVE, *the King of gods;*
And by the Genius *of* AVGVSTVS CAESAR;
By your owne white, and vncorrupted soules;
And the deepe reuerence of our Romane *iustice;*
To iudge this case, with truth and equitie:
As bound by your religion, and your lawes.
Now reade the euidence: But first demand
Of either prisoner, if that *writ* be theirs.

TIBV. Shew this vnto CRISPINVS. Is it yours?

TVCC. Say I: what? dost thou stand vpon it, pimpe? Doe not denie thine owne MINERVA, thy PALLAS, the issue of thy braine.

CRIS. Yes, it is mine.

TIBV. Shew that vnto DEMETRIVS. Is it yours?

DEME. It is.

TVCC. There's a father, will not denie his owne bastard, now, I warrant thee.

VIRG. Reade them aloud.

TIBV. *Rampe vp, my* genius; *be not retrograde:*
But boldly nominate a spade, a spade.
What, shall thy lubricall and glibberie Muse
Liue, as shee were defunct, like punke in stewes?
(TVCC. Excellent!) *Alas!*

Alas! That were no moderne consequence,
To haue cothurnall buskins frighted hence.
No; teach thy incubus *to poetize;*
And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries,
Vpon that puft-vp lumpe of barmy froth,
———(TVCCA. Ah, ha!)
Or clumsie chil-blain'd iudgement; that, with oath,
Magnificates his merit; and bespawles
The conscious time, with humorous fome, and brawles.
As if his organons *of sense would crack*
The sinewes of my patience. Breake his back,
O Poets *all, and some: For now we list*
Of strenuous venge-ance to clutch the fist.
Subscri. CRIS.

TVCC. I mary, this was written like a HERCVLES in *poetrie*, now.
CAES. Excellently well threatned!
VIRG. I, and as strangely worded, CAESAR.
CAES. We obserue it.
VIRG. The other, now.
TVCC. This's a fellow of a good prodigall tongue too; this'll doe wel.
TIBV. *Our* Muse *is in mind for th'vntrussing a* poet:
I slip by his name; for most men doe know it:
A critick, *that all the world bescumbers*
With satyricall *humours, and* lyricall *numbers:*
———(TVCC. Art thou there, boy?)
And for the most part, himselfe doth aduance
With much selfe-loue, and more arrogance:
———(TVCC. Good againe.)
And (but that I would not be thought a prater)
I could tell you, he were a translater.
I know the authors from whence he ha's stole,
And could trace him too, but that I vnderstand 'hem not full and whole.
———(TVCC. That line is broke loose from all his fellowes: chaine him vp shorter, doe.)
The best note I can giue you to know him by,
Is, that he keepes gallants *company;*
Whom I would wish, in time should him feare,
Lest after they buy repentance too deare.
Subscri. DEME. FAN.

TVCC. Well said. This carries palme with it.
HORA. And why, thou motly gull? why should they feare?
When hast thou knowne vs wrong, or taxe a friend?
I dare thy malice, to betray it. Speake.
Now thou curl'st vp, thou poore, and nasty snake;

And shrink'st thy poys'nous head into thy bosome :
Out viper, thou that eat'st thy parents, hence.
Rather, such speckled creatures, as thy selfe,
Should be eschew'd, and shund : such, as will bite
And gnaw their absent friends, not cure their fame,
Catch at the loosest laughters, and affect
To be thought iesters, such, as can deuise
Things neuer seene, or heard, t' impaire mens names,
And gratifie their credulous aduersaries,
Will carrie tales, doe basest offices,
Cherish diuided fires, and still increase
New flames, out of old embers, will reueale
Each secret that's committed to their trust,
These be black slaues : *Romans*, take heed of these.
TVCC. Thou twang'st right, little HORACE, they be indeed:
A couple of chap-falne curres. Come, We of the bench,
Let's rise to the *vrne*, and condemne 'hem, quickly.
VIRG. Before you goe together (worthy *Romans)*
We are to tender our opinion ;
And giue you those instructions, that may adde
Vnto your euen iudgement in the cause :
Which thus we doe commence. First you must know
That where there is a true and perfect merit,
There can bee no deiection ; and the scorne
Of humble basenesse, oftentimes, so workes
In a high soule vpon the grosser spirit,
That to his bleared, and offended sense,
There seemes a hideous fault blaz'd in the obiect;
When only the disease is in his eyes.
Here-hence it comes, our HORACE now stands taxt
Of impudence, selfe-loue, and arrogance,
By these, who share no merit in themselues ;
And therefore, thinke his portion is as small.
For they, from their owne guilt, assure their soules,
If they should confidently praise their workes,
In them it would appeare inflation :
Which, in a full, and wel-digested man,
Cannot receiue that foule abusiue name,
But the faire title of erection.
And, for his true vse of translating men,
It still hath bin a worke of as much palme
In cleerest iudgements, as t' inuent, or make.
His sharpenesse, that is most excusable ;
As being forc't out of a suffering vertue,
Oppressed with the licence of the time :

And howsoeuer fooles, or ierking *pedants*,
Players, or such like *buffon*, barking wits,
May with their beggerly, and barren trash,
Tickle base vulgar eares, in their despight;
This (like IOVES thunder) shall their pride controule,
" The honest *Satyre* hath the happiest soule.
Now, *Romans*, you haue heard our thoughts. With-draw, when you please.

TIBV. Remoue the accused from the barre.

TVCC. Who holds the *vrne* to vs? ha? Feare nothing: I'le quit you, mine honest pittifull stinkards. I'le do't.

CRIS. Captaine, you shall eternally girt me to you,as I am generous.

TVCC. Goe to.

CAES. TIBVLLVS, let there be a case of vizards priuately prouided: we haue found a subiect to bestow them on.

TIBV. It shall be done CAESAR.

CAES. Here be wordes, HORACE, able to bastinado a mans eares.

HORA. I. Please it great CAESAR, I haue pills about me
(Mixt with the whitest kind of *ellebore)*
Would giue him a light vomit; that should purge
His braine, and stomack of those tumorous heates:
Might I haue leaue to minister vnto him.

CAES. O! be his ÆSCVLAPIVS, gentle HORACE;
You shall haue leaue, and he shall be your patient.
VIRGIL, vse your authoritie, command him forth.

VIRG. CAESAR is carefull of your health, CRISPINVS;
And hath himselfe chose a physitian
To minister vnto you: take his pills.

HORA. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very wholsome;
Take yet another, so: Stand by, they'll worke anon.

TIBV. *Romans*, returne to your seuerall seates: *Lictors*, bring forward the *vrne*; and set the accused at the barre.

TVCC. Quickly, you whorson egregious varlets; Come forward. What? shall we sit all day vpon you? you make no more haste,now, then a begger vpon pattins: or a physitian to a patient that ha's no money, you pilchers.

TIBV. RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, *and* DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, *hold vp your hands. You haue (according to the* Roman *custome) put your selues vpon triall to the* vrne, *for diuers and sundrie* calumnies, *whereof, you haue before this time beene indited, and are now presently arraigned: Prepare your selues to harken to the verdict of your* Tryers. CAIVS CILNIVS MECŒNAS *pronounceth you, by this* hand-writing, *Guiltie.* CORNELIVS GALLVS, *Guiltie.* PANTILIVS TVCCA———

TVCC. Parcell-guiltie, I.

DEME. He meanes himselfe: for it was he indeed,
Suborn'd vs to the calumnie. TVCC.

TVCC. I, you whorson *cantharides?* was't I?
DEME. I appeale to your conscience, Captaine.
TIBV. Then, you confesse it, now.
DEME. I doe, and craue the mercy of the court.
TIBV. What saith CRISPINVS?
CRIS. O, the Captaine, the Captaine———
HORA. My physicke begins to worke with my patient, I see.
VIRG. Captaine; stand forth and answere.
TVCC. Hold thy peace, *Poet Prætor:* I appeale from thee, to CAESAR, I. Doe me right, royall CAESAR.
CAES. Mary, and I will, sir. *Lictors*, gag him:
And put a case of vizards o're his head,
That he may looke *bi-fronted*, as he speakes.
TVCC. Gods, and fiends. CAESAR! thou wilt not, CAESAR? wilt thou? Away, you whorson vultures; away. You thinke I am a dead *corps* now; because CAESAR is dispos'd to iest with a man of marke, or so. Hold your hook't talons out of my flesh, you inhumane *Harpies*. Goe to, do't. What? will the royall AVGVSTVS cast away a gent'man of worship, a Captaine, and a Commander; for a couple of condemn'd caitiue calumnious *Cargo's?*
CAES. Dispatch, *Lictors.*
TVCC. CAESAR.
CAES. Forward, TIBVLLVS.
VIRG. Demand, what cause they had to maligne HORACE.
DEME. In troth, no great cause, not I; I must confesse: but that hee kept better company (for the most part) then I: and that better men lou'd him, then lou'd me: and that his writings thriu'd better then mine, and were better lik't, and grac't: nothing else.
VIRG. Thus, enuious soules repine at others good.
HORA. If this be all; faith, I forgiue thee freely.
Enuy me still; so long as VIRGIL loues me,
GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, and the best-best CAESAR,
My deare MECŒNAS: while these, with many more
(Whose names I wisely slip) shall thinke me worthy
Their honour'd, and ador'd societie,
And reade, and loue, proue, and applaud my *poemes*;
I would not wish but such as you should spight them.
CRIS. O———
TIBV. How now, CRISPINVS?
CRIS. O, I am sicke———
HORA. A bason, a bason, quickly; our physick works. Faint not, man.
CRIS. O——*retrograde*——*reciprocall*——*incubus.*
CAES. What's that, HORACE?
HORA. *Retrograde*, and *reciprocall*, *Incubus* are come vp.
GALL. Thankes be to IVPITER.

CRIS.

CRIS. O—*glibbery*——*lubricall*——*defunct*——ô——

HORA. Well said : here's some store.

VIRG. What are they ?

HORA. *Glibbery*, *lubricall*, and *defunct*.

GALL. O, they came vp easie.

CRIS. O—ô———

TIBV. What's that ?

HORA. Nothing, yet.

CRIS. *Magnificate*.

MECŒ. *Magnificate ?* that came vp somewhat hard.

HORA. I. What cheere, CRISPINVS ?

CRIS. O, I shall cast vp my——*spurious*——*snotteries*———

HORA. Good. Againe.

CRIS. *Chilblaind*——ô——ô——*clumsie*———

HORA. That *clumsie* stucke terribly.

MECŒ. What's all that, HORACE ?

HORA. *Spurious snotteries*, *chilblain'd*, *clumsie*.

TIBV. O IVPITER !

GALL. Who would haue thought, there should ha' beene such a deale of filth in a *poet?*

CRIS. O——*barmy froth*———

CAES. What's that ?

CRIS. ——*Puffy*——*inflate*—*turgidous*—*ventositous*.

HORA. *Barmy froth*, *puffy*, *inflate*, *turgidous*, and *ventositous* are come vp.

TIBV. O, terrible, windie wordes !

GALL. A signe of a windie braine.

CRIS. O——*oblatrant*——*furibund*——*fatuate*——*strenuous*———

HORA. Here's a deale : *oblatrant*, *furibund*, *fatuate*, *strenuous*.

CAES. Now, all's come vp, I trow. What a tumult hee had in his belly !

HORA. No : there's the often *conscious dampe* behind, still.

CRIS. O——*conscious*——*dampe*.

HORA. It's come vp, thankes to APOLLO, and ÆSCVLAPIVS : Yet, there's another ; you were best take a pill more ?

CRIS. O, no : ô——ô——ô——ô.

HORA. Force your selfe then, a little with your finger.

CRIS. O——ô——*prorumped*.

TIBV. *Prorumped ?* What a noise it made ! as if his spirit would haue prorumpt with it.

CRIS. O——ô——ô.

VIRG. Helpe him : it stickes strangely, what euer it is.

CRIS. O———*clutcht*.

HORA. Now it's come : *clutcht*.

CAES. *Clutcht ?* It's well, that's come vp ! It had but a narrow passage.

CRIS.

CRIS. O———
VIRG. Againe, hold him : hold his head there.
CRIS. *Snarling gusts——quaking custard.*
HORA. How now, CRISPINVS ?
CRIS. O———*obstupefact.*
TIBV. Nay : that are all we, I assure you.
HORA. How doe you feele your selfe ?
CRIS. Pretty, and well, I thanke you.
VIRG. These pills can but restore him for a time ;
Not cure him quite of such a maladie,
Caught by so many surfets ; which haue fill'd
His bloud, and braine, thus full of crudities :
'Tis necessary, therefore, he obserue
A strict and holsome dyet. Looke, you take
Each morning, of old CATOES principles
A good draught, next your heart ; that walke vpon,
Till it be well digested : Then come home,
And taste a piece of TERENCE, sucke his phrase
In stead of lycorice ; and, at any hand,
Shun PLAVTVS, and old ENNIVS, they are meates
Too harsh for a weake stomacke. Vse to reade
(But not without a *tutor)* the best *Greekes :*
As ORPHEVS, MVSAEVS, PINDARVS,
HESIOD, CALLIMACHVS, and THEOCRITE,
High HOMER, but beware of LYCOPHRON :
He is too darke, and dangerous a dish.
You must not hunt for wild, out-landish termes,
To stuffe out a peculiar *dialect* ;
But let your *matter* runne before your *words :*
And if, at any time, you chaunce to meet
Some *Gallo-belgick* phrase, you shall not straight
Racke your poore verse to giue it entertainement ;
But let it passe : and doe not thinke your selfe
Much damnified, if you doe leaue it out ;
When, nor your vnderstanding, nor the sense
Could well receiue it. This faire abstinence,
In time, will render you more sound, and cleere ;
And this haue I prescrib'd to you, in place
Of a strict sentence : which till he performe,
Attire him in that robe. And hence-forth, learne
To beare your selfe more humbly ; not to swell,
Or breathe your insolent, and idle spight,
On him, whose laughter, can your worst affright.
TIBV. Take him away. CRIS. IVPITER guard CAE
VIRG. And, for a weeke, or two, see him lockt vp

In

In some darke place, remoou'd from companie :
He will talke idly else after his physicke.
Now, to you, sir. Th'extremitie of law
Awards you to be branded in the front,
For this your *calumny*; But, since it pleaseth
HORACE (the partie wrong'd) t'intreat, of CAESAR,
A mitigation of that iuster doome ;
With CAESARS tongue, thus we pronounce your sentence.
DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, thou shalt here put on
That coate, and cap ; and henceforth, thinke thy selfe
No other, then they make thee : vow to weare them
In euery faire, and generous assembly,
Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge
As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.
HORA. Only (graue *Prætor)* here, in open court,
I craue the oath, for good behauiour,
May be administred vnto them both.
VIRG. HORACE, it shall : TIBVLLVS, giue it them.
TIBV. RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, *and* DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, *Lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnely attest, and sweare ; That neuer (after this instant) either, at* Booke-sellers stalls, *in* tauernes, two-penny roomes, 'tyring-houses, noble-mens buttries, puisne's chambers *(the best, and farthest places, where you are admitted to come) you shall once offer , or dare (thereby to endeare your selfe the more to any* player, enghle, *or guiltie* gull, *in your companie) to maligne, traduce, or detract the* person, *or writings of* QVINTVS HORACIVS FLACCVS; *or any other eminent man, transcending you in merit, whom your enuy shall find cause to worke vpon, either, for that, or for keeping himselfe in better acquaintance, or enioying better friends : Or if (transported by any sodaine and desperate resolution) you doe; That then, you shall not vnder the bastoun, or in the next presence, being an honorable assembly of his fauourers , bee brought as voluntary gent. to vndertake the for-swearing of it. Neither shall you at any time (ambitiously, affecting the title of the* vntrussers, *or* whippers *of the age) suffer the itch of writing to ouer-run your performance in* libell ; *vpon paine of being taken vp for* lepers *in* wit, *and (losing both your time, and your papers) bee irrecouerably forfeited to the* hospitall *of* Fooles. *So helpe you our* Roman gods, *and the* Genius *of great* CAESAR.
VIRG. So : now dissolue the court.
HORA. TIBV. GALL. MECŒ. VIRG. And thankes to CAESAR,
That thus hath exercis'd his patience.
CAES. We haue, indeed, you worthiest friends of CAESAR.
It is the bane, and torment of our eares,
To heare the discords of those iangling rimers,
That, with their bad and scandalous practices,
Bring all true arts, and learning in contempt.

But

But let not your high thoughts descend so low,
As these despised obiects ; Let them fall,
With their flat groueling soules : Be you your selues.
And as with our best fauours you stand crown'd:
So let your mutuall loues be still renown'd.
Enuy will dwell, where there is want of merit,
Though the deseruing man should cracke his spirit.

SONG.

BLush, folly, *blush : here's none that feares*
The wagging of an asses eares,
Although a wooluish case he weares.
Detraction is but basenesse varlet ;
And apes are apes, though cloth'd in scarlet.

THE END.

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur inuidia.

TO THE READER.

IF, *by looking on what is past, thou hast deseru'd that name, I am willing thou should'st yet know more, by that which followes ; an* apologeticall Dialogue : *which was only once spoken vpon the stage, and all the answere I euer gaue, to sundry impotent libells then cast out (and some yet remayning) against me, and this Play. Where-in I take no pleasure to reuiue the times, but that Posteritie may make a difference, betweene their manners that prouok'd me then, and mine that neglected them euer. For, in these strifes , and on such persons, were as wretched to affect a victorie, as it is vnhappy to be committed with them.* Non annorum canicies est laudanda, sed morum.

The Persons.

NASVTVS, POLYPOSVS, AVTHOR.

I Pray you let's goe see him, how he lookes
After these libells. POLY. O, vex'd, vex'd, I warrant you.
NASV. Doe you thinke so ? I should be sorry for him,
If I found that. POLY. O, they are such bitter things,

He cannot choose. NAS. But, is he guilty of 'hem?
POL. Fuh! that's no matter. NAS. No? POL. No. Here's his lodging;
Wee'll steale vpon him: or, let's listen, stay.
He has a humor oft t' talke t' himselfe.
NAS. They are your manners lead me, not mine owne.
AVT. The *Fates* haue not spun him the coursest thred
That (free from knots of perturbation)
Doth yet so liue, although but to himselfe,
As he can safely scorne the tongues of slaues;
And neglect *Fortune*, more then she can him.
It is the happiest thing, this not to be
Within the reach of malice; It prouides
A man so well, to laugh of iniuries:
And neuer sends him farder for his vengeance
Then the vex'd bosome of his enemy.
I, now, but thinke, how poore their spight sets off,
Who, after all their waste of sulphurous tearmes,
And burst-out thunder of their charged mouthes,
Haue nothing left, but the vnsau'ry smoake
Of their blacke vomit, to vpbrayd themselues:
Whilst I, at whom they shot, sit here shot-free,
And as vn-hurt of enuy, as vnhit.
POL. I, but the Multitude, they thinke not so, sir,
They thinke you hit, and hurt: and dare giue out
Your silence argues it, in not reioyning
To this, or that late libell? AVT. 'Lasse, good rout!
I can affoord them leaue, to erre so still:
And, like the barking students of Beares-Colledge,
To swallow vp the garbadge of the time
With greedy gullets, whilst my selfe sit by
Pleas'd, and yet tortur'd, with their beastly feeding.
'Tis a sweet madnesse runnes along with them,
To thinke, all that are aym'd at, still are strooke:
Then, where the shaft still lights, make that the marke,
And so, each feare, or feauer-shaken foole
May challenge TEVCERS hand in archery.
Good troth, if I knew any man so vile,
To act the crimes, these whippers reprehend,
Or what their seruile apes gesticulate,
I should not then much muse, their shreds were lik'd;
Since ill men haue a lust t' heare others sinnes,
And good men haue a zeale to heare sinne sham'd.
But when it is all excrement, they vent,
Base filth, and offall: or thefts, notable
As *Ocean* pyracies, or high-way stands:
And not a crime there tax'd, but is their owne,

Or what their owne foule thoughts suggested to them,
And, that in all their heat of taxing others,
Not one of them, but liues himselfe (if knowne)
Improbior satyram scribente cinædo.
What should I say, more? then turne stone with wonder!
NAS. I neuer saw this play bred all this tumult.
What was there in it could so deeply offend?
And stirre so many hornets? AVT. Shall I tell you?
NAS. Yes, and ingenuously. AVT. Then, by the hope,
Which I preferre vnto all other obiects,
I can professe, I neuer writ that peece
More innocent, or empty of offence.
Some salt it had, but neyther tooth, nor gall,
Nor was there in it any circumstance,
Which, in the setting downe, I could suspect
Might be peruerted by an enemies tongue.
Onely, it had the fault to be call'd mine.
That was the crime. POL. No? why they,say you tax'd
The Law, and Lawyers; Captaines; and the Players
By their particular names. AVT. It is not so.
I vs'd no name. My Bookes haue still beene taught
To spare the persons, and to speake the vices.
These are meere slanders, and enforc'd by such
As haue no safer wayes to mens disgraces,
But their owne lyes, and losse of honesty.
Fellowes of practis'd, and most laxatiue tongues,
Whose empty and eager bellies, i' the yeere,
Compell their braynes to many desp'rate shifts,
(I spare to name 'hem: for, their wretchednesse,
Fury it selfe would pardon.) These, or such
Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
Or itch, t'haue me their aduersary (I know not)
Or all these mixt; but sure I am, three yeeres,
They did prouoke me with their petulant stiles
On euery stage: And I at last, vnwilling,
But weary, I confesse, of so much trouble,
Thought,I would try,if shame could winne vpon'hem.
And therefore chose AVGVSTVS CAESARS times,
When wit, and artes were at their height in *Rome*,
To shew that VIRGIL, HORACE, and the rest
Of those great master-spirits did not want
Detractors, then, or practisers against them:
And by this line (although no *paralel*)
I hop'd at last they would sit downe, and blush.
But nothing could I finde more contrary.
And though the impudence of flyes be great,
Yet this hath so prouok'd the angry waspes,

Or as you sayd, of the next nest, the hornets ;
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my nostrills :
And like so many screaming grasse-hoppers,
Held by the wings, fill euery eare with noyse.
And what? those former calumnies you mention'd.
First, of the Law. Indeed, I brought in OVID,
Chid by his angry father, for neglecting
The study of their lawes, for poetry :
And I am warranted by his owne words.
Sape pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas? *Trist. lib. 4. Eleg. 10.*
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.
And in farre harsher termes elsewhere, as these:
Non me verbosas leges ediscere, non me *Amo. lib. 1. Eleg. 15.*
Ingrato voces prostituisse foro.
But how this should relate, vnto our lawes,
Or their iust ministers, with least abuse,
I reuerence both too much, to vnderstand !
Then, for the Captaine; I will onely speake
An *Epigramme* I here haue made : It is
Vnto true Souldiers. That's the *lemma.* Marke it.
Strength of my Countrey, whilst I bring to view
Such as are misse-call'd Captaines, and wrong you,
And your high names ; I doe desire, that thence,
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence :
I sweare by your true friend, my Muse, *I loue*
Your great profession, which I once did proue ;
And did not shame it with my actions, then,
No more then I dare, now, doe with my pen.
He that not trusts me, hauing vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the Captaine, still : is such.
Now, for the Players, it is true, I tax'd 'hem,
And yet, but some ; and those so sparingly,
As all the rest might haue sate still, vnquestion'd,
Had they but had the wit, or conscience,
To thinke well of themselues. But, impotent they
Thought each mans vice belong'd to their whole tribe :
And much good doo't 'hem. What th' haue done 'gainst me,
I am not mou'd with. If it gaue 'hem meat,
Or got 'hem clothes. 'Tis well. That was their end.
Onely amongst them, I am sorry for
Some better natures, by the rest so drawne,
To run in that vile line. POL. And is this all?
Will you not answere then the libells? AVT. No.
POL. Nor the vntrussers? AVT. Neither. POL. Y'are vndone then.
AV. With whom? POL. The world. AV. The baud! PO. It wil be taken
To be stupidity, or tamenesse in you.

AVT. But, they that haue incens'd me,can in soule
Acquit me of that guilt. They know, I dare
To spurne,or baffull 'hem ; or squirt their eyes
With inke, or vrine : or I could doe worse,
Arm'd with ARCHILOCHVS fury, write *Iambicks*,
Should make the desperate lashers hang themselues.
Rime 'hem to death, as they doe *Irish* rats
In drumming tunes. Or, liuing, I could stampe
Their foreheads with those deepe, and publike brands
That the whole company of *Barber-Surgeons*
Should not take off, with all their art, and playsters.
And these my prints should last, still to be read
In their pale fronts : when, what they write 'gainst me,
Shall like a figure, drawne in water, fleete,
And the poore wretched papers be employed
To cloth *tabacco*, or some cheaper drug.
This I could doe , and make them infamous.
But, to what end ? when their owne deedes haue mark'd 'hem,
And, that I know, within his guilty brest
Each slanderer beares a whip, that shall torment him,
Worse, then a million of these temporall plagues :
Which to pursue, were but a feminine humour,
And, farre beneath the dignitie of a man.
NAS. 'Tis true : for to reuenge their iniuries,
Were to confesse you felt 'hem. Let 'hem goe,
And vse the treasure of the foole, their tongues,
Who makes his gayne, by speaking worst, of best.
POL. O, but they lay particular imputations———
AVT. As what ? PO.That all your writing,is meere rayling.
AVT. Ha ! If all the salt in the old *comœdy*
Should be so censur'd, or the sharper wit
Of the bold *satyre*, termed scolding rage,
What age could then compare with those, for buffons ?
VVhat should be sayd of ARISTOPHANES ?
PERSIVS ? or IUVENAL ? whose names we now
So glorifie in schooles, at least pretend it.
Ha' they no other ? POL. Yes : they say you are slow,
And scarse bring forth a play a yeere. AVT. 'Tis true.
I would, they could not say that I did that,
There's all the ioy that I take i' their trade,
Vnlesse such Scribes as they might be proscrib'd
Th' abused theaters. They would thinke it strange, now,
A man should take but colts-foote, for one day,
And, betweene whiles, spit out a better *poeme*
Then e're the master of art, or giuer of wit,
Their belly made. Yet, this is possible,

If a free minde had but the patience,
To thinke so much, together, and so vile.
But, that these base, and beggerly conceipts
Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
Against the most abstracted worke, oppos'd
To the stuff'd nostrills of the drunken rout!
O, this would make a learn'd, and liberall soule,
To riue his stayned quill, vp to the back,
And damne his long-watch'd labours to the fire;
Things,that were borne,when none but the still night,
And his dumbe candle saw his pinching throes:
Were not his owne free merit a more crowne
Vnto his trauailes, then their reeling claps.
This 'tis, that strikes me silent, seales my lips,
And apts me, rather to sleepe out my time,
Then I would waste it in contemned strifes,
With these vile *Ibides*, these vncleane birds,
That make their mouthes their clysters, and still purge
From their hot entrailes. But, I leaue the monsters
To their owne fate. And, since the *Comick* MVSE
Hath prou'd so ominous to me, I will trie
If *Tragœdie* haue a more kind aspect.
Her fauours in my next I will pursue,
Where, if I proue the pleasure but of one,
So he iudicious be; He shall b' alone
A Theatre vnto me: Once, I'le say,
To strike the eare of time, in those fresh straines,
As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
Giue cause to some of wonder, some despight,
And vnto more, despaire, to imitate their sound.
I, that spend halfe my nights, and all my dayes,
Here in a cell, to get a darke, pale face,
To come forth worth the iuy, or the bayes,
And in this age can hope no other grace———
Leaue me. There's something come into my thought,
That must, and shall be sung, high, and aloofe,
Safe from the wolues black iaw,and the dull asses hoofe.
NASV. I reuerence these raptures, and obey 'hem.

This Comicall Satyre vvas first acted, in the yeere

1601.

By the then Children of Queene

ELIZABETHS

Chappell.

The principall Comœdians were,

NAT. FIELD.	IOH. VNDERWOOD.
SAL. PAVY.	WILL. OSTLER.
THO. DAY.	THO. MARTON.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

SEIANVS
his
FALL.

A Tragœdie.

Acted, in the yeere 1603.
By the K. MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Non hîc Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasq;
Inuenies: Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY,

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE NO LESSE NOBLE, BY VERTVE, THEN BLOVD:

Esme

L. AVBIGNY.

MY LORD,

F euer any ruine were so great, as to suruiue; I thinke this be one I send you: the Fal *of* Seianus. *Jt is a poeme, that (if I well remember) in your Lo. sight, suffer'd no lesse violence from our people here, then the subiect of it did from the rage of the people of* Rome; *but, with a different fate, as (J hope) merit: For this hath out-liu'd their malice, and begot it selfe a greater fauour then he lost, the loue of good men. Amongst whom, if J make your Lo. the first it thankes, it is not without a iust confession of the bond your benefits haue, and euer shall hold vpon me.*

Your Lo. most faithfull honorer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Argument.

ÆLius Seianus, *sonne to* Seius Strabo, *a gentleman of* Rome, *and borne at* Vulsinium, *after his long seruice in court; first, vnder* Augustus, *afterward,* Tiberius: *grew into that fauour with the latter, and won him by those artes, as there wanted nothing, but the name, to make him a copartner of the Empire. Which greatnesse of his,* Drusus, *the Emperors sonne not brooking, after many smother'd dislikes (it one day breaking out) the* Prince *strooke him publikely on the face. To reuenge which disgrace,* Liuia, *the wife of* Drusus *(being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discouery of her husbands councells)* Seianus *practiseth with, together with her Physitian, called* Eudemus, *and one* Lygdus, *an Eunuch, to poyson* Drusus. *This their inhumane act hauing successefull, and vnsuspected passage, it emboldeneth* Seianus *to farther, & more insolent proiects, euen the ambition of the Empire: where finding the lets, he must encounter, to be many, & hard, in respect of the issue of* Germanicus *(who were next in hope for the succession) he deuiseth to make* Tiberius *selfe, his meanes: & instill's into his eares many doubts, and suspicions, both against the Princes, and their mother* Agrippina: *which* Cæsar *iealously hearkning to, as couetously consenteth to their ruine, and their friends. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his designe,* Seianus *labors to marry* Liuia, *and worketh (with all his ingine) to remoue* Tiberius *from the knowledge of publike businesse, with allurements of a quiet and retyred life: the latter of which,* Tiberius (*out of a pronenesse to lust, and a desire to hide those vnnaturall pleasures, which he could not so publikely practise*) *embraceth: the former inkindleth his feares, and there, giues him first cause of doubt, or suspect toward* Seianus. *Against whom, he raiseth (in priuate) a new instrument, one* Sertorius Macro, *and by him vnder-worketh, discouers the others counsells, his meanes, his ends, sounds the affections of the* Senators, *diuides, distracts them: at last, when* Seianus *least looketh, and is most secure (with pretext of doing him an vn-wonted honour in the* Senate) *he traines him from his guardes, and with a long doubtfull letter, in one day, hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torne in pieces, by the rage of the people.*

The Persons of the Play.

TIBERIVS.

DRVSVS *se.*	SEIANVS.
NERO.	LATIARIS.
DRVSVS *iu.*	VARRO.
CALIGVLA.	MACRO.
ARRVNTIVS.	COTTA.
SILIVS.	AFER.
SABINVS.	HATERIVS.
LEPIDVS.	SANQVINIVS.
CORDVS.	POMPONIVS.
GALLVS.	POSTHVMVS.
REGVLVS.	TRIO.
TERENTIVS.	MINVTIVS.
LACO.	SATRIVS.
EVDEMVS.	NATTA.
RVFVS.	OPSIVS.

TRIBVNI.

AGRIPPINA. { LIVIA. / SOSIA. }

PRAECONES.	LICTORES.
FLAMEN.	MINISTRI.
TVBICINES.	TIBICINES.
NVNTIVS.	SERVVS.

THE SCENE.

ROME.

SEIANVS.

Act. I.

SABINVS, SILIVS, NATTA, LATIARIS, CORDVS, SATRIVS, ARRVNTIVS, EVDEMVS, HATERIVS, &c.

Aile, CAIVS SILIVS. SIL. TITIVS SABINVS, Haile.
Yo'are rarely met in court! SAB. Therefore, well met.
SIL. 'Tis true: Indeed, this place is not our sphære.
SAB. No, SILIVS, wee are no good inginers;
We want the fine arts, & their thriuing vse,
Should make vs grac'd, or fauour'd of the times:
We haue no shift of faces, no cleft tongues,
No soft, and glutinous bodies, that can sticke,
Like snailes, on painted walls; or, on our brests,
Creepe vp, to fall, from that proud height, to which
We did by slauerie, not by seruice, clime.
We are no guilty men, and then no great;
We haue nor place in court, office in state,
That we can say, we owe vnto our crimes:
We burne with no black secrets, which can make
Vs deare to the pale authors; or liue fear'd
Of their still waking iealosies, to raise
Our selues a fortune, by subuerting theirs.
We stand not in the lines, that doe aduance
To that so courted point. SIL. But yonder leane
A paire that doe. (SAB. Good cousin LATIARIS.)
SIL. SATRIVS SECVNDVS, and PINNARIVS NATTA,
The great SEIANVS clients: There be two,

Know

Know more, then honest councells : whose close brests
Were they rip'd vp to light, it would be found
A poore, and idle sinne, to which their trunkes
Had not beene made fit organs. These can lye,
Flatter, and sweare, forsweare, depraue, informe,
Smile, and betray ; make guilty men ; then beg
The forfeit liues, to get the liuings ; cut
Mens throates with whisprings ; sell to gaping sutors
The emptie smoake, that flyes about the Palace ;
Laugh, when their patron laughes ; sweat,when he sweates ;
Be hot, and cold with him ; change euery moode,
Habit, and garbe, as often as he varies ;
Obserue him, as his watch obserues his clocke ;
And true, as turkise in the deare lords ring,
Looke well, or ill with him : ready to praise
His lordship, if he spit, or but pisse faire,
Haue an indifferent stoole, or breake winde well,
Nothing can scape their catch. SAB. Alas ! these things
Deserue no note, confer'd with other vile,
And filthier flatteries, that corrupt the times :
When, not alone our gentries chiefe are faine
To make their safety from such sordide acts,
But all our *Consuls*, and no little part
Of such as haue beene *Prætors*, yea, the most *Pedarij.*
Of *Senators* (that else not vse their voyces)
Start vp in publique *Senate*, and there striue
Who shall propound most abiect things, and base,
So much, as oft TIBERIVS hath beene heard,
Leauing the court, to crie, ô race of men,
Prepar'd for seruitude ! which shew'd, that, he
Who least the publique liberty could like,
As loathly brook'd their flat seruilitie.
SIL. Well, all is worthy of vs, were it more,
Who with our ryots, pride, and ciuill hate,
Haue so prouok'd the iustice of the gods.
We, that (within these fourescore yeeres) were borne
Free, equall lords of the triumphed world,
And knew no masters, but affections,
To which betraying first our liberties,
We since became the slaues to one mans lusts ;
And now to many : euery ministring spie
That will accuse, and sweare, is lord of you,
Of me, of all, our fortunes, and our liues.
Our lookes are call'd to question, and our wordes,
How innocent soeuer, are made crimes ;

We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreames,
Or thinke, but 'twill be treason. SAB. " Tyrannes artes
" Are to giue flatterers, grace ; accusers, power ;
" That those may seeme to kill whom they deuoure.
Now good CREMVTIVS CORDVS. COR. Haile, to your lordship.
They whisper. NAT. Who's that salutes your cousin ? LAT. 'Tis one CORDVS,
A gentleman of *Rome* : one, that has writ
Annal's of late, they say, and very well.
NAT. Annal's ? of what times ? LAT. I thinke of POMPEI'S,
And CAIVS CAESARS ; and so downe to these.
NAT. How stands h'affected to the present state ?
Is he or *Drusian ?* or *Germanican ?*
Or ours ? or neutrall ? LAT. I know him not so far.
NAT. Those times are somewhat queasie to be toucht.
Haue you or seene, or heard part of his worke ?
LAT. Not I, he meanes they shall be publike shortly.
NAT. O. CORDVS do you cal him? LAT. I. SAB. But these our times
Are not the same, ARRVNTIVS. ARR. Times ? the men,
The men are not the same : 'tis we are base,
Poore, and degenerate from th'exalted streine
Of our great fathers. Where is now the soule
Of god-like CATO ? he, that durst be good,
When CAESAR durst be euill ; and had power,
As not to liue his slaue, to dye his master.
Or where the constant BRVTVS, that (being proofe
Against all charme of benefits) did strike
So braue a blow into the monsters heart
That sought vnkindly to captiue his countrie ?
O, they are fled the light. Those mightie spirits
Lye rak'd vp, with their ashes in their vrnes,
And not a sparke of their eternall fire
Glowes in a present bosome. All's but blaze,
Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so,
There's nothing *Romane* in vs ; nothing good,
Gallant, or great : 'Tis true, that CORDVS say's,
Braue CASSIVS *was the last of all that race.*
Drusus passeth by. SAB. Stand by, lord DRVSVS. HAT. Th'Emp'rours son, giue place.
SIL. I like the prince well. ARR. A riotous youth,
There's little hope of him. SAB. That fault his age
Will, as it growes, correct. Me thinkes, he beares
Himselfe, each day, more nobly then other :
And wins no lesse on mens affections,
Then doth his father lose. Beleeue me, I loue him ;
And chiefly for opposing to SEIANVS.
SIL. And I, for gracing his yong kinsmen so,

The

The sonnes of Prince GERMANICVS : It shewes
A gallant cleerenesse in him, a streight minde,
That enuies not, in them, their fathers name.
ARR. His name was, while he liu'd, aboue all enuie ;
And being dead, without it. O, that man !
If there were seedes of the old vertue left,
They liu'd in him. SIL. He had the fruits, ARRVNTIVS,
More then the seedes : SABINVS, and my selfe
Had meanes to know him, within ; and can report him.
We were his followers, (he would call vs friends.)
He was a man most like to vertue' ; In all,
And euery action, neerer to the gods,
Then men, in nature ; of a body' as faire
As was his mind ; and no lesse reuerend
In face, then fame : He could so vse his state,
Temp'ring his greatnesse, with his grauitie,
As it auoyded all selfe-loue in him,
And spight in others. What his funeralls lack'd
In images, and pompe, they had supply'd
With honourable sorrow, souldiers sadnesse,
A kind of silent mourning, such, as men
(Who know no teares, but from their captiues) vse
To shew in so great losses. COR. I thought once,
Considering their formes, age, manner of deaths,
The neerenesse of the places, where they fell,
T'haue paralell'd him with great ALEXANDER :
For both were of best feature, of high race,
Yeer'd but to thirtie, and, in forraine lands,
By their owne people, alike made away.
SAB. I know not, for his death, how you might wrest it :
But, for his life, it did as much disdaine
Comparison, with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken *Macedon's*, as mine
Doth with my bond-mans. All the good, in him,
(His valour, and his fortune) he made his ;
But he had other touches of late *Romanes*,
That more did speake him : POMPEI'S dignitie,
The innocence of CATO, CAESAR'S spirit,
Wise BRVTVS temp'rance, and euery vertue,
Which, parted vnto others, gaue them name,
Flow'd mixt in him. He was the soule of goodnesse :
And all our praises of him are like streames
Drawne from a spring, that still rise full, and leaue
The part remayning greatest. ARR. I am sure
He was too great for vs, and that they knew

Who did remoue him hence. SAB. When men grow fast
Honor'd, and lou'd, there is a tricke in state
(Which iealous princes neuer faile to vse)
How to decline that growth, with faire pretext,
And honourable colours of employment,
Either by embassie, the war, or such,
To shift them forth into another aire,
Where they may purge, and lessen; so was he:
And had his secon'ds there, sent by TIBERIVS,
And his more subtile damme, to discontent him;
To breede, and cherish mutinies; detract
His greatest actions; giue audacious check
To his commands; and worke to put him out
In open act of treason. All which snares
When his wise cares preuented, a fine poyson
Was thought on, to mature their practices.
COR. Here comes SEIANVS. SIL. Now obserue the stoupes,
The bendings, and the falls. ARR. Most creeping base!

They passe ouer the stage.

SEIANVS, SATRIVS, TERENTIVS, &c.

I Note 'hem well: No more. Say you. SAT. My lord,
There is a gentleman of *Rome* would buy———
SEI. How cal you him you talk'd with? SAT. 'Please your lordship,
It is EVDEMVS, the physitian
To LIVIA, DRVSV'S wife. SEI. On with your sute.
Would buy, you said—— SAT. A *Tribunes* place, my lord.
SEI. What will he giue? SAT. Fiftie *sesterlia.*
SEI. LIVIA'S physitian, say you, is that fellow?
SAT. It is, my lord; your lordships answere? SEI. To what?
SAT. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gentleman,
Your lordship will well like off, when you see him;
And one, you may make yours, by the grant.
SEI. Well, let him bring his money, and his name.
SAT. Thanke your lordship. He shall, my lord. SEI. Come hither.
Know you this same EVDEMVS? Is he learn'd?
SAT. Reputed so, my lord: and of deepe practice.
SEI. Bring him in, to me, in the gallerie;
And take you cause, to leaue vs there, togither:
I would confer with him, about a griefe.——On.
ARR. So, yet! another? yet? ô desperate state
Of grou'ling honour! Seest thou this, ô sunne,
And doe wee see thee after? Me thinkes, day
Should lose his light, when men doe lose their shames,
And, for the emptie circumstance of life,

Betray

Betray their cause of liuing. SIL. Nothing so.
SEIANVS can repaire, if IOVE should ruine.
He is the now court-god ; And well applyed
With sacrifice of knees, of crookes, and cringe,
He will doe more then all the house of heau'n
Can, for a thousand *hecatombes*. 'Tis he
Makes vs our day, or night ; Hell, and *Elysium*
Are in his looke : We talke of RHADAMANTH,
Furies, and fire-brands ; But 'tis his frowne
That is all these, where, on the aduerse part,
His smile is more, then ere (yet) *Poets* fain'd
Of blisse, and shades, *nectar*—— ARR. A seruing boy?
I knew him, at CAIVS trencher, when for hyre,
He prostituted his abused body
To that great gourmond, fat APICIVS ;
And was the noted *pathick* of the time.
SAB. And, now, the second face of the whole world.
The partner of the empire, hath his image
Rear'd equall with TIBERIVS, borne in ensignes,
Command's, disposes euery dignitie,
Centurions, *Tribunes*, Heads of *prouinces*,
Prætors, and *Consuls*, all that heretofore
Romes generall suffrage gaue, is now his sale.
The gaine, or rather spoile, of all the earth,
One, and his house, receiues. SIL. He hath of late
Made him a strength too, strangely, by reducing
All the *Prætorian* bands into one campe,
Which he command's : pretending, that the souldier
By liuing loose, and scattered, fell to ryot ;
And that if any sodaine enterprise
Should be attempted, their vnited strength
Would be far more, then seuer'd ; and their life
More strict, if from the citie more remou'd.
SAB. Where, now, he builds, what kind of fort's he please,
Is hard to court the souldier, by his name,
Wooes, feasts the chiefest men of action,
Whose wants, not loues, compell them to be his.
And, though he ne're were liberall by kind,
Yet, to his owne darke ends, hee's most profuse,
Lauish, and letting flye, he cares not what
To his ambition. ARR. Yet, hath he ambition?
Is there that step in state can make him higher?
Or more? or any thing he is, but lesse?
SIL. Nothing, but Emp'rour. ARR. The name TIBERIVS
I hope, will keepe ; how ere he hath fore-gone

The dignitie, and power. SIL. Sure, while he liues.
ARR. And dead, it comes to DRVSVS. Should he fayle,
To the braue issue of GERMANICVS ;
And they are three : Too many (ha?) for him
To haue a plot vpon? SAB. I doe not know
The heart of his designes ; but, sure, their face
Lookes farther then the present. ARR. By the gods,
If I could gesse he had but such a thought,
My sword should cleaue him downe from head to heart,
But I would finde it out : and with my hand
I'ld hurle his panting braine about the ayre,
In mites, as small as *atomi*, to'vndoe
The knotted bed —— SAB. You are obseru'd, ARRVNTIVS.
He turnes to Seianus clyents. ARR. Death ! I dare tell him so ; and all his spies :
You, sir, I would, doe you looke? and you. SAB. Forbeare.

SATRIVS, EVDEMVS, SEIANVS.

HEere, he will instant be ; Let's walke a turne.
Yo'are in a muse, EVDEMVS? EVD. Not I, sir.
I wonder he should marke me out so ! well,
IOVE, and APOLLO forme it for the best.
SAT. Your fortune's made vnto you now, EVDEMVS,
If you can but lay hold vpon the meanes ;
Doe but obserue his humour, and —— beleeue it ——
He's the noblest *Romane*, where he takes ———
Here comes his lordship. SEI. Now, good SATRIVS.
SAT. This is the gentleman, my lord. SEI. Is this?
Giue me your hand, we must be more acquainted.
Report, sir, hath spoke out your art, and learning:
And I am glad I haue so needfull cause,
(How euer in it selfe painefull, and hard)
To make me knowne to so great vertue. Looke,
Who's that? SATRIVS — I haue a griefe, sir,
That will desire your helpe. Your name's EVDEMVS?
EVD. Yes. SEI. Sir? EVD. It is, my lord. SEI. I heare, you are
Physitian to LIVIA, the princesse?
EVD. I minister vnto her, my good lord.
SEI. You minister to a royall lady, then.
EVD. She is, my lord, and fayre. SEI. That's vnderstood
Of all their sexe, who are, or would be so ;
And those, that would be, physicke soone can make 'hem :
For those that are, their beauties feare no collours.
EVD. Your lordship is conceited. SEI. Sir, you know it.
And can (if need be) read a learned lecture,

On

On this, and other secrets. Pray you tell me,
What more of ladies, besides LIVIA,
Haue you your patients? EVD. Many, my good lord.
The great AVGVSTA, VRGVLANIA.
MVTILIA PRISCA, and PLANCINA, diuers ———
SEI. And, all these tell you the particulars
Of euery seuerall griefe? how first it grew,
And then encreas'd, what action caused that;
What passion that: and answere to each point
That you will put 'hem. EVD. Else, my lord, we know not
How to prescribe the remedies. SEI. Goe to,
Yo'are a subtill nation, you Physitians!
And growne the onely cabinets, in court,
To ladies priuacies. Faith which of these
Is the most pleasant lady, in her physicke?
Come, you are modest now. EVD. 'Tis fit, my lord.
SEI. Why, sir, I doe not aske you of their vrines,
Whose smel's most violet? or whose seige is best?
Or who makes hardest faces on her stoole?
Which lady sleepes with her owne face, a nights?
Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in court?
Or, which her hayre? which her complexion?
And,in which boxe she puts it? These were questions
That might, perhaps, haue put your grauity
To some defence of blush. But, I enquir'd,
Which was the wittiest? meriest? wantonnest?
Harmelesse intergatories, but conceipts.
Me thinks, AVGVSTA should be most peruerse,
And froward in her fit? EVD. She's so, my lord.
SEI. I knew it. And MVTILIA the most iocund?
EVD. 'Tis very true, my lord. SEI. And why would you
Conceale this from me, now? Come, what's LIVIA?
I know, she's quick, and quaintly spirited,
And will haue strange thoughts, when she's at leasure;
She tells 'hem all to you? EVD. My noblest lord,
He breaths not in the empire, or on earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to serue
(In any act, that may preserue mine honour)
Before your lordship. SEI. Sir, you can loose no honor,
By trusting ought to me. The coursest act
Done to my seruice, I can so requite,
A ll the world shall stile it honorable:
" ur idle, vertuous *definitions*
" epe honor poore, and are as scorn'd, as vaine:
" e deeds breathe honor, that do sucke in gaine.

EVD. But,

EVD. But, good my lord, if I should thus betray
The counsels of my patient, and a ladies
Of her high place, and worth; what might your lordship,
(Who presently are to trust me with your owne)
Iudge of my faith? SEI. Only the best, I sweare.
Say now, that I should vtter you my griefe;
And with it, the true cause; that it were loue;
And loue to LIVIA: you should tell her this?
Should she suspect your faith? I would you could
Tell me as much, from her; see, if my braine
Could be turn'd iealous. EVD. Happily, my lord,
I could, in time, tell you as much, and more;
So I might safely promise but the first,
To her, from you. SEI. As safely, my EVDEMVS,
(I now dare call thee so) as I haue put
The secret into thee. EVD. My lord —— SEI. Protest not.
Thy lookes are vowes to me, vse onely speed,
And but affect her with SEIANVS loue,
Thou art a man, made, to make *Consuls*. Goe.
EVD. My lord, Ile promise you a priuate meeting
This day, together. SEI. Canst thou? EVD. Yes. SEI. The place?
EVD. My gardens, whither I shall fetch your lordship.
SEI. Let me adore my ÆSCVLAPIVS.
Why, this indeed is physick! and out-speakes
The knowledge of cheape drugs, or any vse
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Then all your *opiates*, *iulebes*,*apozemes*,
Magistrall *syrrupes*,or—Be gone, my friend,
Not barely stiled, but created so;
Expect things, greater then thy largest hopes,
To ouertake thee: Fortune, shall be taught
To know how ill she hath deseru'd thus long,
To come behinde thy wishes. Goe, and speed.
"Ambition makes more trusty slaues, then need,
These fellowes, by the fauour of their arte,
Haue,still,the meanes to tempt,oft-times,the power.
If LIVIA will be now corrupted, then
Thou hast the way, SEIANVS, to worke out
His secrets, who (thou knowest) endures thee not,
Her husband DRVSVS: and to worke against them.
Prosper it, PALLAS, thou, that betterst wit;
For VENVS hath the smallest share in it.

TIBE-

TIBERIVS, SEIANVS, DRVSVS.

WEe not endure these flatteries, let him stand; *One kneeles to him.*
Our empire, ensignes, axes, roddes, and state
Take not away our humane nature from vs:
Looke vp, on vs, and fall before the gods.
SEI. How like a god, speakes CAESAR! ARR. There, obserue!
He can indure that second, that's no flattery.
O, what is it, proud slime will not beleeue
Of his owne worth, to heare it equall prais'd
Thus with the gods? COR. He did not heare it, sir.
ARR. He did not? Tut, he must not, we thinke meanely.
'Tis your most courtly, knowne confederacy,
To haue your priuate parasite redeeme
What he, in publique subtilty, will lose
To making him a name. HAT. Right mighty lord ———
TIB. We must make vp our eares, 'gainst these assaults
Of charming tongues; we pray you vse, no more
These contumelies to vs: stile not vs
Or lord, or mighty, who professe our selfe
The seruant of the *Senate*, and are proud
T'enioy them our good, iust, and fauouring lords.
COR. Rarely dissembled. ARR. Prince-like, to the life.
" SAB. When power, that may command, so much descends,
" Their bondage, whom it stoupes to, it intends.
TIB. Whence are these letters? HAT. From the *Senate*. TIB. So.
Whence these? LA. From thence too. TIB. Are they sitting, now?
LAT. They stay thy answere, CAESAR. SIL. If this man
Had but a minde allied vnto his words,
How blest a fate were it to vs, and *Rome?*
We could not thinke that state, for which to change,
Although the ayme were our old liberty:
The ghosts of those that fell for that, would grieue
Their bodies liu'd not, now, againe to serue.
"Men are deceiu'd, who thinke there can be thrall
"Beneath a vertuous prince. Wish'd liberty
"Ne're louelier lookes, then vnder such a crowne.
But, when his grace is meerely but lip-good,
And, that no longer, then he aires himselfe
Abroad in publique, there, to seeme to shun
The strokes, and stripes of flatterers, which within
Are lechery vnto him, and so feed
His brutish sense with their afflicting sound,
As (dead to vertue) he permits himselfe
Be carried like a pitcher, by the eares,

To

To euery act of vice: this is a case
Deserues our feare, and doth presage the nigh,
And close approach of bloud and tyranny.
"Flattery is midwife vnto princes rage:
"And nothing sooner, doth helpe foorth a tyranne,
"Then that, and whisperers grace, who haue the time,
"The place, the power, to make all men offenders.
ARR. He should be told this; and be bid dissemble
With fooles, and blinde men: We that know the euill,
Should hunt the Palace-rattes, or giue them bane;
Fright hence these worse then rauens, that deuoure
The quicke, where they but prey vpon the dead:
He shall be told it. SAB. Stay, ARRVNTIVS,
We must abide our oportunity:
And practise what is fit, as what is needfull.
"It is not safe t'enforce a soueraigne's eare:
"Princes heare well, if they at all will heare.
ARR. Ha? Say you so? well. In the meane time, IOVE,
(Say not, but I doe call vpon thee now.)
Of all wilde beasts, preserue me from a tyranne;
And of all tame, a flatterer. SIL. 'Tis well pray'd.
TIB. Returne the lords this voyce, we are their creature:
And it is fit, a good, and honest prince,
Whom they, out of their bounty, haue instructed
With so dilate, and absolute a power,
Should owe the office of it, to their seruice;
And good of all, and euery citizen.
Nor shall it e're repent vs, to haue wish'd
The *Senate* iust, and fau'ring lords vnto vs,
"Since their free loues doe yeeld no lesse defence
"T' a princes state, then his owne innocence.
Say then, there can be nothing in their thought
Shall want to please vs, that hath pleased them;
Our suffrage rather shall preuent, then stay
Behind their wills: 'tis empire, to obey
Where such, so great, so graue, so good determine.
Yet, for the sute of *Spaine*, t'erect a temple
In honour of our mother, and our selfe,
We must (with pardon of the *Senate*) not
Assent thereto. Their lordships may obiect
Our not denying the same late request
Vnto the *Asian* cities: We desire
That our defence, for suffering that, be knowne
In these briefe reasons, with our after purpose.
Since deified AVGVSTVS hindred not

A temple to be built, at *Pergamum*,
In honour of himselfe, and sacred *Rome*,
We, that haue all his deedes, and wordes obseru'd
Euer, in place of lawes, the rather follow'd
That pleasing precedent, because, with ours,
The *Senates* reuerence also, there, was ioyn'd.
But, as, t'haue once receiu'd it, may deserue
The gaine of pardon, so, to be ador'd
With the continew'd stile, and note of gods,
Through all the *prouinces*, were wild ambition,
And no lesse pride : Yea, eu'n AVGVSTVS name
Would early vanish, should it be prophan'd
With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,
We here protest it, and are couetous
Prosteritie should know it, we are mortall ;
And can but deedes of men : 'twere glory' inough,
Could we be truely a prince. And,they shall adde
Abounding grace, vnto our memorie,
That shall report vs worthy our fore-fathers,
Carefull of youraffaires, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any priuate frowne
For publike good. These things shall be to vs
Temples, and statues, reared in your mindes,
The fairest, and most during imag'rie :
For those of stone, or brasse, if they become
Odious in iudgement of posteritie,
Are more contemn'd, as dying sepulchres,
Then tane for liuing monuments. We then
Make here our suite, alike to gods, and men,
The one, vntill the period of our race,
T'inspire vs with a free, and quiet mind,
Discerning both diuine, and humane lawes ;
The other, to vouchsafe vs after death,
An honourable mention, and faire praise,
T'accompanie our actions, and our name :
The rest of greatnesse princes may command,
And (therefore) may neglect , only, a long,
A lasting, high, and happy memorie
They should, without being satisfied, pursue.
Contempt of fame begets contempt of vertue.

NAT. Rare ! SAT. Most diuine ! SEI. The *Oracles* are ceas'd,
That only CAESAR, with their tongue, might speake.

ARR. Let me be gone, most felt, and open this !

COR. Stay. ARR. What ? to heare more cunning, and fine wordes,
With their sound flatter'd, ere their sense be meant ?

TIB.

TIB. Their choise of *Antium*, there to place the guift
Vow'd to the goddesse, for our mothers health,
Fortuna equestris. We will the *Senate* know, we fairely like;
As also, of their grant to LEPIDVS,
For his repayring the *Æmilian* place,
And restauration of those monuments:
Their grace too in confining of SILANVS,
To th'other Is'le *Cithera*, at the sute
Of his religious sister, much commends
Their policie, so temp'red with their mercy.
But, for the honours, which they haue decreed
To our SEIANVS, to aduance his statue
In POMPEI'S theatre (whose ruining fire
His vigilance, and labour kept restrain'd
In that one losse) they haue, therein, out-gone
Their owne great wisedomes, by their skilfull choise,
And placing of their bounties, on a man,
Whose merit more adornes the dignitie,
Then that can him: and giues a benefit,
In taking, greater, then it can receiue.
Blush not, SEIANVS, thou great aide of *Rome*,
Associate of our labours, our chiefe helper,
Let vs not force thy simple modestie
With offring at thy praise, for more we cannot,
Since there's no voice can take it. No man, here,
Receiue our speeches, as *hyperbole's*;
For we are far from flatt'ring our friend,
(Let enuy know) as from the need to flatter.
Nor let them aske the causes of our praise;
Princes haue still their grounds rear'd with themselues,
Aboue the poore low flats of common men,
And, who will search the reasons of their acts,
Must stand on equall bases. Lead, away.
Our loues vnto the *Senate*. ARR. *Cæsar*. SAB. Peace.
COR. Great POMPEI'S theatre was neuer ruin'd
Till now, that proud SEIANVS hath a statue
Rear'd on his ashes. ARR. Place the shame of souldiers,
Aboue the best of generalls? cracke the world!
And bruise the name of *Romanes* into dust,
Ere we behold it! SIL. Checke your passion;
Lord DRVSVS tarries. DRV. Is my father mad?
Wearie of life, and rule, lords? thus to heaue
An idoll vp with praise! make him his mate!
His riuall in the empire! ARR. O, good prince!
DRV. Allow him statues? titles? honours? such,

As

As he himselfe refuseth? ARR. Braue, braue DRVSVS!
DRV. The first ascents to soueraigntie are hard
But, entred once, there neuer wants or meanes,
Or ministers, to helpe th'aspirer on.
ARR. True, gallant DRVSVS. DRV. We must shortly pray
To *Modestie*, that he will rest contented———
ARR. I, where he is, and not write emp'rour.

SEIANVS, DRVSVS, ARRVNTIVS, &c. *He enters, followd with clients.*

THere is your bill, and yours; Bring you your man:
I haue mou'd for you, too, LATIARIS. DRV. What?
Is your vast greatnesse growne so blindly bold,
That you will ouer vs? SEI. Why, then giue way.
DRV. Giue way, *Colossus?* Doe you lift? Aduance you?
Take that. ARR. Good! braue! excellent braue prince! *Drusus strikes him.*
DRV. Nay, come, approch. What? stand you off? at gaze?
It lookes too full of death, for thy cold spirits.
Auoid mine eye, dull camell, or my sword
Shall make thy brau'rie fitter for a graue,
Then for a triumph. I'le aduance a statue,
O'your owne bulke; but 't shall be on the crosse:
Where I will naile your pride, at breadth, and length,
And cracke those sinnewes, which are yet but stretch'd
With your swolne fortunes rage. ARR. A noble prince!
ALL. A CASTOR, a CASTOR, a CASTOR, a CASTOR!

SEIANVS.

HE that, with such wrong mou'd, can beare it through
With patience, and an euen mind, knowes how
To turne it backe. Wrath, couer'd, carryes fate:
Reuenge is lost, if I professe my hate.
What was my practice late, I'le now pursue
As my fell iustice. This hath stil'd it new.

CHORVS——*Of Musicians.*

Act. II.

SEIANVS, LIVIA, EVDEMVS.

PHysitian, thou art worthy of a prouince,
For the great fauours done vnto our loues;
And, but that greatest LIVIA beares a part
In the requitall of thy seruices,

I should alone, despaire of ought, like meanes,
To giue them worthy satisfaction.
LIV. EVDEMVS, (I will see it) shall receiue
A fit, and full reward, for his large merit.
But for this potion, we intend to DRVSVS,
(No more our husband, now) whom shall we choose
As the most apt, and abled instrument,
To minister it to him? EVD. I say, LYGDVS.
SEI. LYGDVS? what's he? LIV. An Eunuch DRVSVS loues.
EVD. I, and his cup-bearer. SEI. Name not a second.
If DRVSVS loue him, and he haue that place,
We cannot thinke a fitter. EVD. True, my lord,
For free accesse, and trust, are two maine aides.
SEI. Skilfull physitian! LIV. But he must be wrought
To th'vndertaking, with some labour'd arte.
SEI. Is he ambitious? LIV. No. SEI. Or couetous?
LIV. Neither. EVD. Yet, gold is a good generall charme.
SEI. What is he then? LIV. Faith, only wanton, light.
SEI. How! Is he young? and faire? EVD. A delicate youth.
SEI. Send him to me, I'le worke him. Royall ladie,
Though I haue lou'd you long, and with that height
Of zeale, and dutie, (like the fire, which more
It mounts, it trembles) thinking nought could adde
Vnto the feruour, which your eye had kindled;
Yet, now I see your wisedome, iudgement, strength,
Quicknesse, and will, to apprehend the meanes
To your owne good, and greatnesse, I protest
My selfe through rarefied, and turn'd all flame
In your affection: Such a spirit as yours,
Was not created for the idle second
To a poore flash, as DRVSVS; but to shine
Bright, as the Moone, among the lesser lights,
And share the sou'raigntie of all the world.
Then LIVIA triumphs in her proper spheare,
When shee, and her SEIANVS shall diuide
The name of CAESAR; and AVGVSTA'S starre
Be dimm'd with glorie of a brighter beame:
When AGRIPPINA'S fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce-seene TIBERIVS borrowes all
His little light from vs, whose folded armes
Shall make one perfect orbe. Who's that? EVDEMVS,
Looke, 'tis not DRVSVS? Ladie, doe not feare.
LIV. Not I, my lord. My feare, and loue of him
Left me at once. SEI. Illustrous ladie! stay———
EVD. I'le tell his lordship. SEI. Who is't, EVDEMVS?

EVD.

EVD. One of your lordships seruants, brings you word
The Emp'rour hath sent for you. SEI. O! where is he?
With your faire leaue, deare Princesse. I'le but aske *He goes out.*
A question, and returne. EVD. Fortunate Princesse!
How are you blest in the fruition
Of this vnequald man, this soule of *Rome*,
The empires life, and voice of CAESARS world!
LIV. So blessed, my EVDEMVS, as to know
The blisse I haue, with what I ought to owe
The meanes that wrought it. How do'I looke to day?
EVD. Excellent cleere, beleeue it. This same *fucus*
Was well laid on. LIV. Me thinkes, 'tis here not white.
EVD. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sunne
Hath giu'n some little taint vnto the *ceruse*,
You should haue vs'd of the white oyle I gaue you.
SEIANVS, for your loue! his very name
Commandeth aboue CVPID, or his shafts——
(LIV. Nay, now yo'haue made it worse. EVD. I'le helpe it straight.)
And, but pronounc'd, is a sufficient charme
Against all rumour; and of absolute power
To satisfie for any ladies honour.
(LIV. What doe you now, EVDEMVS? EVD. Make a light *fucus*,
To touch you ore withall.) Honor'd SEIANVS!
What act (though ne're so strange, and insolent)
But that addition will at least beare out,
If 't doe not expiate? LIV. Here, good physitian.
EVD. I like this studie to preserue the loue
Of such a man, that comes not euery houre
To greet the world. ('Tis now well, ladie, you should
Vse of the *dentifrice*, I prescrib'd you, too,
To cleere your teeth, and the prepar'd *pomatum*,
To smoothe the skin:) A lady cannot be
Too curious of her forme, that still would hold
The heart of such a person, made her captiue,
As you haue his: who, to endeare him more
In your cleere eye, hath put away his wife,
The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
Faire *Apicata*, and made spacious roome
To your new pleasures. LIV. Haue not we return'd
That, with our hate of DRVSVS, and discouerie
Of all his councels? EVD. Yes, and wisely, lady,
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire
And reckon it an act, without your sexe:
It hath that rare apparance. Some will thinke

Your fortune could not yeeld a deeper sound,
Then mixt with DRVSVS ; But, when they shall heare
That, and the thunder of SEIANVS meet,
SEIANVS, whose high name doth strike the starres,
And rings about the concaue, great SEIANVS,
Whose glories, stile, and titles are himselfe,
The often iterating of SEIANVS :
They then will lose their thoughts, and be asham'd
To take acquaintance of them. SEI. I must make
A rude departure, lady. CAESAR sends
With all his haste both of command, and prayer.
Be resolute in our plot ; you haue my soule,
As certayne yours, as it is my bodies.
And, wise physitian, so prepare the poyson
As you may lay the subtile operation
Vpon some naturall disease of his.
Your eunuch send to me. I kisse your hands,
Glorie of ladies, and commend my loue
To your best faith, and memorie. LIV. My lord,
I shall but change your wordes. Farewell. Yet, this
Remember for your heed, he loues you not ;
You know,what I haue told you : His designes
Are full of grudge, and danger : we must vse
More then a common speed. SEI. Excellent lady,
How you doe fire my bloud ! LIV. Well, you must goe ?
The thoughts be best, are least set forth to shew.
EVD. When will you take some physick,lady? LIV. When
I shall, EVDEMVS : But let DRVSVS drug
Be first prepar'd. EVD. Were LYGDVS made, that's done ;
I haue it readie. And to morrow-morning,
I'le send you a perfume, first to resolue,
And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
To clense, and cleere the *cutis* ; against when,
I'le haue an excellent new *fucus* made,
Resistiue 'gainst the sunne, the raine, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oyle,
As you best like, and last some fourteene houres.
This change came timely, lady, for your health ;
And the restoring your complexion,
Which DRVSVS choller had almost burnt vp :
Wherein your fortune hath prescrib'd you better
Then arte could doe. LIV. Thankes, good physitian,
I'le vse my fortune (you shall see) with reuerence.
Is my coach ready ? EVD. It attends your highnesse.

SEIANVS

SEIANVS.

IF this be not reuenge, when I haue done
And made it perfect, let *Ægyptian* slaues,
Parthians, and bare-foot *Hebrewes* brand my face,
And print my body full of iniuries.
Thou lost thy selfe, childe DRVSVS, when thou thought'st
Thou could'st out-skip my vengeance : or out-stand
The power I had to crush thee into ayre.
Thy follyes now shall taste what kinde of man
They haue prouok'd, and this thy fathers house
Cracke in the flame of my incensed rage,
Whose fury shall admit no shame, or meane.
Adultery? it is the lightest ill,
I will commit. A race of wicked acts
Shall flow out of my anger, and o're-spread
The worlds wide face, which no posterity
Shall e're approoue, nor yet keepe silent : Things,
That for their cunning, close, and cruell marke,
Thy father would wish his ; and shall (perhaps)
Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
On then, my soule, and start not in thy course ;
Though heau'n drop sulphure, and hell belch out fire,
Laugh at the idle terrors : Tell proud IOVE,
Betweene his power, and thine, there is no oddes.
'Twas onely feare, first, in the world made gods.

TIBERIVS, SEIANVS.

IS yet SEIANVS come? SEI. He's here, dread CAESAR.
TIB. Let all depart that chamber, and the next :
Sit downe, my comfort. When the master-prince
Of all the world, SEIANVS, saith, he feares ;
Is it not fatall? SEI. Yes, to those are fear'd.
TIB. And not to him? SEI. Not, if he wisely turne
That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.
TIB. That nature, bloud, and lawes of kinde forbid.
SEI. Doe policie, and state forbid it? TIB. No.
SEI. The rest of poore respects, then, let goe by :
State is inough to make th'act iust, them guilty.
TIB. Long hate pursues such acts. SEI. Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dreame on sou'raignty. TIB. Are rites
Of faith, loue, piety, to be trod downe?
Forgotten? and made vaine? SEI. All for a crowne.
The prince, who shames a tyrannes name to beare,

Shall neuer dare doe any thing, but feare ;
All the command of scepters quite doth perish
If it beginne religious thoughts to cherish :
Whole Empires fall, swaid by those nice respects.
It is the licence of darke deeds protects
Eu'n states most hated : when no lawes resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.
TIB. Yet so, we may doe all things cruelly,
Not safely : SEI. Yes, and doe them thoroughly.
TIB. Knowes yet, SEIANVS, whom we point at? SEI. I,
Or else my thought, my sense, or both doe erre :
'Tis AGRIPPINA? TIB. She; and her proud race.
SEI. Proud? dangerous, CAESAR. For in them apace
The fathers spirit shoots vp. GERMANICVS
Liues in their lookes, their gate, their forme, t'vpbraide vs
With his close death, if not reuenge the same.
TIB. The act's not knowne. SEI. Not prou'd. But whispring fame
Knowledge, and proofe doth to the iealous giue,
Who, then to faile, would their owne thought beleeue.
It is not safe, the children draw long breath,
That are prouoked by a parents death.
TIB. It is as dangerous, to make them hence,
If nothing but their birth be their offence.
SEI. Stay, till they strike at CAESAR : then their crime
Will be enough, but late, and out of time
For him to punish. TIB. Doe they purpose it?
SEI. You know, sir, thunder speakes not till it hit.
Be not secure : none swiftlier are opprest,
Then they, whom confidence betrayes to rest.
Let not your daring make your danger such:
All power's to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.
The youth's are (of themselues) hote, violent,
Full of great thought; and that male-spirited dame,
Their mother, slackes no meanes to put them on,
By large allowance, popular presentings,
Increase of traine, and state, suing for titles,
Hath them commended with like praiers, like vowes,
To the same Gods, with CAESAR : daies and nights
Shee spends in banquets, and ambitious feasts
For the Nobilitie; where CAIVS SILIVS,
TITIVS SABINVS, olde ARRVNTIVS,
ASINIVS GALLVS, FVRNIVS, REGVLVS,
And others, of that discontented list,
Are the prime guests. There, and to these, she tels
Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and whose wife,

And

And then must they compare her with AVGVSTA,
I, and preferre her too,commend her forme,
Extoll her fruitfulnesse ; at which a showre
Fals for the memorie of GERMANICVS,
Which they blow ouer straight, with windie praise,
And puffing hopes of her aspiring sonnes :
Who, with these hourely ticklings, grow so pleas'd,
And wantonly conceited of themselues,
As now, they sticke not to beleeue they're such,
As these doe giue 'hem out : and would be thought
(More then competitors) immediate heires.
Whilest to their thirst of rule they winne the rout
(That's still the friend of noueltie) with hope
Of future freedome, which on euerie change,
That greedily, though emptily, expects.
CAESAR, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And princes that will keepe olde dignitie,
Must not admit too youthfull heires stand by ;
Not their owne issue : but so darkely set
As shadowes are in picture, to giue height,
And lustre to themselues. TIB. We will command
Their ranke thoughts downe, and with a stricter hand
Then we haue yet put forth, their traines must bate,
Their titles, feasts and factions. SEI. Or your state.
But how sir, will you worke? TIB. Confine'hem, SEI. No.
They are too great, and that too faint a blow,
To giue them now : it would haue seru'd at first,
When,with the weakest touch, their knot had burst.
But, now, your care must be, not to detect
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect,
For such, who know the weight of princes feare,
Will, when they find themselues discouer'd, reare
Their forces, like seene snakes, that else would lye
Rould in their circles, close : Nought is more high,
Daring, or desperate, then offenders found ;
Where guilt is, rage,and courage doth abound.
The course must be, to let 'hem still swell vp,
Riot, and surfet on blind fortunes cup ;
Giue'hem more place, more dignities, more stile,
Call'hem to *court*, to *senate* : in the while,
Take from their strength some one or twaine, or more
Of the maine Fautors ; (It will fright the store)
And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with slight
You shall disarme first, and they (in night
Of their ambition) not perceiue the traine,

Till,

Till, in the ingine, they are caught, and slaine.
TIB. We would not kill, if we knew how to saue;
Yet, then a throne, 'tis cheaper giue a graue.
Is there no way to bind them by deserts?
SEI. Sir, wolues do change their haire, but not their harts.
While thus your thought vnto a meane is tied,
You neither dare inough, nor doe prouide.
All modestie is fond; and chiefly where
The subiect is no lesse compeld to beare,
Then praise his sou'raignes acts. TIB. We can no longer
Keepe on our masque to thee, our deare SEIANVS;
Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but proou'd
Their voice, in our designes, which by assenting
Hath more confirm'd vs, then if heartning IOVE
Had, from his hundred statues, bid vs strike,
And at the stroke clickt all his marble thumb's.
But, who shall first be strooke? SEI. First, CAIVS SILIVS;
He is the most of marke, and most of danger:
In power, and reputation equall strong,
Hauing commanded an imperiall armie
Seuen yeeres together, vanquish'd *Sacrouir*
In *Germanie*, and thence obtain'd to weare
The ornaments triumphall. His steep fall,
By how much it doth giue the weightier crack,
Will send more wounding terrour to the rest,
Command them stand aloofe, and giue more way
To our surprising of the principall.
TIB. But what, SABINVS? SEI. Let him grow awhile,
His fate is not yet ripe: we must not plucke
At all together, lest wee catch our selues.
And ther's ARRVNTIVS too, he only talkes.
But SOSIA, SILIVS wife, would be wound in
Now, for she hath a furie in her brest
More, then hell euer knew; and would be sent
Thither in time. Then, is there one CREMVTIVS
CORDVS, a writing fellow, they haue got
To gather notes of the precedent times,
And make them into Annal's; a most tart
And bitter spirit (I heare) who, vnder colour
Of praysing those, doth taxe the present state,
Censures the men, the actions, leaues no tricke,
No practice vn-examin'd, paralels
The times, the gouernments, a profest champion,
For the old libertie—— TIB. A perishing wretch.
As if there were that *chaos* bred in things,

That

That lawes, and libertie would not rather choose
To be quite broken, and tane hence by vs,
Then haue the staine to be preseru'd by such.
Haue we the meanes, to make these guiltie, first?
SEI. Trust that to me: let CAESAR, by his power,
But cause a formall meeting of the *Senate*,
I will haue matter, and accusers readie.
TIB. But how? let vs consult. SEI. Wee shall mispend
The time of action. Counsels are vnfit
In businesse, where all rest is more pernicious
Then rashnesse can be. Acts of this close kind
Thriue more by execution, then aduice.
There is no lingring in that worke begun,
Which cannot praised be, vntill through done.
TIB. Our edict shall, forthwith, command a court.
While I can liue, I will preuent earths furie:
Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί.

POSTHVMVS, SEIANVS.

MY Lord SEIANVS——SEI. IVLIVS POSTHVMVS,
Come with my wish! what newes from AGRIPPINA'S?
POS. Faith none. They all locke vp themselues a'late;
Or talke in character: I haue not seene
A companie so chang'd. Except they had
Intelligence by augurie' of our practice. (found you?
SEI. When were you there? POS. Last night. SEI. And what ghests
POS. SABINVS, SILIVS, (the olde list,) ARRVNTIVS,
FVRNIVS, and GALLVS. SEI. Would not these talke? POS. Little.
And yet we offered choice of argument.
SATRIVS was with me. SEI. Well: 'tis guilt inough
Their often meeting. You forgot t' extoll
The hospitable ladie? POS. No, that tricke
Was well put home, and had succeded too,
But that SABINVS cought a caution out;
For she began to swell: SEI. And may she burst.
IVLIVS, I would haue you goe instantly,
Vnto the palace of the great AVGVSTA, *Mutilia Prisca.*
And, (by your kindest friend,) get swift accesse;
Acquaint her, with these meetings: Tell the words
You brought me, (th'other day) of SILIVS,
Adde somewhat to 'hem. Make her vnderstand
The danger of SABINVS, and the times,
Out of his closenesse. Giue ARRVNTIVS words
Of malice against CAESAR; so, to GALLVS:

But

But (aboue all) to AGRIPPINA. Say,
(As you may truely) that her infinite pride,
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitfull wombe,
With popular studies gapes for soueraignte;
And threatens CAESAR. Pray AVGVSTA then,
That for her owne, great CAESARS, and the pub-
lique safetie, she be pleas'd to vrge these dangers.
CAESAR is too secure (he must be told,
And best hee'll take it from a mothers tongue.)
Alas! what is 't for vs to sound, t' explore,
To watch, oppose, plot, practise,or preuent,
If he, for whom it is so strongly labour'd,
Shall, out of greatnesse, and free spirit, be
Supinely negligent? Our citi's now
Deuided as in time o'th'ciuill warre,
And men forbeare not to declare themselues
Of AGRIPPINA'S partie. Euery day,
The faction multiplies; and will doe more
If not resisted: you can best inlarge it
As you find audience. Noble POSTHVMVS,
Commend me to your PRISCA: and pray her,
Shee will solicite this great businesse
To earnest, and most present execution,
With all her vtmost credit with AVGVSTA.
POS. I shall not faile in my instructions.
SEI. This second (from his mother) will well vrge
Our late designe, and spur on CAESARS rage:
Which else might grow remisse. The way, to put
A prince in bloud, is to present the shapes
Of dangers, greater then they are (like late,
Or early shadowes) and, sometimes, to faine
Where there are none,onely,to make him feare;
His feare will make him cruell: And once entred,
He doth not easily learne to stop, or spare
Where he may doubt. This haue I made my rule,
To thrust TIBERIVS into tyrannie,
And make him toile, to turne aside those blockes,
Which I alone, could not remooue with safetie.
DRVSVS once gone, GERMANICVS three sonnes
Would clog my way; whose guardes haue too much faith
To be corrupted: and their mother knowne
Of too-too vnreproou'd a chastitie,
To be attempted, as light LIVIA was.
Worke then, my art, on CAESAR'S feares, as they
On those they feare, till all my betts be clear'd:

And

And he in ruines of his house, and hate
Of all his subiects, bury his owne state :
When, with my peace, and safty, I will rise,
By making him the publike sacrifice.

SATRIVS, NATTA.

THey'are growne exceeding circumspect, and wary.
NAT. They haue vs in the wind : And yet, ARRVNTIVS
Cannot contayne himselfe. SAT. Tut, hee's not yet
Look'd after, there are others more desir'd,
That are more silent. NAT. Here he comes. Away.

SABINVS, ARRVNTIVS, CORDVS.

HOw is it, that these beagles haunt the house
Of AGRIPPINA? ARR. O, they hunt, they hunt.
There is some game here lodg'd, which they must rouse,
To make the great-ones sport. COR. Did you obserue
How they inueigh'd 'gainst CAESAR? ARR. I, baytes, baytes
For vs to bite at: would I haue my flesh
Torne by the publique hooke, these qualified hang-men
Should be my company. COR. Here comes another.
ARR. I, there's a man, AFER the oratour!
One, that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowres,
To strew his *rethorique* with, and doth make haste
To get him note, or name, by any offer
Where bloud, or gaine be obiects ; steepes his wordes,
When he would kill, in artificiall teares :
The Crocodile of *Tyber* ! him I loue,
That man is mine. He hath my heart, and voice,
When I would curse, he, he. SAB. Contemne the slaues,
Their present liues will be their future graues.

SILIVS, AGRIPPINA, NERO, SOSIA.

MAy't please your highnesse not forget your selfe,
I dare not, with my manners, to attempt
Your trouble farder. AGR. Farewell, noble SILIVS.
SIL. Most royall princesse. AGR. SOSIA stayes with vs?
SIL. Shee is your seruant, and doth owe your grace
An honest, but vnprofitable loue.
AGR. How can that be,when there's no gäine,but vertuous?
SIL. You take the morall, not the politique sense.
I meant,

I meant, as shee is bold, and free of speech,
Earnest to vtter what her zealous thought
Trauailes withall, in honour of your house;
Which act, as it is simply borne in her,
Pertakes of loue, and honesty, but may,
By th'ouer-often, and vnseason'd vse,
Turne to your losse, and danger: For your state
Is wayted on by enuies, as by eyes;
And euery second ghest your tables take,
Is a fee'd spie, t'obserue who goes, who comes,
What conference you haue, with whom, where, when,
What the discourse is, what the lookes, the thoughts
Of eu'ry person there, they doe extract,
And make into a substance. ARR. Heare me, SILIVS,
Were all TIBERIVS body stuck with eyes,
And eu'ry wall, and hanging in my house
Transparent, as this lawne I weare, or ayre;
Yea, had SEIANVS both his eares as long
As to my in-most closet: I would hate
To whisper any thought, or change an act,
To be made IVNO'S riuall. Vertues forces
Shew euer noblest in conspicuous courses.
SIL. 'Tis great, and brauely spoken, like the spirit
Of AGRIPPINA: yet, your highnesse knowes,
There is nor losse, nor shame in prouidence:
Few can, what all should doe, beware inough.
You may perceiue with what officious face,
SATRIVS, and NATTA, AFER, and the rest
Visite your house, of late, t'enquire the secrets;
And with what bold, and priuiledg'd arte, they raile
Against AVGVSTA: yea, and at TIBERIVS,
Tell tricks of LIVIA, and SEIANVS, all
T'excite, and call your indignation on,
That they might heare it at more libertie.
AGR. Yo'are too suspitious, SILIVS. SIL. Pray the gods,
I be so AGRIPPINA: But I feare
Some subtill practice. They, that durst to strike
At so examp-lesse, and vn-blam'd a life,
As, that of the renown'd GERMANICVS,
Will not sit downe, with that exploit alone:
" He threatens many, that hath iniur'd one.
NER. 'Twere best rip forth their tongues, seare out their eies,
When next they come. SOS. A fit reward for spies.

DRVSVS *in:* AGRIPPINA, NERO, SILIVS.

HEare you the rumour? AGR. What? DRV. DRVSVS is dying.
AGR. Dying? NER. That's strange! AGR. Yo' were with him,
DRV. One met EVDEMVS, the Physician, (yesternight.
Sent for, but now: who thinkes he cannot liue.
SIL. Thinkes? if't be arriu'd at that, he knowes,
Or none. AGR. This 's quicke! what should bee his disease?
SIL. Poyson. Poyson——AGR. How, SILIVS! NER. What's that?
SIL. Nay, nothing. There was (late) a certaine blow
Giu'n o' the face. NER. I, to SEIANVS? SIL. True.
DRV. And,what of that? SIL. I'am glad I gaue it not.
NER. But, there is somewhat else? SIL. Yes, priuate meetings,
With a great ladie, at a physicians,
And, a wife turn'd away———NER. Ha! SIL. Toyes, meere toyes:
What wisdom's now i'th' streets? i'th' common mouth?
DRV. Feares, whisp'rings, tumults, noyse, I know not what:
They say, the *Senate* sit. SIL. I'le thither, straight;
And see what's in the forge. AGR. Good SILIVS doe.
SOSIA, and I will in. SIL. Haste you, my lords,
To visit the sicke prince: tender your loues,
And sorrowes to the people. This SEIANVS
(Trust my diuining soule) hath plots on all:
No tree, that stops his prospect, but must fall.

CHORVS——*Of Musicians.*

Act III.

THE SENATE.

SEIANVS, VARRO, LATIARIS.
COTTA, AFER.
GALLVS, LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.
PRÆCONES, LICTORES.

THIs only you must vrge against him, VARRO,
Nor I, nor CAESAR may appeare therein,
Except in your defence, who are the *Consul*:
And,vnder colour of late en'mitie
Betweene your father, and his, may better doe it,
As free from all suspition of a practice.
Here be your notes, what points to touch at; read:
Bee cunning in them. AFER ha's them too.

VAR. But is he summon'd? SEI. No. It was debated
By CAESAR, and concluded as most fit
To him take vnprepar'd. AFE. And prosecute
All vnder name of treason. VAR. I conceiue.
SAB. DRVSVS being dead, CAESAR will not be here.
GAL. What should the businesse of this *Senate* bee?
ARR. That can my subtile whisperers tell you: We,
That are the good-dull-noble lookers on,
Are only call'd to keepe the marble warme.
What should we doe with those deepe mysteries,
Proper to these fine heads? let them alone.
Our ignorance may, perchance, helpe vs be sau'd
From whips, and *furies*. GAL. See, see, see, their action!
ARR. I, now their heads doe trauaile, now they worke;
Their faces runne like shittles, they are weauing
Some curious cobweb to catch flyes. SAB. Obserue,
They take their places. ARR. What so low? GAL. O yes,
They must be seene to flatter CAESARS griefe
Though but in sitting. VAR. Bid vs silence. PRAE. Silence.
VAR. *Fathers Conscript, may this our present meeting*
Turne faire, and fortunate to the Common-wealth.

SILIVS, SENATE.

SEe, SILIVS enters. SIL. Haile graue *Fathers*. LIC. Stand.
SILIVS, forbeare thy place. SEN. How! PRAE. SILIVS stand
The *Consul* hath to charge thee. LIC. Roome for CAESAR. (forth,
ARR. Is he come too? nay then expect a tricke.
SAB. SILIVS accus'd? sure he will answere nobly.

TIBERIVS, SENATE.

VVE stand amazed, *Fathers*, to behold
This generall deiection. Wherefore sit
Romes Consuls thus dissolu'd, as they had lost
All the remembrance both of stile, and place?
It not becomes. No woes are of fit waight,
To make the honour of the empire stoope:
Though I, in my peculiar selfe, may meete
Iust reprehension, that so suddenly,
And, in so fresh a griefe, would greet the *Senate*,
When priuate tongues, of kinsmen, and allies,
(Inspir'd with comforts) lothly are indur'd,
The face of men not seene, and scarce the day,
To thousands, that communicate our losse.

Nor

Nor can I argue these of weaknesse ; since
They take but naturall wayes : yet I must seeke
For stronger aides, and those faire helpes draw out
From warme imbraces of the common-wealth.
Our mother,great AVGVSTA, 'is strooke with time,
Our selfe imprest with aged characters,
DRVSVS is gone, his children young, and babes,
Our aimes must now reflect on those, that may
Giue timely succour to these present ills,
And are our only glad-suruiuing hopes,
The noble issue of GERMANICVS,
NERO, and DRVSVS : might it please the *Consul*
Honour them in, (they both attend without.)
I would present them to the *Senates* care,
And raise those sunnes of ioy, that should drinke vp
These flouds of sorrow, in your drowned eyes.
ARR. By IOVE, I am not OEDIPVS inough,
To vnderstand this SPHYNX. SAB. The princes come.

TIBERIVS, NERO, DRVSVS *iunior.*

APproch you noble NERO , noble DRVSVS,
These princes,*Fathers*, when their parent dyed,
I gaue vnto their vncle, with this prayer,
That, though h' had proper issue of his owne,
He would no lesse bring vp, and foster these,
Then that selfe-bloud ; and by that act confirme
Their worths to him,and to posteritie :
DRVSVS tane hence, I turne my prayers to you,
And, 'fore our countrie, and our gods, beseech
You take, and rule AVGVSTVS nephewes sonnes,
Sprung of the noblest ancestors ; and so
Accomplish both my dutie, and your owne.
NERO, and DRVSVS, (these shall be to you
In place of parents, these your fathers, these,
And not vnfitly : For you are so borne,
As all your good, or ill's the common-wealths.
Receyue them, you strong guardians ; and blest gods,
Make all their actions answere to their blouds :
Let their great titles find increase by them,
Not they by titles. Set them,as in place,
So in example, aboue all the *Romanes :*
And may they know no riuals, but themselues.
Let fortune giue them nothing; but attend
Vpon their vertue : and that still come forth

Greater then hope, and better then their fame.
Relieue me, Fathers, with your generall voyce.
SEN. *May all the gods consent to* CAESAR'S *wish,*
A forme of speaking they h d. *And adde to any honours, that may crowne*
The hopefull issue of GERMANICVS.
TIB. We thanke you, reuerend Fathers, in their right.
ARR. If this were true now! but the space, the space
Betweene the brest, and lips——TIBERIVS heart
Lyes a thought farder, then another mans.
TIB. My comforts are so flowing in my ioyes,
As, in them, all my streames of griefe are lost,
No lesse then are land-waters in the sea,
Or showres in riuers; though their cause was such,
As might haue sprinkled eu'n the gods with teares:
Yet since the greater doth embrace the lesse,
We couetously obey. (ARR. Well acted, CAESAR.)
TIB. And, now I am the happy witnesse made
Of your so much desir'd affections,
To this great issue, I could wish, the fates
Would here set peacefull period to my dayes;
How euer, to my labours, I intreat
(And beg it of this *Senate)* some fit ease.
(ARR. Laugh, Fathers, laugh: Ha' you no spleenes about you?)
TIB. The burden is too heauy, I sustayne
On my vnwilling shoulders; and I pray
It may be taken off, and re-confer'd
Vpon the *Consuls*, or some other *Romane*,
More able, and more worthy. (ARR. Laugh on, still.)
SAB. Why, this doth render all the rest suspected!
GAL. It poysons all. ARR. O, do' you taste it then?
SAB. It takes away my faith to any thing
He shall hereafter speake. ARR. I, to pray that,
Which would be to his head as hot as thunder,
A wreath of laurell. (Gain'st which he weares that charme) should but the court
Receiue him at his word. GAL. Heare. TIB. For my selfe,
I know my weakenesse, and so little couet
(Like some gone past) the waight that will oppresse me,
As my ambition is the counter-point.
(ARR. Finely maintain'd; good still.) SEI. But *Rome*, whose bloud,
Whose nerues, whose life, whose very frame relyes
On CAESAR'S strength, no lesse then heau'n on ATLAS,
Cannot admit it but with generall ruine.
(ARR. Ah! are you there, to bring him of?) SEI. Let CAESAR
No more then vrge a point so contrary
To CAESARS greatnesse, the grieu'd *Senates* vowes,

Or

Or *Romes* necessitie. (GAL. He comes about.
ARR. More nimbly then VERTVMNVS.) TIB. For the publique,
I may be drawne, to shew, I can neglect
All priuate aymes; though I affect my rest:
But, if the *Senate* still command me serue,
I must be glad to practise my obedience.
(ARR. You must, and will, sir. We doe know it.) SEN. CAESAR,
Liue long, and happy, great, and royall CAESAR, *Another forme.*
The gods preserue thee, and thy modestie,
Thy wisedome, and thy innocence. (ARR. Where is't?
The prayer's made before the subiect.) SEN. *Guard*
His meekenesse, IOVE, *his pietie, his care,*
His bountie——— ARR. And his subtlety, I'le put in:
Yet hee'll keepe that himselfe, without the gods.
All prayer's are vaine for him. TIB. We will not hold
Your patience, *Fathers*, with long answere; but
Shall still contend to be, what you desire,
And worke to satisfie so great a hope:
Proceed to your affaires. ARR. Now, SILIVS, guard thee;
The curtin's drawing. AFER aduanceth. PRAE. Silence.
AFE. Cite CAIVS SILIVS. PRAE. CAIVS SILIVS. SIL. Here.
AFE. The triumph that thou hadst in *Germanie*
For thy late victorie on SACROVIR,
Thou hast enioy'd so freely, CAIVS SILIVS,
As no man it enuy'd thee; nor would CAESAR,
Or *Rome* admit, that thou wert then defrauded
Of any honours, thy deserts could clayme,
In the faire seruice of the common-wealth:
But now, if, after all their loues, and graces,
(Thy actions, and their courses being discouer'd)
It shall appeare to CAESAR, and this *Senate,*
Thou hast defil'd those glories, with thy crimes——— (tience,
SIL. Crimes? AFE. Patience, SILIVS. SIL. Tell thy moile of pa-
I' am a *Romane.* What are my crimes? Proclaime them.
Am I too rich? too honest for the times?
Haue I or treasure, iewels, land, or houses
That some informer gapes for? Is my strength
Too much to be admitted? Or my knowledge?
These now are crimes. AFE. Nay, SILIVS, if the name
Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence
Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd?
SIL. I tell thee, AFER, with more scorne, then feare:
Employ your mercenarie tongue, and arte.
Where's my accuser? VAR. Here. ARR. VARRO? The *Consul?*
Is he thrust in? VAR. 'Tis I accuse thee, SILIVS.

Against the maiestie of *Rome*, and CAESAR,
I doe pronounce thee here a guiltie cause,
First, of beginning, and occasioning,
Next, drawing out the warre in *Gallia*,
For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling long
That SACROVIR to be an enemie,
Only to make thy entertainement more,
Whil'st thou, and thy wife SOSIA poll'd the prouince;
Wherein, with sordide-base desire of gaine,
Thou hast discredited thy actions worth
And beene a traytor to the state. SIL. Thou lyest.
ARR. I thanke thee, SILIVS, speake so still, and often.
VAR. If I not proue it, CAESAR, but iniustly
Haue call'd him into tryall, here I bind
My selfe to suffer, what I claime 'gainst him;
And yeeld, to haue what I haue spoke, confirm'd
By iudgement of the court, and all good men.
SIL. CAESAR, I craue to haue my cause defer'd,
Till this mans Consulship be out. TIB. We cannot,
Nor may we graunt it. SIL. Why? shall he designe
My day of tryall? is he my accuser?
And must he be my iudge? TIB. It hath beene vsuall,
And is a right, that custome hath allow'd
The magistrate, to call forth priuate men;
And to appoint their day: Which priuiledge
We may not in the *Consul* see infring'd,
By whose deepe watches, and industrious care
It is so labour'd, as the common-wealth
Receiue no losse, by any oblique course.
SIL. CAESAR, thy fraud is worse then violence.
TIB. SILIVS, mistake vs not, we dare not vse
The credit of the *Consul*, to thy wrong,
But only doe preserue his place, and power,
So farre as it concernes the dignitie,
And honor of the state. ARR. Beleeue him, SILIVS.
COT. Why, so he may, ARRVNTIVS. ARR. I say so.
And he may choose too. TIB. By the *capitoll*,
And all our gods, but that the deare republick,
Our sacred lawes, and iust authoritie
Are interess'd therein, I should be silent.
AFE. Please' CAESAR to giue way vnto his tryall.
He shall haue iustice. SIL. Nay, I shall haue law;
Shall I not AFER? speake. AFE. Would you haue mo
SIL. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more;
Nor lesse: might I inioy it naturall,

Not

Not taught to speake vnto your present ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your vnkind handling,
Furious enforcing, most vniust presuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foule wresting, and impossible construction.
AFE. He raues, he raues. SIL. Thou durst not tell me so,
Had'st thou not CAESARS warrant. I can see
Whose power condemnes me. VAR. This betrayes his spirit.
This doth inough declare him what he is.
SIL. What am I? speake. VAR. An enemie to the state.
SIL. Because I am an enemie to thee,
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To gratifie it with thine owne disgrace.
SEI. This, to the *Consul*, is most insolent!
And impious! SIL. I, take part. Reueale your selues.
Alas, I sent not your confed'racies?
Your plots, and combinations? I not know
Minion SEIANVS hates me; and that all
This boast of law, and law, is but a forme,
A net of VULCANES filing, a meere ingine,
To take that life by a pretext of iustice,
Which you pursue in malice? I want braine,
Or nostrill to perswade me, that your ends,
And purposes are made to what they are,
Before my answere? O, you equall gods,
Whose iustice not a world of wolfe-turn'd men
Shall make me to accuse (how ere prouoke)
Haue I for this so oft engag'd my selfe?
Stood in the heate, and feruor of a fight,
When PHŒBVS sooner hath forsooke the day
Then I the field? Against the blue-ey'd *Gaules?*
And crisped *Germanes?* when our *Romane* Eagles
Haue fann'd the fire, with their labouring wings,
And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it?
When I haue charg'd, alone, into the troopes
Of curl'd *Sicambrians*, routed them, and came
Not off, with backward ensignes of a slaue,
But forward markes, wounds on my brest, and face,
Were meant to thee, ô CAESAR, and thy *Rome?*
And haue I this returne? did I, for this,
Performe so noble, and so braue defeate,
On SACROVIR? (ô IOVE, let it become me
To boast my deedes, when he, whom they concerne,
Shall thus forget them.) AFE. SILIVS, SILIVS,

These are the common customes of thy bloud,
When it is high with wine, as now with rage:
This well agrees, with that intemperate vaunt,
Thou lately mad'st at AGRIPPINA'S table,
That when all other of the troopes were prone
To fall into rebellion, only yours
Remain'd in their obedience. You were he,
That sau'd the empire; which had then beene lost,
Had but your legions, there, rebell'd, or mutin'd.
Your vertue met, and fronted euery perill.
You gaue to CAESAR, and to *Rome* their surety.
Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,
Their being was a donatiue from you.
ARR. Well worded, and most like an Orator.
TIB. Is this true, SILIVS? SIL. Saue thy question, CAESAR.
Thy spie, of famous credit, hath affirm'd it.
ARR. Excellent *Romane!* SAB. He doth answere stoutly.
SEI. If this be so, there needes no farder cause
Of crime against him. VAR. What can more impeach
The royall dignitie, and state of CAESAR,
Then to be vrged with a benefit
He cannot pay? COT. In this, all CAESARS fortune
Is made vnequall to the courtesie.
LAT. His meanes are cleane destroy'd, that should requite.
GAL. Nothing is great inough for SILIVS merit.
ARR. GALLVS on that side to? SIL. Come, doe not hunt,
And labour so about for circumstance,
To make him guiltie, whom you haue fore-doom'd:
Take shorter wayes, I'le meet your purposes.
The wordes were mine, and more I now will say:
Since I haue done thee that great seruice, CAESAR,
Thou still hast fear'd me; and, in place of grace,
Return'd me hatred: so soone, all best turnes,
With doubtfull Princes, turne deepe iniuries
In estimation, when they greater rise,
Then can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,
Are of no longer pleasure, then you can
With ease restore them; that transcended once,
Your studies are not how to thanke, but kill.
It is your nature, to haue all men slaues
To you, but you acknowledging to none.
The meanes that makes your greatnesse, must not come
In mention of it; if it doe, it takes
So much away, you thinke: and that, which help'd,
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,

Where it may front, or but vpbraid the high.
COT. Suffer him speake no more. VAR. Note but his spirit.
AFE. This shewes him in the rest. LAT. Let him be censur'd.
SEI. He' hath spoke inough to proue him CAESARS foe. (Stay,
COT. His thoughts looke through his words. SEI. A censure. SIL.
Stay, most officious *Senate*, I shall straight
Delude thy furie. SILIVS hath not plac'd
His guards within him, against fortunes spight,
So weakely, but he can escape your gripe
That are but hands of fortune : Shee her selfe
When vertue doth oppose, must lose her threats.
All that can happen in humanitie,
The frowne of CAESAR, proud SEIANVS hatred,
Base VARRO'S spleene, and AFERS bloudying tongue,
The *Senates* seruile flatterie, and these
Mustred to kill, I'am fortified against ;
And can looke downe vpon : they are beneath me.
It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd :
Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.
The coward, and the valiant man must fall,
Only the cause, and manner how, discernes them :
Which then are gladdest, when they cost vs dearest.
Romanes, if any here be in this *Senate*,
Would know to mock TIBERIVS tyrannie,
Looke vpon SILIVS, and so learne to die.
VAR. O, desperate act! ARR. An honorable hand!
TIB. Looke, is he dead? SAB. 'Twas nobly strooke, and home.
ARR. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell, SILIVS.
Be famous euer for thy great example.
TIB. We are not pleas'd, in this sad accident,
That thus hath stalled, and abus'd our mercy,
Intended to preserue thee, noble *Romane* :
And to preuent thy hopes. ARR. Excellent wolfe!
Now he is full, he howles. SEI. CAESAR doth wrong
His dignitie, and safetie, thus to mourne
The deseru'd end of so profest a traytor,
And doth, by this his lenitie, instruct
Others as factious, to the like offence.
TIB. The confiscation meerely of his state
Had beene inough. ARR. O, that was gap'd for then?
VAR. Remoue the body. SEI. Let citation
Goe out for SOSIA. GAL. Let her be proscrib'd.
And for the goods, I thinke it fit that halfe
Goe to the treasure, halfe vnto the children.
LEP. With leaue of CAESAR, I would thinke, that fourth

Part,

Part, which the law doth cast on the informers,
Should be inough ; the rest goe to the children :
Wherein the Prince shall shew humanitie,
And bountie, not to force them by their want
(Which in their parents trespasse they deseru'd)
To take ill courses. TIB. It shall please vs. ARR. I,
Out of necessitie. This LEPIDVS
Is graue and honest, and I haue obseru'd
A moderation still in all his censures.
SAB. And bending to the better —Stay, who's this ?
CREMVTIVS CORDVS ? what ? is he brought in ?
ARR. More bloud vnto the banquet ? Noble CORDVS,
I wish thee good : Be as thy writings, free,
And honest. TIB. What is he ? SEI. For th'Annal's, CAESAR.

PRÆCO, CORDVS, SATRIVS, NATTA.

CREMVTIVS CORD[9]. COR. Here. PRAE. SATRIVS SECVND[9],
PINNARIVS NATTA, you are his accusers.
ARR. Two of SEIANVS bloud-hounds, whom he breeds
With humane flesh, to bay at citizens.
AFE. Stand forth before the *Senate*, and confront him.
SAT. I doe accuse thee here, CREMVTIVS CORDVS,
To be a man factious, and dangerous,
A sower of sedition in the state,
A turbulent, and discontented spirit,
Which I will proue from thine owne writings, here,
The Annal's thou hast publish'd ; where thou bit'st
The present age, and with a vipers tooth,
Being a member of it, dar'st that ill
Which neuer yet degenerous bastard did
Vpon his parent. NAT. To this, I subscribe ;
And, forth a world of more particulars,
Instance in only one: Comparing men,
And times, thou praysest BRVTVS, and affirm'st
That CASSIVS was the last of all the *Romanes*.
COT. How ! what are we then ? VAR. What is CAESAR ? nothing?
AFE. My lords, this strikes at euery *Romanes* priuate,
In whom raignes gentrie, and estate of spirit,
To haue a BRVTVS brought in paralell,
A parricide, an enemie of his countrie,
Rank'd, and preferr'd to any reall worth
That *Rome* now holds. This is most strangely inuectiue.
Most full of spight, and insolent vpbraiding.
Nor is't the time alone is here dispris'd,

But

But the whole man of time, yea CAESAR'S selfe
Brought in disualew ; and he aym'd at most
By oblique glance of his licentious pen.
CAESAR, if CASSIVS were the last of *Romanes*,
Thou hast no name. TIB. Let's heare him answere. Silence.
COR. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,
As but my words are argu'd ; yet those words
Not reaching eyther prince, or princes parent:
The which your law of treason comprehends.
BRVTVS, and CASSIVS, I am charg'd, t' haue prays'd :
Whose deedes, when many more, besides my selfe,
Haue writ, not one hath mention'd without honour.
Great TITVS LIVIVS, great for eloquence,
And faith, amongst vs, in his historie,
With so great prayses POMPEY did extoll,
As oft AVGVSTVS call'd him a POMPEIAN :
Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his booke
He often names SCIPIO, AFRANIVS,
Yea, the same CASSIVS, and this BRVTVS too,
As worthi'st men ; not theeues, and parricides,
Which notes,vpon their fames, are now impos'd.
ASINIVS POLLIO'S writings quite throughout
Giue them a noble memorie ; So MESSALLA
Renown'd his generall CASSIVS : yet both these
Liu'd with AVGVSTVS, full of wealth, and honours.
To CICERO'S booke, where CATO was heau'd vp
Equall with heau'n, what else did CAESAR answere,
Being then *Dictator*, but with a penn'd oration,
As if before the iudges ? Doe but see
ANTONIVS letters ; read but BRVTVS pleadings:
What vile reproch they hold against AVGVSTVS,
False I confesse, but with much bitternesse.
The *Epigram's* of BIBACVLVS, and CATVLLVS,
Are read, full stuft with spight of both the CAESARS;
Yet deified IVLIVS, and no lesse AVGVSTVS!
Both bore them, and contemn'd them : (I not know
Promptly to speake it, whether done with more
Temper, or wisdome) for such obloquies
If they despised bee, they dye supprest,
But, if with rage acknowledg'd, they are confest.
The *Greekes* I slip, whose licence not alone,
But also lust did scape vnpunished :
Or where some one (by chance) exception tooke,
He words with words reueng'd. But, in my worke,
What could be aim'd more free, or farder of

From

From the times scandale, then to write of those,
Whom death from grace, or hatred had exempted?
Did I, with BRVTVS, and with CASSIVS,
Arm'd,and possess'd of the PHILIPPI fields,
Incense the people in the ciuill cause,
With dangerous speeches? or doe they, being slaine
Seuentie yeeres since, as by their images
(Which not the conquerour hath defac'd) appeares,
Retaine that guiltie memorie with writers?
Posteritie payes euerie man his honour.
Nor shall there want, though I condemned am,
That will not only CASSIVS well approue,
And of great BRVTVS honour mindfull be,
But that will, also, mention make of me.
ARR. Freely, and nobly spoken. SAB. With good temper,
I like him, that he is not moou'd with passion.
ARR. He puts 'hem to their whisper. TIB. Take him hence,
We shall determine of him at next sitting.
COT. Meane time, giue order, that his bookes be burn't,
To the' *Ædiles*. SEI. You haue well aduis'd.
AFE. It fits not such licentious things should liue
T' vpbraid the age. ARR. If th' age were good, they might.
LAT. Let'hem be burnt. GAL. All sought, and burnt, to day.
PRAE. The court is vp, *Lictors*, resume the *fasces*.

ARRVNTIVS, SABINVS, LEPIDVS.

LEt 'hem be burnt! Ô, how ridiculous
Appeares the *Senate's* brainlesse diligence,
Who thinke they can, with present power, extinguish
The memorie of all succeeding times!
SAB. 'Tis true when (contrarie) the punishment
Of wit, doth make th' authoritie increase.
Nor doe they ought, that vse this crueltie
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning;
But purchase to themselues rebuke,and shame,
And to the writers an eternall name.
LEP. It is an argument the times are sore,
When vertue cannot safely be aduanc'd;
Nor vice reproou'd. ARR. I, noble LEPIDVS,
AVGVSTVS well foresaw, what we should suffer,
Vnder TIBERIVS, when he did pronouuce
The *Roman* race most wretched, that should liue
Betweene so slow iawes, and so long a bruising

TIBE-

TIBERIVS, SEIANVS.

THis businesse hath succeeded well, SEIANVS:
And quite remoou'd all iealousie of practice
'Gainst AGRIPPINA, and our nephewes. Now,
We must bethinke vs how to plant our ingines
For th'other paire, SABINVS, and ARRVNTIVS,
And GALLVS too (how ere he flatter vs,)
His heart we know. SEI. Giue it some respite, CAESAR.
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crowne,
What we, with so good vultures, haue begunne:
SABINVS shall be next. TIB. Rather ARRVNTIVS.
SEI. By any meanes, preserue him. His franke tongue
Being lent the reines, will take away all thought
Of malice, in your course against the rest.
We must keep him to stalke with. TIB. Dearest head,
To thy most forunate designe I yeeld it.
SEI. Sir—— I' haue beene so long train'd vp in grace,
First, with your father, great AVGVSTVS, since,
With your most happie bounties so familiar,
As I not sooner would commit my hopes
Or wishes to the gods, then to your eares.
Nor haue I euer, yet, beene couetous
Of ouer-bright, and dazling honours: rather
To watch, and trauaile in great CAESAR'S safetie,
With the most common souldier. TIB. 'Tis confest.
SEI. The only gaine, and which I count most faire
Of all my fortunes, is that mightie CAESAR
Hath thought me worthie his alliance. Hence
Beginne my hopes. TIB. H'mh? SEI. I haue heard, AVGVSTVS
In the bestowing of his daughter, thought
But euen of gentlemen of *Rome*: If so,
(I know not how to hope so great a fauour)
But if a husband should be sought for LIVIA,
And I be had in minde, as CAESARS freind,
I would but vse the glorie of the kindred.
It should not make me slothfull, or lesse caring
For CAESARS state; it were inough to me
It did confirme, and strengthen my weake house,
Against the-now-vnequall opposition
Of AGRIPPINA; 'and for deare reguard
Vnto my children, this I wish: my selfe
Haue no ambition farder, then to end
My dayes in seruice of so deare a master.
TIB. We cannot but commend thy pietie

His daughter was betroth'd to Claudius.his sonne.

Most-lou'd SEIANVS, in acknowledging
Those bounties; which we, faintly, such remember.
But to thy suit. The rest of mortall men,
In all their drifts, and counsels, pursue profit:
Princes, alone, are of a different sort,
Directing their maine actions still to fame.
VVe therefore will take time to thinke, and answere.
For LIVIA, she can best, her selfe, resolue
If she will marrie, after DRVSVS, or
Continue in the family; besides
She hath a mother, and a grandame yet,
VVhose neerer counsels she may guide her by:
But I will simply deale. That enmitie,
Thou fear'st in AGRIPPINA, would burne more,
If LIVIAS marriage should (as 'twere in parts)
Deuide th' imperiall house; an emulation
Betweene the women might breake forth: and discord
Ruine the sonnes, and nephues, on both hands.
VVhat if it cause some present difference?
Thou art not safe, SEIANVS, if thou prooue it.
Canst thou beleeue, that LIVIA, first the wife
To CAIVS CAESAR, then my DRVSVS, now
VVill be contented to grow old with thee,
Borne but a priuate gentleman of *Rome?*
And rayse thee with her losse, if not her shame?
Or say, that I should wish it, canst thou thinke
The *Senate*, or the people (who haue seene
Her brother, father, and our ancestors,
In highest place of empire) will indure it?
The state thou hold'st alreadie, is in talke;
Men murmure at thy greatnesse; and the nobles
Sticke not, in publike, to vpbraid thy climbing
Aboue our fathers fauours, or thy scale:
And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.
Be wise, deare friend. VVe would not hide these things
For friendships deare respect. Nor will we stand
Aduerse to thine, or LIVIA'S designements.
VVhat we had purpos'd to thee, in our thought,
And with what neere degrees of loue to bind thee,
And make thee equall to vs; for the present,
VVe will forbeare to speake. Only, thus much
Beleeue, our lou'd SEIANVS, we not know
That height in bloud, or honour, which thy vertue,
And minde to vs, may not aspire with merit.
And this wee'll publish, on all watch'd occasion

The

The *Senate*, or the people shall present.

SEI. I am restor'd, and to my sense againe,
Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.
CAESAR hath taught me better to refuse,
Then I knew how to aske. How pleaseth CAESAR
T'imbrace my late aduice, for leauing *Rome?*

TIB. We are resolu'd. SEI. Here are some motiues more
Which I haue thought on since, may more confirme.

TIB. Carefull SEIANVS! we will straight peruse them:
Goe forward in our maine designe, and prosper.

SEIANVS.

IF those but take, I shall. Dull, heauie CAESAR!
Would'st thou tell me, thy fauours were made crimes?
And that my fortunes were esteem'd thy faults?
That thou, for me, wert hated? and not thinke
I would with winged haste preuent that change,
When thou might'st winne all to thy selfe againe,
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
Fly swifter from thy lips, then this my braine,
This sparkling forge, created me an armor
T'encounter chance, and thee? Well, read my charmes,
And may they lay that hold vpon thy senses,
As thou had'st snuft vp hemlocke, or tane downe
The iuice of poppie, and of mandrakes. Sleepe,
Voluptuous CAESAR, and securitie
Seize on thy stupide powers, and leaue them dead
To publique cares, awake but to thy lusts.
The strength of which makes thy libidinous soule
Itch to leaue *Rome*; and I haue thrust it on:
With blaming of the citie businesse,
The multitude of suites, the confluence
Of suitors, then their importunacies,
The manifold distractions he must suffer,
Besides ill rumours, enuies, and reproches,
All which, a quiet and retired life,
(Larded with ease, and pleasure) did auoid;
And yet, for any weightie, 'and great affaire,
The fittest place to giue the soundest counsels.
By this, shall I remooue him both from thought,
And knowledge of his owne most deare affaires;
Draw all dispatches through my priuate hands;
Know his designements, and pursue mine owne;
Make mine owne strengths, by giuing suites, and places;

Conferring dignities, and offices:
And these, that hate me now, wanting accesse
To him, will make their enuie none, or lesse.
For when they see me arbiter of all,
They must obserue: or else, with CAESAR fall.

TIBERIVS, SERVUS.

TO marry LIVIA? will no lesse, SEIANVS,
Content thy aimes? no lower obiect? well!
Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our trust;
Wouen in our designe; and think'st, we must
Now vse thee, whatsoere thy proiects are:
'Tis true. But yet with caution, and fit care.
And, now we better thinke—who's there, within?
SER. CAESAR? TIB. To leaue our iourney off, were sin
'Gainst our decree'd delights; and would appeare
Doubt: or (what lesse becomes a prince) low feare.
Yet, doubt hath law, and feares haue their excuse,
Where princes states plead necessarie vse;
As ours doth now: more in SEIANVS pride,
Then all fell AGRIPPINA'S hates beside.
Those are the dreadfull enemies, we raise
VVith fauours, and make dangerous, with prayse;
The iniur'd by vs may haue will alike,
But 'tis the fauourite hath the power, to strike:
And furie euer boyles more high, and strong,
Heat'with ambition, then reuenge of wrong.
'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
No man too much; but hold a certaine space
Betweene th'ascenders rise, and thine owne flat,
Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aime be that.
'Tis thought— Is MACRO in the palace? See:
If not, goe, seeke him, to come to vs—Hee
Must be the organ, we must worke by now;
Though none lesse apt for trust: Need doth allow
VVhat choise would not. I' haue heard, that *aconite*
Being timely taken, hath a healing might
Against the scorpions stroke; the proofe wee'll giue:
That, while two poysons wrastle, we may liue.
Hee hath a spirit too working, to be vs'd
But to th' encounter of his like; excus'd
Are wiser sou'raignes then, that raise one ill
Against another, and both safely kill:
The prince, that feeds great natures, they will sway him;
VVho nourisheth a lyon, must obey him.

TIBE-

TIBERIVS, MACRO.

MACRO, we sent for you. MAC. I heard so, CAESAR.
TIB. (Leaue vs awhile.) When you shal know, good MACRO,
The causes of our sending, and the ends;
You then will harken neerer : and be pleas'd
You stand so high, both in our choise, and trust.
MAC. The humblest place in CAESARS choise, or trust,
May make glad MACRO proud ; without ambition :
Saue to doe CAESAR seruice. TIB. Leaue our courtings.
We are in purpose , MACRO , to depart
The citie for a time, and see *Campania* ;
Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate
A paire of temples, one, to IVPITER
At *Capua* , th'other at *Nola*, to AVGVSTVS :
In which great worke, perhaps, our stay will be
Beyond our will produc't. Now, since we are
Not ignorant what danger may be borne
Out of our shortest absence, in a state
So subiect vnto enuie, and embroild
With hate, and faction ; we haue thought on thee,
(Amongst a field of *Romanes*,) worthiest MACRO,
To be our eye, and eare , to keepe strict watch
On AGRIPPINA , NERO , DRVSVS , I,
And on SEIANVS : Not, that we distrust
His loyaltie, or doe repent one grace,
Of all that heape, we haue conferd on him.
(For that were to disparage our election,
And call that iudgement now in doubt, which then
Seem'd as vnquestion'd as an oracle,)
But, greatnesse hath his cankers. Wormes, and moaths
Breed out of too fit matter, in the things
Which after they consume, transferring quite
The substance of their makers, int' themselues.
MACRO is sharpe, and apprehends. Besides,
I know him subtle, close, wise, and wel-read
In man, and his large nature. He hath studied
Affections, passions, knowes their springs, their ends,
Which way, and whether they will worke : 'tis proofe
Inough, of his great merit, that we trust him.
Then, to a point ; (because our conference
Cannot be long without suspition)
Here, MACRO , we assigne thee, both to spie,
Informe, and chastise ; thinke, and vse thy meanes,
Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou wilt ;

Explore, plot, practise : All thou doost in this,
Shall be,as if the *Senate*,or the Lawes
Had giu'n it priuiledge, and thou thence stil'd
The sauier both of CAESAR, and of *Rome*.
We will not take thy answere, but in act :
Whereto, as thou proceed'st, we hope to heare
By trusted messengers. If't be enquir'd,
Wherefore we call'd you, say, you haue in charge
To see our chariots readie, and our horse :
Be still our lou'd, and (shortly) honor'd MACRO.

MACRO.

I Will not aske, why CAESAR bids doe this:
But ioy,that he bids me. It is the blisse
Of courts, to be imploy'd ; no matter, how :
A princes power makes all his actions vertue.
We, whom he workes by, are dumbe instruments,
To doe, but not enquire : His great intents
Are to be seru'd, not search'd. Yet, as that bow
Is most in hand, whose owner best doth know
T'affect his aymes, so let that states-man hope
Most vse, most price, can hit his princes scope.
Nor must he looke at what, or whom to strike,
But lose at all ; each marke must be alike.
Were it to plot against the fame, the life
Of one, with whom I twin'd ; remoue a wife
From my warme side, as lou'd, as is the ayre ;
Practise away each parent ; draw mine heyre
In compasse, though but one ; worke all my kin
To swift perdition ; leaue no vntrain'd engin,
For friendship, or for innocence ; nay,make
The gods all guiltie : I would vndertake
This, being impos'd me, both with gaine, and ease.
The way to rise, is to obey, and please.
He that will thriue in state, he must neglect
The trodden paths, that truth and right respect ;
And proue new, wilder wayes : for vertue, there,
Is not that narrow thing, shee is else-where.
Mens fortune there is vertue ; reason, their will :
Their licence, law ; and their obseruance, skill.
Occasion, is their foile ; conscience, their staine ;
Profit, their lustre : and what else is, vaine.
If then it be the lust of CAESARS power,
T'haue rais'd SEIANVS vp, and in an hower

O're-turne him, tumbling, downe, from height of all;
We are his ready engine: and his fall
May be our rise. It is no vncouth thing
To see fresh buildings from old ruines spring.

CHORVS——*Of Musicians.*

Act IIII.

GALLVS, AGRIPPINA, NERO, DRVSVS, CALIGVLA.

YOu must haue patience, royall AGRIPPINA.
AGR. I must haue vengeance, first: and that were *nectar*
Vnto my famish'd spirits. O, my fortune,
Let it be sodaine thou prepar'st against me;
Strike all my powers of vnderstanding blind,
And ignorant of destinie to come:
Let me not feare, that cannot hope. GAL. Deare Princesse,
These tyrannies,on your selfe,are worse then CAESAR'S.
AGR. Is this the happinesse of being borne great?
Still to be aim'd at? still to be suspected?
To liue the subiect of all iealousies?
At least the colour made, if not the ground
To euery painted danger? who would not
Choose once to fall, then thus to hang for euer?
GAL. You might be safe, if you would—AGR. What,my GALLVS?
Be lewd SEIANVS strumpet? Or the baud
To CAESARS lusts, he now is gone to practise?
Not these are safe, where nothing is. Your selfe,
While thus you stand but by me, are not safe.
Was SILIVS safe? or the good SOSIA safe?
Or was my niece, deare CLAVDIA PVLCHRA safe?
Or innocent FVRNIVS? They,that latest haue
(By being made guiltie) added reputation
To AFERS eloquence? O,foolish friends,
Could not so fresh example warne your loues,
But you must buy my fauours, with that losse
Vnto your selues: and, when you might perceiue
That CAESARS cause of raging must forsake him,
Before his will? Away, good GALLVS, leaue me.
Here to be seene, is danger; to speake, treason:
To doe me least obseruance, is call'd faction.
You are vnhappy in me, and I in all.
Where are my sonnes? NERO? and DRVSVS? We

Are

Are they, be shot at; Let vs fall apart:
Not, in our ruines, sepulchre our friends.
Or shall we doe some action, like offence,
To mocke their studies, that would make vs faultie?
And frustrate practice, by preuenting it?
The danger's like: for, what they can contriue,
They will make good. No innocence is safe,
When power contests. Nor can they trespasse more,
Whose only being was all crime, before.
NER. You heare, SEIANVS is come backe from CAESAR?
GAL. No. How? Disgrac'd? DRV. More graced now, then euer.
GAL. By what mischance? CAL. A fortune, like inough
Once to be bad. DRV. But turn'd too good, to both.
GAL. What was't? NER. TIBERIVS sitting at his meat,
In a farme house, they call *Spelunca*, sited
By the sea-side, among the *Fundane* hills,
Within a naturall caue, part of the grot
(About the entrie) fell, and ouer-whelm'd
Some of the wayters; others ran away:
Only SEIANVS, with his knees, hands, face,
Ore-hanging CAESAR, did oppose himselfe
To the remayning ruines, and was found
In that so labouring posture, by the souldiers
That came to succour him. With which aduenture,
He hath so fixt himselfe in CAESAR'S trust,
As thunder cannot mooue him, and is come
With all the height of CAESARS praise, to *Rome*.
AGR. And power, to turne those ruines all on vs;
And bury whole posterities beneath them.
NERO, and DRVSVS, and CALIGVLA,
Your places are the next, and therefore most
In their offence. Thinke on your birth, and bloud,
Awake your spirits, meete their violence,
'Tis princely, when a tyran doth oppose;
And is a fortune sent to exercise
Your vertue, as the wind doth trie strong trees:
Who by vexation grow more sound, and firme.
After your fathers fall, and vncles fate,
What can you hope, but all the change of stroke
That force, or slight can giue? then stand vpright;
And though you doe not act, yet suffer nobly:
Be worthy of my wombe, and take strong cheare;
What we doe know will come, we should not feare.

MACRO.

MACRO.

RETurn'd so soone? renew'd in trust, and grace?
Is CAESAR then so weake? or hath the place
But wrought this alteration, with the aire;
And he, on next remoue, will all repaire?
MACRO, thou art ingag'd: and what before
Was publique; now, must be thy priuate, more.
The weale of CAESAR, fitnesse did imply;
But thine owne fate confers necessity
On thy employment: and the thoughts borne nearest
Vnto our selues, moue swiftest still, and dearest.
If he recouer, thou art lost: yea, all
The weight of preparation to his fall
Will turne on thee, and crush thee. Therefore, strike
Before he settle, to preuent the like
Vpon thy selfe. He doth his vantage know,
That makes it home, and giues the foremost blow.

LATIARIS, RVFVS, OPSIVS.

IT is a seruice, great SEIANVS will
See well requited, and accept of nobly.
Here place your selues, betweene the roofe, and seeling,
And when I bring him to his wordes of danger,
Reueale your selues, and take him. RVF. Is he come?
LAT. I'le now goe fetch him. OPS. With good speed. I long
To merit from the state, in such an action.
RVF. I hope, it will obtayne the *Consul*-ship
For one of vs. OPS. We cannot thinke of lesse,
To bring in one, so dangerous as SABINVS.
RVF. He was a follower of GERMANICVS,
And still is an obseruer of his wife,
And children, though they be declin'd in grace;
A daily visitant, keepes them companie
In priuate, and in publique; and is noted
To be the only client, of the house:
Pray IOVE, he will be free to LATIARIS.
OPS. H'is alli'd to him, and doth trust him well.
RVF. And he'll requite his trust? OPS. To doe an office
So gratefull to the state, I know no man
But would straine neerer bands, then kindred— RVF. List,
I heare them come. OPS. Shift to our holes, with silence.

LATIARIS,

LATIARIS, SABINVS.

IT is a noble constancie you shew
To this afflicted house : that not like others,
(The friends of season) you doe follow fortune,
And in the winter of their fate, forsake
The place, whose glories warm'd you. You are iust,
And worthy such a princely patrones loue,
As was the worlds-renown'd GERMANICVS :
Whose ample merit when I call to thought,
And see his wife and issue, obiects made
To so much enuie, iealousie, and hate,
It makes me ready to accuse the gods
Of negligence, as men of tyrannie.
SAB. They must be patient, so must we. LAT. O IOVE.
What will become of vs, or of the times,
When, to be high, or noble, are made crimes?
When land, and treasure are most dangerous faults?
SAB. Nay, when our table, yea our bed assaults
Our peace, and safetie? when our writings are,
By any enuious instruments (that dare
Apply them to the guiltie) made to speake
What they will haue, to fit their tyrannous wreake?
When ignorance is scarcely innocence :
And knowledge made a capitall offence?
When not so much, but the bare emptie shade
Of libertie, is reft vs? and we made,
The prey to greedie *Vultures*, and vile spies,
That first transfixe vs with their murdering eyes?
LAT. Methinkes, the *Genius* of the *Romane* race
Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame
Of libertie might be reuiu'd againe,
(Which no good man but with his life, should lose)
And we not sit like spent, and patient fooles
Still puffing in the darke, at one poore coale,
Held on by hope, till the last sparke is out.
The cause is publique, and the honour, name,
The immortalitie of euery soule
That is not bastard, or a slaue in *Rome*,
Therein concern'd : Whereto, if men would change
The weari'd arme, and for the waightie shield
So long sustain'd, employ the facile sword,
We might haue some assurance of our vowes.
This asses fortitude doth tyre vs all.
It must be actiue valour must redeeme

Our

Our losse, or none. The rocke, and our hard steele
Should meete, t'enforce those glorious fires againe,
Whose splendor cheer'd the world, and heat gaue life
No lesse then doth the sunne's. SAB. 'Twere better stay,
In lasting darkenesse, and despaire of day.
No ill should force the subiect vndertake
Against the soueraigne, more then hell should make
The gods doe wrong. A good man should, and must
Sit rather downe with losse, then rise vniust.
Though, when the *Romanes* first did yeeld themselues
To one mans power, they did not meane their liues,
Their fortunes, and their liberties, should be
His absolute spoile, as purchas'd by the sword.
LAT. Why we are worse, if to be slaues, and bond
To CAESARS slaue, be such, the proud SEIANVS!
He that is all, do's all, giues CAESAR leaue
To hide his vlcerous, and anointed face,
With his bald crowne at *Rhodes*, while he here stalkes
Vpon the heads of *Romanes*, and their Princes,
Familiarly to empire. SAB. Now you touch
A point indeed, wherein he shewes his arte,
As well as power. LAT. And villany in both.
Doe you obserue where LIVIA lodges? How
DRVSVS came dead? What men haue beene cut off?
SAB. Yes, those are things remou'd: I neerer look't,
Into his later practice, where he stands
Declar'd a master in his mysterie.
First, ere TIBERIVS went, he wrought his feare
To thinke that AGRIPPINA sought his death.
Then put those doubts in her; sent her oft word,
Vnder the show of friendship, to beware
Of CAESAR, for he laid to poyson her:
Draue them to frownes, to mutuall iealousies,
Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
Since, he hath had his hyred instruments
To worke on NERO, and to heaue him vp;
To tell him CAESAR'S old; that all the people,
Yea, all the armie haue their eyes on him;
That both doe long to haue him vndertake
Something of worth, to giue the world a hope;
Bids him to court their grace: The easie youth,
Perhaps, giues eare, which straight he writes to CAESAR;
And with this comment; See yon'd dangerous boy;
Note but the practice of the mother, there;
Shee's tying him, for purposes at hand,

With men of sword. Here's CAESAR put in fright
'Gainst sonne, and mother. Yet, he leaues not thus.
The second brother DRVSVS (a fierce nature,
And fitter for his snares, because ambitious,
And full of enuie) him he clasp's, and hugs,
Poysons with praise, tells him what hearts he weares,
How bright he stands in popular expectance;
That *Rome* doth suffer with him, in the wrong
His mother does him, by preferring NERO:
Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst other,
Proiects the course, that serues him to condemne,
Keepes in opinion of a friend to all,
And all driues on to ruine. LAT. CAESAR sleepes,
And nods at this? SAB. Would he might euer sleepe,
Bogg'd in his filthy lusts. OPS. Treason to CAESAR.
RVF. Lay hands vpon the traytor, LATIARIS,
Or take the name thy selfe. LAT. I am for CAESAR.
SAB. Am I then catch'd? RVF. How thinke you, sir? you are.
SAB. Spies of this head! so white! so full of yeeres!
Well, my most reuerend monsters, you may liue
To see your selues thus snar'd. OPS. Away with him.
LAT. Hale him away. RVF. To be a spie for traytors,
Is honorable vigilance. SAB. You doe well,
My most officious instruments of state;
Men of all vses: Drag me hence, away.
The yeere is well begun, and I fall fit,
To be an offring to SEIANVS. Goe.
OPS. Couer him with his garments, hide his face.
SAB. It shall not need. Forbeare your rude assault,
The fault's not shamefull villanie makes a fault.

MACRO, CALIGVLA.

SIr, but obserue how thicke your dangers meete
In his cleare drifts! Your mother, and your brothers,
Now cited to the *Senate*! Their friend, GALLVS,
Feasted to day by CAESAR, since committed!
SABINVS, here we met, hurryed to fetters!
The *Senators* all strooke with feare, and silence,
Saue those, whose hopes depend not on good meanes,
But force their priuate prey, from publique spoile!
And you must know, if here you stay, your state
Is sure to be the subiect of his hate,
As now the obiect. CAL. What would you aduise me?
MAC. To goe for *Capreæ* presently: and there

Giue

Giue vp your selfe, entirely, to your vncle.
Tell CAESAR (since your mother is accus'd
To flie for succours to AVGVSTVS statue,
And to the armie, with your brethren) you
Haue rather chose, to place your aides in him,
Then liue suspected; or in hourely feare
To be thrust out, by bold SEIANV'S plots:
Which, you shall confidently vrge, to be
Most full of perill to the state, and CAESAR,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run, with common safety.
All which (vpon the second) I'le make plaine,
So both shall loue, and trust with CAESAR gaine.
CAL. Away then, let's prepare vs for our iourney.

ARRVNTIVS.

STill, do'st thou suffer heau'n? will no flame,
No heate of sinne make thy iust wrath to boile
In thy distemp'red bosome, and ore-flow
The pitchy blazes of impietie,
Kindled beneath thy throne? Still canst thou sleepe,
Patient, while vice doth make an antique face
At thy drad power, and blow dust, and smoke
Into thy nostrils? IOVE, will nothing wake thee?
Must vile SEIANVS pull thee by the beard,
Ere thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye,
And looke him dead? Well! Snore on, dreaming gods:
And let this last of that proud Giant-race,
Heaue mountayne vpon mountayne, 'gainst your state——
Be good vnto me, fortune, and you powers,
Whom I, expostulating, haue profan'd;
I see (what's equall with a prodigie)
A great, a noble *Romane*, and an honest,
Liue an old man! O, MARCVS LEPIDVS,
When is our turne to bleed? Thy selfe, and I
(Without our boast) are a'most all the few
Left, to be honest, in these impious times.

LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.

WHat we are left to be, we will be, LVCIVS,
Though tyrannie did stare, as wide as death,
To fright vs from it. ARR. 'T hath so, on SABINVS.
LEP. I saw him now drawne from the *Gemonies*,

And (what increas'd the direnesse of the fact)
His faithfull dogge (vpbraiding all vs *Romanes)*
Neuer forsooke the corp's, but, seeing it throwne
Into the streame, leap'd in, and drown'd with it.
ARR. O act! to be enui'd him, of vs men!
We are the next, the hooke layes hold on, MARCVS:
What are thy artes (good patriot, teach them me)
That haue preseru'd thy haires, to this white die,
And kept so reuerend, and so deare a head,
Safe, on his comely shoulders? LEP. Arts, ARRVNTIVS?
None, but the plaine, and passiue fortitude,
To suffer, and be silent; neuer stretch
These armes, against the torrent; liue at home,
With my owne thoughts, and innocence about me,
Not tempting the wolues iawes: these are my artes.
ARR. I would begin to studie 'hem, if I thought
They would secure me. May I pray to IOVE,
In secret, and be safe? I, or aloud?
With open wishes? so I doe not mention
TIBERIVS, or SEIANVS? yes, I must,
If I speake out. 'Tis hard, that. May I thinke,
And not be rackt? What danger is't to dreame?
Talke in ones sleepe? or cough? who knowes the law?
May I shake my head, without a comment? say
It raines, or it holds vp, and not be throwne
Vpon the *Gemonies?* These now are things,
Whereon mens fortune, yea their fate depends.
Nothing hath priuiledge 'gainst the violent eare.
No place, no day, no houre (we see) is free
(Not our religious, and most sacred times)
From some one kind of crueltie: all matter,
Nay all occasion pleaseth. Mad-mens rage,
The idlenesse of drunkards, womens nothing,
Iesters simplicity, all, all is good
That can be catch'd at. Nor is now th'euent
Of any person, or for any crime,
To be expected; for, 'tis alwayes one:
Death, with some little difference of place,
Or time— what's this? Prince NERO? guarded?

LACO, NERO, LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.

ON, *Lictors*, keepe your way: My lords, forbeare.
On paine of CAESARS wrath, no man attempt
Speech with the prisoner. NER. Noble friends, be safe:

To

To loose your selues for wordes, were as vaine hazard,
As vnto me small comfort : Fare you well.
Would all *Rome's* suffrings in my fate did dwell.
LAC. *Lictors*, away. LEP. Where goes he, LACO? LAC. Sir,
H'is banish'd into *Pontia*, by the *Senate*.
ARR. Do'I see? and heare? and feele? May I trust sense?
Or doth my phant'sie forme it? LEP. Where's his brother?
LAC. DRVSVS is prisoner in the palace. ARR. Ha?
I smell it now : 'tis ranke. Where's AGRIPPINA?
LAC. The princesse is confin'd, to *Pandataria*.
ARR. Bolts, VULCAN ; bolts, for IOVE ! PHŒBVS, thy bow;
Sterne MARS, thy sword ; and *blue-ey'd Maid*, thy speare ;
Thy club, ALCIDES : all the armorie
Of heauen is too little!—Ha? to guard
The gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch ! This same
Was swiftly borne ! confin'd? imprison'd? banish'd?
Most tripartite ! The cause, sir? LAC. Treason. ARR. O?
The complement of all accusings? that
Will hit, when all else failes. LEP. This turne is strange !
But yesterday, the people would not heare
Farre lesse obiected, but cry'd, CAESARS letters
Were false, and forg'd ; that all these plots were malice :
And that the ruine of the Princes house
Was practis'd 'gainst his knowledge. Where are now
Their voyces? now, that they behold his heires
Lock'd vp, disgrac'd, led into exile? ARR. Hush'd.
Drown'd in their bellies. Wild SEIANVS breath
Hath, like a whirle-wind, scatter'd that poore dust,
With this rude blast. Wee'll talke no treason, sir,
If that be it you stand for? Fare you well.
We haue no need of horse-leeches. Good spie,
Now you are spi'd, be gone. LEP. I feare, you wrong him.
He has the voyce to be an honest *Romane*.
ARR. And trusted to this office? LEPIDVS,
I'ld sooner trust *Greeke*-SINON, then a man
Our state employes. Hee's gone : and being gone,
I dare tell you (whom I dare better trust)
That our night-ey'd TIBERIVS doth not see
His minions drifts ; or, if he doe, h'is not
So errant subtill, as we fooles doe take him :
To breed a mungrell vp, in his owne house,
With his owne bloud, and (if the good gods please)
At his owne throte, flesh him, to take a leape.
I doe not beg it, heau'n : but, if the fates
Grant it these eyes, they must not winke. LEP. They must

He turnes to Laco, and the rest.

Not see it, LVCIVS. ARR. Who should let 'hem? LEP. Zeale,
And dutie; with the thought, he is our Prince.
ARR. He is our monster: forfeited to vice
So far, as no rack'd vertue can redeeme him.
His lothed person fouler then all crimes:
An Emp'rour, only in his lusts. Retir'd
(From all regard of his owne fame, or *Rome's)*
Into an obscure Iland; where he liues
(Acting his *tragedies* with a *comick* face)
Amid'st his rout of *Chaldee's*: spending houres,
Dayes, weekes, and months, in the vnkind abuse
Of graue *astrologie*, to the bane of men,
Casting the scope of mens natiuities,
And hauing found ought worthy in their fortune,
Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,
And boast, he can mocke fate. Nay, muse not: these
Are farre from ends of euill, scarse degrees.
He hath his slaughter-house, at *Capreæ*;
Where he doth studie murder, as an arte:
And they are dearest in his grace, that can
Deuise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
He hath his boyes, and beauteous girles tane vp,
Out of our noblest houses, the best form'd,
Best nurtur'd, and most modest: what's their good
Serues to prouoke his bad. Some are allur'd,
Some threatned; others (by their friends detain'd)
Are rauish'd hence, like captiues, and, in sight
Of their most grieued parents, dealt away
Vnto his *spintries*, *sellaries*, and slaues,
Masters of strange, and new-commented lusts,
For which wise nature hath not left a name.
To this (what most strikes vs, and bleeding *Rome,)*
He is, with all his craft, become the ward
To his owne vassall, a stale *catamite*:
Whom he (vpon our low, and suffering necks)
Hath rais'd, from excrement, to side the gods,
And haue his proper sacrifice in *Rome:*
Which IOVE beholds, and yet will sooner riue
A senslesse oke with thunder, then his trunck.

LACO, POMPONIVS, MINVTIVS, TERENTIVS.

To them.

THese letters make men doubtfull what t'expect,
Whether his comming, or his death. POM. Troth, both:
And which comes soonest, thanke the gods for. (ARR. List,

Their

Their talke is CAESAR, I would heare all voyces.)
MAR. One day, hee's well; and will returne to *Rome:*
The next day, sicke; and knowes not when to hope it.
LAC. True, and to day, one of SEIANVS friends
Honour'd by speciall writ; and on the morrow
Another punish'd—— POM. By more speciall writ.
MIN. This man receiues his praises of SEIANVS,
A second, but slight mention: a third, none:
A fourth, rebukes. And thus he leaues the *Senate*
Diuided, and suspended, all vncertayne.
LAC. These forked tricks, I vnderstand 'hem not,
Would he would tell vs whom he loues, or hates,
That we might follow, without feare, or doubt.
(ARR. Good HELIOTROPE! Is this your honest man?
Let him be yours so still. He is my knaue.)
POM. I cannot tell, SEIANVS still goes on,
And mounts, we see: New statues are aduanc'd,
Fresh leaues of titles, large inscriptions read,
His fortune sworne by, himselfe new gone out
CAESARS colleague, in the fifth *Consulship*,
More altars smoke to him, then all the gods: (him.)
What would wee more? (ARR. That the deare smoke would choke
LAC. But there are letters come (they say) eu'n now,
Which doe forbid that last. MIN. Doe you heare so? LAC. Yes.
POM. By CASTOR, that's the worst. (ARR. By POLLVX, best.)
MIN. I did not like the signe, when REGVLVS,
(Whom all we know no friend vnto SEIANVS)
Did, by TIBERIVS so precise command,
Succeed a fellow in the *Consulship:*
It boded somewhat. POM. Not a mote. His partner,
FVLCINIVS TRIO, is his owne; and sure.
Here comes TERENTIVS. He can giue vs more.
LEP. I'le ne're beleeue, but CAESAR hath some sent
Of bold SEIANVS footing. These crosse points
Of varying letters, and opposing *Consuls*,
Mixing his honours, and his punishments,
Fayning now ill, now well, raysing SEIANVS,
And then depressing him, (as now of late
In all reports we haue it) cannot be
Emptie of practice: 'Tis TIBERIVS arte.
For (hauing found his fauorite growne too great,
And, with his greatnesse, strong, that all the souldiers
Are, with their leaders, made at his deuotion,
That almost all the *Senate* are his creatures,
Or hold on him their maine dependances,

Either for benefit, or hope, or feare ;
And that himselfe hath lost much of his owne,
By parting vnto him ; and by th'increase
Of his ranke lusts, and rages, quite disarm'd
Himselfe of loue, or other publique meanes,
To dare an open contestation)
His subtilty hath chose this doubling line,
To hold him euen in : not so to feare him,
As wholly put him out, and yet giue checke
Vnto his farder boldnesse. In meane time,
By his employments, makes him odious
Vnto the staggering rout, whose aide (in fine)
He hopes to vse, as sure, who (when they sway)
Beare downe, ore-turne all obiects in their way.
ARR. You may be a LINCEVS, LEPIDVS : yet, I
See no such cause, but that a politique tyranne
(Who can so well disguise it) should haue tane
A neerer way : fain'd honest, and come home
To cut his throte, by law. LEP. I, but his feare
Would ne're be masqu'd, all-be his vices were.
POM. His lordship then is still in grace? TER. Assure you,
Neuer in more, either of grace, or power.
POM. The gods are wise, and iust. (ARR. The fiends they are.
To suffer thee belie 'hem?) TER. I haue here
His last, and present letters, where he writes him
The *Partner of his cares*, and *his* SEIANVS ——
LAC. But is that true, it 'tis prohibited,
To sacrifice vnto him? TER. Some such thing
CAESAR makes scruple of, but forbids it not ;
No more then to himselfe : sayes, he could wish
It were forborne to all. LAC. Is it no other?
TER. No other, on my trust. For your more surety,
Here is that letter too. (ARR. How easily,
Doe wretched men beleeue, what they would haue !
Lookes this like plot? LEP. Noble ARRVNTIVS, stay.)
LAC. He names him here without his titles. (LEP. Note.
ARR. Yes, and come of your notable foole. I will.)
LAC. No other, then SEIANVS. POM. That's but haste
In him that writes. Here he giues large amends.
MAR. And with his owne hand written? POM. Yes. LAC. Indeed?
TER. Beleeue it, gentlemen, SEIANVS brest
Neuer receiu'd more full contentments in,
Then at this present. POM. Takes he well th'escape
Of young CALIGVLA, with MACRO? TER. Faith,
At the first aire, it somewhat troubled him.

(LEP.

(LEP. Obserue you? ARR. Nothing. Riddles. Till I see
SEIANVS strooke, no sound thereof strikes me.)
POM. I like it not. I muse h' would not attempt
Somewhat against him in the *Consul*-ship,
Seeing the people 'ginne to fauour him.
TER. He doth repent it, now; but h' has employ'd
PAGONIANVS after him: and he holds
That correspondence, there, with all that are
Neere about CAESAR, as no thought can passe
Without his knowledge, thence, in act to front him.
POM. I gratulate the newes. MAC. But, how comes MACRO
So in trust, and fauour, with CALIGVLA?
POM. O sir, he ha's a wife; and the young Prince
An appetite: he can looke vp, and spie
Flies in the roofe, when there are fleas i' bed;
And hath a learned nose to'assure his sleepes.
Who, to be fauour'd of the rising sunne,
Would not lend little of his waning moone?
'Tis the saf'st ambition. Noble TERENTIVS.
TER. The night growes fast vpon vs. At your seruice.

CHORVS—*Of Musicians.*

Act V.

SEIANVS.

SWell, swell, my ioyes: and faint not to declare
Your selues, as ample, as your causes are.
I did not liue, till now; this my first hower:
Wherein I see my thoughts reach'd by my power.
But this, and gripe my wishes. Great, and high,
The world knowes only two, that's *Rome*, and I.
My roofe receiues me not; 'tis aire I tread:
And, at each step, I feele my' aduanced head
Knocke out a starre in heau'n! Rear'd to this height,
All my desires seeme modest, poore and sleight,
That did before sound impudent: 'Tis place,
Not bloud, discernes the noble, and the base.
Is there not something more, then to be CAESAR?
Must we rest there? It yrkes, t' haue come so far,
To be so neere a stay. CALIGVLA,
Would thou stood'st stiffe, and many, in our way.
Windes lose their strength, when they doe emptie flie,
Vn-met of woods or buildings; great fires die

That

That want their matter to with-stand them : So,
It is our griefe, and will be' our losse, to know
Our power shall want opposites ; vnlesse
The gods, by mixing in the cause, would blesse
Our fortune with their conquest. That were worth
SEIANVS strife, durst fates but bring it forth.

TERENTIVS, SEIANVS.

SAfety, to great SEIANVS. SEI. Now, TERENTIVS?
TER. Heares not my lord the wonder? SEI. Speake it, No.
TER. I meete it violent in the peoples mouthes,
Who runne, in routs, to POMPEY'S theatre,
To view your statue : which, they say, sends forth
A smoke, as from a furnace, black, and dreadfull.
SEI. Some traytor hath put fire in : you, goe see.
And let the head be taken off, to looke
What 'tis. Some slaue hath practis'd an imposture
To stirre the people. How now? why returne you?

SATRIVS, NATTA.

THe head, my lord, already is tane off,
I saw it : and, at op'ning, there leap't out
A great, and monstrous serpent. SEI. Monstrous! why?
Had it a beard? and hornes? no heart? a tongue
Forked as flatterie? look'd it of the hue,
To such as liue in great mens bosomes? was
The spirit of it MACRO'S? NAT. May it please
The most diuine SEIANVS, in my dayes,
(And by his sacred fortune, I affirme it)
I haue not seene a more extended, growne,
Foule, spotted, venomous, vgly——— SEI. O, the fates!
What a wild muster's here of attributes,
T'expresse a worme, a snake? TER. But how that should
Come there, my lord? SEI. What! and you too, TERENTIVS?
I thinke you meane to make't a prodigie
In your reporting? TER. Can the wise SEIANVS
Thinke heau'n hath meant it lesse? SEI. O, superstition!
Why, then the falling of our bed, that brake
This morning, burd'ned with the populous weight
Of our expecting clients, to salute vs,
Or running of the cat, betwixt our legs,
As we set forth vnto the *capitoll*,
Were prodigies. TER. I thinke them ominous :

And,

And, would they had not hap'ned. As, to day,
The fate of some your seruants ! who, declining
Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,
Slip't downe the *Gemonies,* and brake their necks !
Besides, in taking your last augurie,
No prosperous bird appear'd, but croking rauens
Flag'd vp and downe : and from the sacrifice
Flew to the prison, where they sate, all night,
Beating the aire with their obstreperous beakes !
I dare not counsell, but I could entreat
That great SEIANVS would attempt the gods,
Once more, with sacrifice. SEI. What excellent fooles
Religion makes of men ? Beleeues TERENTIVS,
(If these were dangers, as I shame to thinke them)
The gods could change the certayne course of fate ?
Or, if they could, they would (now, in a moment)
For a beeues fat, or lesse, be brib'd t' inuert
Those long decrees ? Then thinke the gods, like flies,
Are to be taken with the steame of flesh,
Or bloud, diffus'd about their altars : thinke
Their power as cheape, as I esteeme it small.
Of all the throng, that fill th'*Olympian* hall,
And (without pitty) lade poore ATLAS back,
I know not that one deity, but *Fortune* ;
To whom, I would throw vp, in begging smoke,
One grane of incense : or whose eare I'ld buy
With thus much oyle. Her, I, indeed, adore ;
And keepe her gratefull image in my house,
Some-times belonging to a *Romane* king,
But, now call'd mine, as by the better stile :
To her, I care not, if (for satisfying
Your scrupulous phant'sies) I goe offer. Bid
Our priest prepare vs honny, milke, and poppy,
His masculine odours, and night-vestments : say,
Our rites are instant, which perform'd, you'll see
How vaine, and worthy laughter, your feares be.

COTTA, POMPONIVS.

POMPONIVS ! whither in such speed ? POM. I goe
To giue my lord SEIANVS notice——— COT. What ?
POM. Of MACRO. COT. Is he come ? POM. Entr'd but now
The house of REGVLVS. COT. The opposite *Consul ?*
POM. Some halfe houre since. COT. And, by night too ! stay, sir ;
I'le beare you companie. POM. Along, then———

MACRO,

MACRO, REGVLVS, LACO.

THIS CAESARS will, to haue a frequent *Senate.*
And therefore must your edict lay deepe mulct
On such, as shall be absent. REG. So it doth.
Beare it my fellow *Consul* to adscribe.
MAC. And tell him it must early be proclaim'd;
The place, APOLLO'S temple. REG. That's remembred.
MAC. And at what houre? REG. Yes. MAC. You doe forget
To send one for the *Prouost* of the watch?
REG. I haue not: here he comes. MAC. GRACINVS LACO,
You'are a friend most welcome: by, and by,
I'le speake with you. (You must procure this list
Of the *Prætorian* cohorts, with the names
Of the *Centurions*, and their *Tribunes*. REG. I.)
MAC. I bring you letters, and a health from CAESAR———
LAC. Sir, both come well. MAC. (And heare you, with your note,
Which are the eminent men, and most of action.
The Consul goes out. REG. That shall be done you too.) MAC. Most worthy LACO,
CAESAR salutes you. *(Consul!* death, and furies!
Gone now?) the argument will please you, sir.
(Hough! REGVLVS? The anger of the gods
Follow his diligent legs, and ouer'take 'hem,
Returnes: In likenesse of the gout.) O, good my lord,
We lackt you present; I would pray you send
Another to FVLCINIVS TRIO, straight,
To tell him, you will come, and speake with him:
(The matter wee'le deuise) to stay him, there,
While I, with LACO, doe suruay the watch.
Goes out againe. What are your strengths, GRACINVS? LAC. Seuen cohorts.
MAC. You see, what CAESAR writes: and (——gone againe?
H'has sure a veine of *mercury* in his feet)
Knew you, what store of the *prætorian* souldiers
SEIANVS holds, about him, for his guard?
LAC. I cannot the iust number: but, I thinke,
Three *centuries*. MAC. Three? good. LAC. At most, not foure.
MAC. And who be those *Centurions?* LAC. That the *Consul*
Can best deliuer you. MAC. (When h'is away:
Spight, on his nimble industrie.) GRACINVS,
You find what place you hold, there, in the trust
Of royall CAESAR? LAC. I, and I am——— MAC. Sir,
The honours, there propos'd, are but beginnings
Of his great fauours. LAC. They are more——— MAC. I heard him
When he did studie, what to adde——— LAC. My life,
And all I hold——— MAC. You were his owne first choise;

Which

Which doth confirme as much, as you can speake :
And will (if we succeed) make more——— Your guardes
Are seuen cohorts, you say? LAC. Yes. MAC. Those we must
Hold still in readinesse, and vndischarg'd.
LAC. I vnderstand so much. But how it can———
MAC. Be done without suspition, you'll obiect?
REG. What's that? LAC. The keeping of the watch in armes, *Returnes.*
When morning comes. MAC. The *Senate* shall be met, and set
So early, in the temple, as all marke
Of that will be auoided. REG. If we need,
We haue commission, to possesse the palace,
Enlarge prince DRVSVS, and make him our chiefe.
MAC. (That secret would haue burn't his reuerend mouth,
Had he not spit it out, now :) by the gods,
You carry things too——— let me borrow' a man,
Or two, to beare these——— That of freeing DRVSVS,
CAESAR proiected as the last, and vtmost ;
Not else to be remembred. REG. Here are seruants.
MAC. These to ARRVNTIVS, these to LEPIDVS,
This beare to COTTA, this to LATIARIS.
If they demand you'of me : say, I haue tane
Fresh horse, and am departed. You (my lord)
To your colleague , and be you sure, to hold him
With long narration, of the new fresh fauours,
Meant to SEIANVS, his great patron ; I,
With trusted LACO, here, are for the guards :
Then, to diuide. For, night hath many eies,
Whereof, though most doe sleepe, yet some are spies.

PRÆCONES,
FLAMEN, MINISTRI,
SEIANVS, TERENTIVS, SATRIVS, &c.

BE all profane farre hence ; Flie , flie farre off :
Be absent farre. Farre hence be all profane.
FLA. We haue beene faultie, but repent vs now, *Tub. Tib.*
And bring *pure hands , pure vestments* , and *pure minds.* Sound, while the *Flamen* washeth.
MIN. *Pure vessells.* MIN. And *pure offrings.* MIN. *Garlands pure.*
FLA. Bestow your *garlands :* and (with reuerence) place
The *veruin* on the altar. PRAE. *Fauour your tongues.*
FLA. *Great mother* FORTVNE , *Queene of humane state,*
Rectresse of action , Arbitresse of fate,
To whom all sway , all power , all empire bowes,
Be present , and propitious to our vowes.
PRAE. *Fauour it with your tongues.*

MIN.

MIN. *Be present, and propitious to our vowes.*
Accept our offring, and be pleas'd, great goddesse.
TER. See, see, the image stirres! SAT. And turnes away!
NAT. *Fortune* auerts her face! FLA. Auert, you gods,
The prodigie. Still! still! Some pious rite
We haue neglected. Yet! heau'n, be appeas'd.
And be all tokens false, or void, that speake
Thy present wrath. SEI. Be thou dumbe, scrupulous priest:
And gather vp thy selfe, with these thy wares,
Which I, in spight of thy blind mistris, or
Thy iuggling mysterie, religion, throw
Thus, scorned on the earth. Nay, hold thy looke
Auerted, till I woo thee, turne againe;
And thou shalt stand, to all posteritie,
Th'eternall game, and laughter, with thy neck
Writh'd to thy taile, like a ridiculous cat.
Auoid these fumes, these superstitious lights,
And all these coos'ning ceremonies: you,
Your pure, and spiced conscience. I, the slaue,
And mock of fooles, (scorne on my worthy head)
That haue beene titled, and ador'd a god,
Yea, sacrific'd vnto, my selfe, in *Rome*,
No lesse then IOVE: and I be brought, to doe
A peeuish gigglot rites? Perhaps, the thought,
And shame of that made *Fortune* turne her face,
Knowing her selfe the lesser deitie,
And but my seruant. Bashfull queene, if so,
SEIANVS thankes thy modestie. Who's that?

While they sound againe, the *Flamen* takes of the hony, with his finger, & tasts, then ministers to all the rest: so of the milk, in an earthen vessel, he deals about; which done, he sprinkleth, vpon the altar, milke; then imposeth the hony, and kindleth his gummes, and after censing about the altar placeth his censer thereon, into which they put seuerall branches of poppy, and the musique ceasing, proceed.

POMPONIVS, SEIANVS, MINVTIVS, &c.

HIs fortune suffers, till he heares my newes:
I haue waited here too long. MACRO, my lord———
SEI. Speake lower, & with-draw. TER. Are these things true?
MIN. Thousands are gazing at it, in the streets.
SEI. What's that? TER. MINVTIVS tells vs here, my lord,
That, a new head being set vpon your statue,
A rope is since found wreath'd about it! and,
But now, a fierie meteor, in the forme
Of a great ball, was seene to rowle along
The troubled ayre, where yet it hangs, vnperfect,
The amazing wonder of the multitude!
SEI. No more. That MACRO'S come, is more then all!
TER. Is MACRO come? POM. I saw him. TER. Where? with whom?
POM. With REGVLVS. SEI. TERENTIVS—— TER. My lord?

SEI.

SEI. Send for the *Tribunes*, we will straight haue vp
More of the souldiers, for our guard. MINVTIVS,
We pray you, goe for COTTA, LATIARIS,
TRIO the *Consul*, or what *Senators*
You know are sure, and ours. You, my good NATTA,
For LACO, *Prouost* of the watch. Now, SATRIVS,
The time of proofe comes on. Arme all our seruants,
And without tumult. You, POMPONIVS,
Hold some good correspondence, with the *Consul*,
Attempt him, noble friend. These things begin
To looke like dangers, now, worthy my fates.
Fortune, I see thy worst : Let doubtfull states,
And things vncertaine hang vpon thy will :
Me surest death shall render certaine still.
Yet, why is, now, my thought turn'd toward death,
Whom fates haue let goe on, so farre, in breath,
Vncheck'd, or vnreprou'd? I, that did helpe
To fell the loftie Cedar of the world,
GERMANICVS ; that, at one stroke, cut downe
DRVSVS, that vpright Elme ; wither'd his vine ;
Laid SILIVS, and SABINVS, two strong Okes,
Flat on the earth ; besides, those other shrubs,
CORDVS, and SOSIA, CLAVDIA PVLCHRA,
FVRNIVS, and GALLVS, which I haue grub'd vp ;
And since, haue set my axe so strong, and deepe
Into the roote of spreading AGRIPPINE ;
Lopt off, and scatter'd her proud branches, NERO,
DRVSVS, and CAIVS too, although re-planted ;
If you will, destinies, that, after all,
I faint, now, ere I touch my period ;
You are but cruell : and I alreadie haue done
Things great inough. All *Rome* hath beene my slaue ;
The *Senate* sate an idle looker on,
And witnesse of my power ; when I haue blush'd,
More, to command, then it to suffer ; all
The *Fathers* haue sate readie, and prepar'd,
To giue me empire, temples, or their throtes,
When I would aske 'hem ; and (what crownes the top)
Rome, *Senate*, people, all the world haue seene
IOVE, but my equall : CAESAR, but my second.
'Tis then your malice, fates, who (but your owne)
Enuy, and feare, t'haue any power long knowne.

TERENTIVS, TRIBVNES.

STay here : I'le giue his lordship , you are come.

MINVTIVS, COTTA, LATIARIS.

They confer their letters.

MARCVS TERENTIVS, pray you tell my lord,
Here's COTTA, and LATIARIS. TER. Sir , I shall.
COT. My letter is the very same with yours ;
Onely requires mee to bee present there,
And giue my voyce, to strengthen his designe.
LAT. Names he not what it is? COT. No, nor to you.
LAT. 'Tis strange, and singular doubtfull! COT. So it is?
It may bee all is left to lord SEIANVS.

To them.

NATTA, LACO.

GEntlemen, where's my lord? TRI. Wee wait him here.
COT. The *Prouost* LACO? what's the newes? LAT. My lord——

To them.

SEIANVS.

NOw, my right deare, noble, and trusted friends ;
How much I am a captiue to your kindnesse!
Most worthy COTTA, LATIARIS; LACO,
Your valiant hand ; and gentlemen, your loues.
I wish I could diuide my selfe vnto you ;
Or that it lay, within our narrow powers,
To satisfie for so enlarged bountie.
GRACINVS, we must pray you, hold your guardes
Vnquit, when morning comes. Saw you the *Consul?*
MIN. TRIO will presently be here, my lord.
COT. They are but giuing order for the edict,
To warne the *Senate*. SEI. How! the *Senate?* LAT. Yes.
This morning, in APOLLO'S temple. COT. We
Are charg'd, by letter, to be there, my lord.
SEI. By letter? pray you let's see! LAT. Knowes not his lordship!
COT. It seemes so! SEI. A *Senate* warn'd? without my knowledge?
And on this sodaine? *Senators* by letters
Required to be there! who brought these? COT. MACRO.
SEI. Mine enemie! And when? COT. This mid-night. SEI. Time,
With eu'ry other circumstance, doth giue
It hath some streine of engin in't! How now?

SATRIVS,

SATRIVS, SEIANVS, &c.

MY lord, SERTORIVS MACRO is without,
Alone, and prayes t'haue priuate conference
In businesse, of high nature, with your lordship,
(He say's to me) and which reguards you much.
SEI. Let him come here. SAT. Better, my lord, with-draw,
You will betray what store, and strength of friends
Are now about you; which he comes to spie.
SEI. Is he not arm'd? SAT. Wee'll search him. SEI. No, but take,
And lead him to some roome, where you, conceal'd,
May keepe a guard vpon vs. Noble LACO,
You are our trust: and, till our owne cohorts
Can be brought vp, your strengths must be our guard.
Now, good MINVTIVS, honour'd LATIARIS, *He salutes them humbly.*
Most worthy, and my most vnwearied friends:
I returne instantly. LAT. Most worthy lord!
COT. His lordship is turn'd instant kind, me thinkes,
I'haue not obseru'd it in him, heretofore.
TRI. 1. 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly. MIN. I
Am rap't withall. TRI. 2. By MARS, he has my liues,
(Were they a million) for this onely grace.
LAC. I, and to name a man! LAT. As he did me!
MIN. And me! LAT. Who would not spend his life and fortunes,
To purchase but the looke of such a lord?
LAC. He, that would nor be lords foole, nor the worlds.

SEIANVS, MACRO.

MACRO! most welcome, as most coueted friend!
Let me enioy my longings. When arriu'd you?
MAC. About the noone of night. SEI. SATRIVS, giue leaue.
MAC. I haue beene, since I came, with both the *Consuls*,
On a particular designe from CAESAR.
SEI. How fares it with our great, and royall master?
MAC. Right plentifully well; as, with a prince,
That still holds out the great proportion
Of his large fauours, where his iudgement hath
Made once diuine election: like the god,
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
Where merit meets his bountie, as it doth
In you, alreadie the most happy, and ere
The sunne shall climbe the south, most high SEIANVS.
Let not my lord be'amus'd. For, to this end
Was I by CAESAR sent for, to the isle,

Which speciall caution to conceale my iourney ;
And, thence, had my dispatch as priuately
Againe to *Rome* ; charg'd to come here by night ;
And, onely to the *Consuls*, make narration
Of his great purpose : that the benefit
Might come more full, and striking, by how much
It was lesse look'd for, or aspir'd by you ,
Or least informed to the common thought.
SEI. What may this be? part of my selfe, deare MACRO,
If good, speake out : and share with your SEIANVS.
MAC. If bad, I should for euer lothe my selfe,
To be the messenger to so good a lord.
I doe exceed m' instructions, to acquaint
Your lordship with thus much ; but 'tis my venture
On your retentiue wisedome : and, because
I would no iealous scruple should molest
Or racke your peace of thought. For, I assure
My noble lord, no *Senator* yet knowes
The businesse meant : though all, by seuerall letters,
Are warned to be there, and giue their voyces,
Onely to adde vnto the state, and grace
Of what is purpos'd. SEI. You take pleasure, MACRO,
Like a coy wench, in torturing your louer.
What can be worth this suffering? MAC. That which followes,
The *tribuniciall* dignitie, and power :
Both which SEIANVS is to haue this day
Confer'd vpon him, and by publique *Senate.*
SEI. Fortune, be mine againe ; thou hast satisfied
For thy suspected loyaltie. MAC. My lord,
I haue no longer time, the day approcheth,
And I must backe to CAESAR. SEI. Where's CALIGVLA?
MAC. That I forgot to tell your lordship. Why,
He lingers yonder, about *Capreæ*,
Disgrac'd ; TIBERIVS hath not seene him yet :
He needs would thrust himselfe to goe with me,
Against my wish, or will, but I haue quitted
His forward trouble, with as tardie note
As my neglect, or silence could afford him.
Your lordship cannot now command me ought,
Because, I take no knowledge that I saw you,
But I shall boast to liue to serue your lordship :
And so take leaue. SEI. Honest, and worthy MACRO,
Your loue, and friendship. Who's there? SATRIVS,
Attend my honourable friend forth. O!
How vaine, and vile a passion is this feare?

What

What base, vncomely things it makes men doe?
Suspect their noblest friends, (as I did this)
Flatter poore enemies, intreat their seruants,
Stoupe, court, and catch at the beneuolence
Of creatures, vnto whom (within this houre)
I would not haue vouchsaf'd a quarter-looke,
Or piece of face? By you, that fooles call gods,
Hang all the skie with your prodigious signes,
Fill earth with monsters, drop the *scorpion* downe,
Out of the *zodiack*, or the fiercer *lyon*,
Shake off the loos'ned globe from her long henge,
Rowle all the world in darkenesse, and let loose
Th'inraged windes to turne vp groues and townes;
When I doe feare againe, let me be strooke
With forked fire, and vnpittyed die:
Who feares, is worthy of calamitie.

POMPONIVS, REGVLVS, TRIO.

To the rest.

IS not my lord here? TER. Sir, he will be straight.
COT. What newes, FVLCINIVS TRIO? TRI. Good, good tidings.
(But, keepe it to your selfe) My lord SEIANVS
Is to receiue this day, in open *Senate*,
The *tribuniciall* dignitie. COT. Is't true?
TRI. No wordes; not to your thought: but, sir, beleeue it.
LAT. What sayes the *Consul?* COT. (Speake it not againe,)
He tells me, that to day my lord SEIANVS ———
(TRI. I must entreat you COTTA, on your honour
Not to reueale it. COT. On my life, sir.) LAT. Say.
COT. Is to receiue the *tribuniciall* power.
But, as you are an honourable man,
Let me coniure you, not to vtter it:
For it is trusted to me, with that bond.
LAT. I am HARPOCRATES. TER. Can you assure it?
POM. The *Consul* told it me, but keepe it close.
MIN. Lord LATIARIS, what's the newes? LAT. I'le tell you,
But you must sweare to keepe it secret———

SEIANVS.

To them.

I Knew the fates had on their distaffe left
More of our thread, then so. REG. Haile, great SEIANVS.
TRI. Haile, the most honor'd. COT. Happy. LAT. High SEIAN⁹.
SEI. Doe you bring prodigies too? TRI. May all presage
Turne to those faire effects, whereof we bring

Your lordship newes. REG. May 't please my lord with-draw.
To some that stand by. SEI. Yes (I will speake with you, anon.) TER. My lord,
What is your pleasure for the *Tribunes?* SEI. Why,
Let 'hem be thank't, and sent away. MIN. My lord———
LAC. Wilt please your lordship to command me——— SEI. No.
You are troublesome. MIN. The mood is chang'd. TRI. Not speake?
TRI. Nor looke? LAC. I. He is wise, will make him friends
Of such, who neuer loue, but for their ends.

Diuers other Senators passing by them.

ARRVNTIVS, LEPIDVS.

I, Goe, make haste; take heed you be not last
To tender your *All haile*, in the wide hall
Of huge SEIANVS: runne, a *Lictors* pace;
Stay not to put your robes on; but, away,
With the pale troubled ensignes of great friendship
Stamp't i' your face! Now, MARCVS LEPIDVS,
You still beleeue your former augurie?
SEIANVS must goe downe-ward? you perceiue
His wane approching fast? LEP. Beleeue me, LVCIVS,
I wonder at this rising! ARR. I, and that we
Must giue our suffrage to it? you will say,
It is to make his fall more steepe, and grieuous?
It may be so. But thinke it, they that can
With idle wishes 'ssay to bring backe time:
In cases desperate, all hope is crime.
See, see! what troups of his officious friends
Flock to salute my lord! and start before
My great, proud lord! to get a lord-like nod!
Attend my lord, vnto the *Senate*-house!
Bring back my lord! like seruile huishers, make
Way for my lord! proclaime his idoll lord-ship,
More then ten cryers, or sixe noise of trumpets!
Make legs, kisse hands, and take a scatter'd haire
From my lords eminent shoulder! See, SANQVINIVS!
With his slow belly, and his dropsie! looke,
What toyling haste he makes! yet, here's another,
Retarded with the gout, will be afore him!
Get thee *liburnian* porters, thou grosse foole,
To beare thy obsequious fatnesse, like thy peeres.
They are met! The gout returnes, and his great carriage.

LICTORS,

LICTORS, CONSVLS, SEIANVS, &c.

Passe ouer the stage.

GIue way, make place ; roome for the *Consul*. SAN. Haile,
Haile, great SEIANVS. HAT. Haile, my honor'd lord.
ARR. We shall be markt anon, for our not-haile.
LEP. That is already done. ARR. It is a note
Of vpstart greatnesse, to obserue, and watch
For these poore trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects, and scornes. LEP. I, and they thinke themselues
Deepely dishonor'd, where they are omitted,
As if they were necessities, that helpt
To the perfection of their dignities :
And hate the men, that but refraine 'hem. ARR. O!
There is a farder cause of hate. Their brests
Are guiltie, that we know their obscure springs,
And base beginnings : thence the anger growes. On. Follow.

MACRO, LACO.

VVHen all are entred, shut the temple doores ;
And bring your guardes vp to the gate. LAC. I will.
MAC. If you shall heare commotion in the *Senate*,
Present your selfe : and charge on any man
Shall offer to come forth. LAC. I am instructed.

THE SENATE.

HATERIVS, TRIO, SANQVINIVS,
COTTA, REGVLVS, SEIANVS,
POMPONIVS, LATIARIS,
LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS,
PRÆCONES, LICTORES.

HOw well his lordship lookes to day! TRI. As if
He had beene borne, or made for this houres state.
COT. Your fellow *Consul's* come about, me thinkes?
TRI. I, he is wise. SAN. SEIANVS trusts him well.
TRI. SEIANVS is a noble, bounteous lord.
HAT. He is so, and most valiant. LAT. And most wise.
SEN. Hee's euery thing. LAT. Worthy of all, and more
Then bountie can bestow. TRI. This dignitie
Will make him worthy. POM. Aboue CAESAR. SAN. Tut,
CAESAR is but the rector of an I'sle,
He of the empire. TRI. Now he will haue power

More

More to reward, then euer. COT. Let vs looke
We be not slack in giuing him our voyces.
LAT. Not I. SAN. Nor I. COT. The readier we seeme
To propagate his honours, will more bind
His thought, to ours. HAT. I thinke right, with your lordship.
It is the way to haue vs hold our places.
SAN. I, and get more. LAT. More office, and more titles.
POM. I will not lose the part, I hope to share
In these his fortunes, for my patrimonie.
LAT. See, how ARRVNTIVS sits, and LEPIDVS.
TRI. Let 'hem alone, they will be markt anon.
SEN. I'le doe with others. SEN. So will I. SEN. And I.
Men grow not in the state, but as they are planted
Warme in his fauours. COT. Noble SEIANVS!
HAT. Honor'd SEIANVS! LAT. Worthy, and great SEIANVS!
ARR. Gods! how the spunges open, and take in!
And shut againe! looke, looke! is not he blest
That gets a seate in eye-reach of him? more,
That comes in eare, or tongue-reach? Ô, but most,
Can claw his subtle elbow, or with a buzze
Fly-blow his eares. PRAET. Proclaime the *Senates* peace;
And giue last summons by the edict. PRAE. Silence:
In name of CAESAR, and the SENATE. Silence.
MEMMIVS REGVLVS, *and* FVLCINIVS TRIO, *Consuls, these present kalends of Iune, with the first light, shall hold a senate, in the temple of* APOLLO PALATINE, *all that are Fathers, and are registred Fathers, that haue right of entring the Senate, we warne, or command, you be frequently present, take knowledge the businesse is the common-wealths, whosoeuer is absent, his fine, or mulct, will be taken, his excuse will not be taken.*
TRI. Note, who are absent, and record their names.
REG. *Fathers Conscript. May, what I am to vtter,*
Turne good, and happy, for the common-wealth.
And thou APOLLO, in whose holy house
We here are met, inspire vs all, with truth,
And libertie of censure, to our thought.
The maiestie of great TIBERIVS CAESAR
Propounds to this graue *Senate*, the bestowing
Vpon the man he loues, honour'd SEIANVS,
The *tribuniciall* dignitie, and power;
Here are his letters, signed with his signet:
What pleaseth now the Fathers to be done?
SEN. Reade, reade 'hem, open, publiquely, reade 'hem.
COT. CAESAR hath honour'd his owne greatnesse much,
In thinking of this act. TRI. It was a thought
Happy, and worthy CAESAR. LAT. And the lord,

As worthy it, on whom it is directed!

HAT. Most worthy! SAN. *Rome* did neuer boast the vertue
That could giue enuie bounds, but his: SEIANVS ———

SEN. Honour'd, and noble! SEN. Good, and great SEIANVS!

ARR. O, most tame slauerie, and fierce flatterie! PRAE. Silence.

TIBERIVS CÆSAR
TO THE SENATE,
GREETING.

The Epistle is read.

IF you, Conscript Fathers, with your children, bee in health, it is abound-dantly well: wee with our friends here, are so. The care of the common-wealth, howsoeuer we are remoou'd in person, cannot be absent to our thought; although, oftentimes, euen to princes most present, the truth of their owne affaires is hid: then which, nothing fals out more miserable to a state, or makes the art of gouerning more difficult. But since it hath beene our ease-full happinesse to enioy both the aides, and industrie of so vigilant a Senate, wee professe to haue beene the more indulgent to our pleasures, not as being carelesse of our office, but rather secure of the necessitie. Neyther doe these common rumors of many, and infamous libels published against our retirement, at all afflict vs; being born more out of mens ignorance, then their malice: and will, neglected, finde their owne graue quickly; whereas too sensibly acknowledg'd, it would make their obloquie ours. Nor doe we desire their authors (though found) bee censur'd, since in a free state (as ours) all men ought to enioy both their mindes, and tongues free.

(ARR. The lapwing, the lapwing.)

Yet, in things, which shall worthily, and more neere concerne the maiestie of a prince, we shall feare to be so vnnaturally cruell to our owne fame, as to neglect them. True it is, Conscript Fathers, that wee haue raysed SEIANVS, *from obscure, and almost vnknowne gentrie,* (SEN. How! how!) *to the highest, and most conspicuous point of greatnesse, and (wee hohe) deseruingly; yet, not without danger: it being a most bold hazard in that sou'raigne, who, by his particular loue to one, dares aduenture the hatred of all his other subiects.*

(ARR. This touches, the bloud turnes.)

But wee affie in your loues, and vnderstandings, and doe no way suspect the merit of our SEIANVS *to make our fauours offensiue to any.*

(SEN. O! good, good.)

Though we could haue wished his zeale had runne a calmer course against AGRIPPINA, *and our Nephewes, howsoeuer the openesse of their actions, declared them delinquents; and, that he would haue remembred, no innocence is so safe, but it reioyceth to stand in the sight of mercie: The vse of which in vs, hee hath so quite taken away, toward them, by his loyall furie, as now our clemencie would be thought but wearied crueltie, if we should offer to exercise it.*

(ARR. I thanke him, there I look'd for't. A good fox!)

Some there bee, that would interpret this his publique seueritie to bee particu-

lar

lar ambition; and that, vnder a pretext of seruice to vs, hee doth but remoone his
owne lets: alleadging the strengths he hath made to himselfe, by the Prætorian
souldiers, by his faction in Court, and Senate, by the offices hee holdes himselfe,
and conferres on others, his popularitie, and dependents, his vrging (and almost
driuing) vs to this our vnwilling retirement, and lastly his aspiring to be our sonne
in-law.

(SEN. This 's strange!

ARR. I shall anon beleeue your vultures, MARCVS.)

Your wisedomes, Conscript Fathers, are able to examine, and censure these
suggestions. But, were they left to our absoluing voyce, we durst pronounce them,
as we thinke them, most malicious.

(SEN. O, he has restor'd all, list.)

Yet, are they offer'd to bee auerr'd, and on the liues of the informers. What wee
should say, or rather what we should not say, Lords of the Senate, if this bee
true, our gods, and goddesses confound vs if we know! Only, we must thinke, we
haue plac'd our benefits ill: and conclude, that, in our choise, either we were wan-
ting to the gods, or the gods to vs.

The Senators shift their places.

(ARR. The place growes hot, they shift.)

We haue not beene couetous, Honourable Fathers, to change; neither is it now,
any new lust that alters our affection, or old lothing: but those needfull iealousies
of state, that warne wiser princes, hourely, to prouide their safetie; and doe
teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest enemy; much more
of those great ones, whom their owne employ'd fauours haue made fit for their
feares.

(SEN. Away. SEN. Sit farder. COT. Let's remoove——

ARR. Gods! how the leaues drop off, this little winde!)

We therefore desire, that the offices he holds, bee first seized by the Senate; and
himselfe suspended from all exercise of place, or power—— (TERIVS?

(SEN. How! SAN. By your leaue. ARR. Come, *Porcpisce*, (wher's HA-
His gout keepes him most miserably constant.)
Your dancing shewes a tempest. SEI. Reade no more.

REG. Lords of the *Senate*, hold your seates: reade on.

Laco enters with the guards.

SEI. These letters, they are forg'd. REG. A guard, sit still.

ARR. There's change. REG. Bid silence, and reade forward.

PRAE. Silence—— *and himselfe suspended from all exercise of place, or*
power, but till due and mature tryall be made of his innocency, which yet we can
faintly apprehend the necessitie, to doubt. If, Conscript Fathers, to your
more searching wisedomes, there shall appeare farther cause (or of farder pro-
ceeding, either to seizure of lands, goods, or more——) it is not our power that
shall limit your authoritie, or our fauour, that must corrupt your iustice: either
were dishonourable in you, and both vncharitable to our selfe. We would willing-
ly be present with your counsailes in this businesse, but the danger of so potent a
faction (if it should proueso) forbids our attempting it: except one of the Consuls
would be intreated for our safetie, to vndertake the guard of vs home, then wee
should most readily aduenture. In the meane time, it shall not bee fit for vs to

importune

importune so iudicious a Senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent,
that spare the guiltie: and how gratefull a sacrifice, to the gods, is the life of an ingratefull person. We reflect not, in this, on SEIANVS *(notwithstanding, if you keepe an eye vpon him— and there is* LATIARIS *a Senator, and* PINNARIVS NATTA, *two of his most trusted ministers, and so profest, whom we desire not to haue apprêended) but as the necessitie of the cause exacts it.*

REG. A guard on LATIARIS. ARR. O, the spie!
The reuerend spie is caught, who pitties him?
Reward, sir, for your seruice: now, you ha' done
Your propertie, you see what vse is made?
Hang vp the instrument. SEI. Giue leaue. LAC. Stand, stand,
He comes vpon his death, that doth aduance
An inch toward my point. SEI. Haue we no friends here?
ARR. Hush't. Where now are all the hailes, and acclamations?

MACRO, SENATE.

HAile, to the *Consuls*, and this noble *Senate*.
SEI. Is MACRO here? O, thou art lost, SEIANVS.
MAC. Sit still, and vn-affrighted, *reuerend Fathers*.
MACRO, by CAESARS grace, the new-made *Prouost*,
And now possest of the *prætorian* bands,
An honour late belong'd to that proud man,
Bids you, be safe: and to your constant doome
Of his deseruings, offers you the surety
Of all the souldiers, *tribunes*, and *centurions*,
Receiu'd in our command. REG. SEIANVS, SEIANVS,
Stand forth, SEIANVS. SEI. Am I call'd? MAC. I, thou,
Thou insolent monster, art bid stand. SEI. Why, MACRO,
It hath beene otherwise, betweene you, and I?
This court, that knowes vs both, hath seene a difference,
And can (if it be pleas'd to speake) confirme,
Whose insolence is most. MAC. Come downe *Typhœus*,
If mine be most, loe, thus I make it more;
Kicke vp thy heeles in ayre, teare off thy robe,
Play with thy beard, and nostrills. Thus 'tis fit,
(And no man take compassion of thy state)
To vse th'ingratefull viper, tread his braines
Into the earth. REG. Forbeare. MAC. If I could lose
All my humanitie now, 'twere well to torture
So meriting a traytor. VVherefore, *Fathers*,
Sit you amaz'd, and silent? and not censure
This wretch, who in the houre he first rebell'd
'Gainst CAESARS bountie, did condemne himselfe?

P'hlegra,

P'hlegra, the field, where all the sonnes of earth
Muster'd against the gods, did ne're acknowledge
So proud, and huge a monster. REG. Take him hence.
And all the gods guard CAESAR. TRI. Take him hence.
HAT. Hence. COT. To the dungeon with him. SAN. He deserues it.
SEN. Crowne all our doores with bayes. SAN. And let an oxe
With gilded hornes, and garlands, straight be led
Vnto the *capitoll*. HAT. And sacrific'd
To IOVE, for CAESARS safety. TRI. All our gods
Be present still to CAESAR. COT. PHŒBVS. SAN. MARS.
HAT. DIANA. SAN. PALLAS. SEN. IVNO, MERCVRIE,
All guard him. MAC. Forth, thou prodigie of men.
COT. Let all the traytors titles be defac'd.
TRI. His images, and statues be pull'd downe.
HAT. His chariot-wheeles be broken. ARR. And the legs
Of the poore horses, that deserued naught,
Let them be broken too. LEP. O, violent change,
And whirle of mens affections! ARR. Like, as both
Their bulkes and soules were bound on fortunes wheele,
And must act onely with her motion!

LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.

WHo would depend vpon the popular ayre,
Or voyce of men, that haue to day beheld
(That which if all the gods had fore-declar'd,
Would not haue beene beleeu'd) SEIANVS fall?
He, that this morne rose proudly, as the sunne?
And, breaking through a mist of clients breath,
Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he
When superstitious *Moores* salute his light!
That had our seruile nobles waiting him
As common groomes; and hanging on his looke,
No lesse then humane life on destinie!
That had mens knees as frequent, as the gods;
And sacrifices, more, then *Rome* had altars:
And this man fall! fall? I, without a looke,
That durst appeare his friend; or lend so much
Of vaine reliefe, to his chang'd state, as pitty!
ARR. They, that before like gnats plaid in his beames,
And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not seene!
Nor deigne to hold a common seate with him!
Others, that wayted him vnto the *Senate*,
Now, inhumanely rauish him to prison!

Whom

Whom (but this morne) they follow'd as their lord,
Guard through the streets, bound like a fugitiue!
In stead of wreaths, giue fetters; strokes, for stoops:
Blind shame, for honours; and black taunts, for titles!
Who would trust slippery chance? LEP. They, that would make
Themselues her spoile: and foolishly forget,
When shee doth flatter, that shee comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadst no deitie, if men
Had wisedome: we haue placed thee so high,
By fond beliefe in thy felicitie.
SEN. The gods guard CAESAR. All the gods guard CAESAR. *Shout within.*

MACRO, REGVLVS, SENATORS.

NOw great SEIANVS, you that aw'd the state,
And sought to bring the nobles to your whip,
That would be CAESARS tutor, and dispose
Of dignities, and offices! that had
The publique head still bare to your designes,
And made the generall voyce to eccho yours!
That look'd for salutations, twelue score off,
And would haue pyramid's, yea, temples rear'd
To your huge greatnesse! now, you lie as flat,
As was your pride aduanc'd. REG. Thanks, to the gods.
SEN. And praise to MACRO, that hath saued *Rome*.
Liberty, liberty, liberty. Lead on,
And praise to MACRO, that hath saued *Rome*.

ARRVNTIVS, LEPIDVS, TERENTIVS.

IProphesie, out of this *Senates* flatterie,
That this new fellow, MACRO, will become
A greater prodigie in *Rome*, then he
That now is falne. TER. O you, whose minds are good,
And haue not forc'd all mankind, from your brests;
That yet haue so much stock of vertue left,
To pitty guiltie states, when they are wretched:
Lend your soft eares to heare, and eyes to weepe
Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of *furies*.
The eager multitude, (who neuer yet
Knew why to loue, or hate, but onely pleas'd
T'expresse their rage of power) no sooner heard
The murmure of SEIANVS in decline,
But with that speed, and heate of appetite,

With which they greedily deuoure the way
To some great sports, or a new theatre;
They fill'd the *capitoll*, and POMPEI'S circke,
Where, like so many mastiues, biting stones,
As if his statues now were sensitiue
Of their wild furie; first, they teare them downe:
Then fastning ropes, drag them along the streets,
Crying in scorne, this, this was that rich head
Was crown'd with garlands, and with odours, this
That was in *Rome* so reuerenced. Now
The fornace, and the bellowes shall too worke
The great SEIANVS crack, and piece, by piece,
Drop i' the founders pit. LEP. O, popular rage!
TER. The whilst, the *Senate*, at the temple of *Concord*,
Make haste to meet againe, and thronging cry,
Let vs condemne him, tread him downe in water,
While he doth lie vpon the banke; away:
Where some, more tardie, cry vnto their bearers,
He will be censur'd ere we come, runne knaues,
And vse that furious diligence, for feare
Their bond-men should informe against their slacknesse,
And bring their quaking flesh vnto the hooke:
The rout, they follow with confused voyce,
Crying, they'are glad, say they could ne're abide him;
Enquire, what man he was? what kind of face?
What beard he had? what nose? what lips? protest,
They euer did presage h' would come to this:
They neuer thought him wise, nor valiant: Aske
After his garments, when he dies? what death?
And not a beast of all the herd demands,
What was his crime? or, who were his accusers?
Vnder what roofe, or testimonie, he fell?
There came (sayes one) a huge, long, worded letter
From *Capreæ* against him. Did there so?
O, they are satisfied, no more. LEP. Alas!
They follow fortune, and hate men condemn'd,
Guiltie, or not. ARR. But, had SEIANVS thriu'd
In his designe, and prosperously opprest
The old TIBERIVS, then, in that same minute
These very raskals, that now rage like *furies*,
Would haue proclaim'd SEIANVS emperour.
LEP. But what hath follow'd? TER. Sentence, by the *Senate*;
To lose his head: which was no sooner off,
But that, and th'vnfortunate trunke were seiz'd

By

By the rude multitude ; who not content
With what the forward iustice of the state,
Officiously had done, with violent rage
Haue rent it limbe, from limbe. A thousand heads,
A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues, and voyces,
Employ'd at once in seuerall acts of malice!
Old men not staid with age, virgins with shame,
Late wiues with losse of husbands, mothers of children,
Losing all griefe in ioy of his sad fall,
Runne quite transported with their crueltie!
These mounting at his head, these at his face,
These digging out his eyes, those with his braine,
Sprinkling themselues, their houses, and their friends ;
Others are met, haue rauish'd thence an arme,
And deale small pieces of the flesh for fauours ;
These with a thigh ; this hath cut off his hands ;
And this his feet ; these fingers, and these toes ;
That hath his liuer ; he his heart : there wants
Nothing but roome for wrath, and place for hatred!
What cannot oft be done, is now ore-done.
The whole, and all of what was great SEIANVS,
And next to CAESAR did possesse the world,
Now torne, and scatter'd, as he needs no graue,
Each little dust couers a little part :
So lyes he no where, and yet often buryed!

ARRVNTIVS, NVNTIVS, LEPIDVS, TERENTIVS.

MOre of SEIANVS? NVN. Yes. LEP. What can be added?
We know him dead. NVN. Then, there begin your pitty.
There is inough behind, to melt eu'n *Rome*,
And CAESAR into teares : (since neuer slaue
Could yet so highly offend, but tyrannie,
In torturing him, would make him worth lamenting.)
A sonne, and daughter, to the dead SEIANVS,
(Of whom there is not now so much remayning
As would giue fastning to the hang-mans hooke)
Haue they drawne forth for farder sacrifice ;
Whose tendernesse of knowledge, vnripe yeares,
And childish silly innocence was such,
As scarse would lend them feeling of their danger :
The girle so simple, as shee often askt,
Where they would lead her ? for what cause they drag'd her ?
Cry'd, *shee would doe no more. That shee could take*

Warning with beating. And because our lawes
Admit no virgin immature to die,
The wittily, and strangely-cruell MACRO,
Deliuer'd her to be deflowr'd, and spoil'd,
By the rude lust of the licentious hang-man,
Then, to be strangled with her harmelesse brother.
LEP. O, act, most worthy hell, and lasting night,
To hide it from the world! NVN. Their bodies throwne
Into the *Gemonies*, (I know not how,
Or by what accident return'd) the mother,
Th'expulsed APICATA, finds them there;
Whom when shee saw lie spred on the degrees,
After a world of furie on her selfe,
Tearing her haire, defacing of her face,
Beating her brests, and wombe, kneeling amaz'd,
Crying to heauen, then to them; at last,
Her drowned voyce gate vp aboue her woes:
And with such black, and bitter execrations,
(As might affright the gods, and force the sunne
Runne back-ward to the east, nay, make the old
Deformed CHAOS rise againe, t' ore-whelme
Them, vs, and all the world) shee fills the aire;
Vpbraids the heauens with their partiall doomes,
Defies their tyrannous powers, and demands,
What shee, and those poore innocents haue transgress'd,
That they must suffer such a share in vengeance,
Whilst LIVIA, LYGDVS, and EVDEMVS liue,
Who, (as shee say's, and firmely vowes, to proue it
To CAESAR, and the *Senate)* poyson'd DRVSVS?
LEP. Confederates with her husband? NVN. I. LEP. Strange act!
ARR. And strangely open'd: what say's now my monster,
The multitude? they reele now? doe they not?
NVN. Their gall is gone, and now they 'gin to weepe
The mischiefe they haue done. ARR. I thanke 'hem, rogues!
NVN. Part are so stupide, or so flexible,
As they beleeue him innocent; all grieue:
And some, whose hands yet reeke with his warme bloud,
And gripe the part which they did teare of him,
Wish him collected, and created new.
LEP. How fortune plies her sports, when shee begins
To practise 'hem! pursues, continues, addes!
Confounds, with varying her empassion'd moodes!
ARR. Do'st thou hope fortune to redeeme thy crimes?
To make amends, for thy ill placed fauours,

With

With these strange punishments? Forbeare, you things,
That stand vpon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height; when you doe fall,
You pash your selues in pieces, nere to rise:
And he that lends you pitty, is not wise.
TER. Let this example mooue th'insolent man,
Not to grow proud, and carelesse of the gods:
It is an odious wisedome, to blaspheme,
Much more to slighten, or denie their powers.
For, whom the morning saw so great, and high,
Thus low, and little, 'fore the'euen doth lie.

THE END.

This Tragœdie vvas first
acted, in the yeere
1603.

By the Kings Maiesties
SERVANTS.

The principall Tragœdians were,

RIC. BVRBADGE.	WILL. SHAKE-SPEARE.
AVG. PHILIPS.	IOH. HEMINGS.
WILL. SLY.	HEN. CONDEL.
IOH. LOWIN.	ALEX. COOKE.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

VOLPONE,

OR

THE FOXE.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1605. By
the K. MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.
Simul & iucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

TO

THE MOST NOBLE AND MOST EQVALL SISTERS

THE TWO FAMOVS VNIVERSITIES

FOR THEIR LOVE

AND

ACCEPTANCE

SHEW'N TO HIS POEME IN THE

PRESENTATION

BEN. IONSON

THE GRATEFVLL ACKNOWLEDGER

DEDICATES

BOTH IT AND HIMSELFE.

Neither

NEuer (most equall SISTERS) had any man a wit so presently excellent, as that it could raise it selfe; but there must come both matter, occasion, commenders, and fauourers to it: If this be true, and that the fortune of all writers doth daily proue it, it behoues the carefull to prouide, well, toward these accidents; and, hauing acquir'd them, to preserue that part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the benefit of a friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I now render my selfe gratefull, and am studious to iustifie the bounty of your act: to which, though your mere authority were satisfying, yet, it being an age, wherein Poetrie, and the Professors of it heare so ill, on all sides, there will a reason bee look'd for in the subiect. It is certayne, nor can it with any fore-head be oppos'd, that the too-much licence of Poetasters, in this time, hath much deform'd their Mistris; that, euery day, their manifold, and manifest ignorance, doth sticke vnnaturall reproches vpon her: But for their petulancy, it were an act of the greatest iniustice, either to let the learned suffer; or so diuine a skill (which indeed should not bee attempted with vncleane hands) to fall, vnder the least contempt. For, if men will impartially, and not à-squint, looke toward the offices, and function of a Poet, they will easily conclude to themselues, the impossibility of any mans being the good Poet, without first being a good man. He that

is

is said to be able to informe yong-men to all good disciplines, inflame growne-men to all great vertues, keepe old-men in their best and supreme state, or as they decline to child-hood, recouer them to their first strength; that comes forth the interpreter, and arbiter of nature, a teacher of things diuine, no lesse then humane, a master in manners; and can alone (or with a few) effect the businesse of man-kind: this, I take him, is no subiect for pride, and ignorance to exercise their rayling rhetorique vpon. But, it will here be hastily answer'd, that the writers of these dayes are other things; that, not only their manners, but their natures are inuerted; and nothing remayning with them of the dignitie of Poet, but the abused name, which euery Scribe vsurps: that now, especially in dramatick, *or (as they terme it) stage-*poetrie, *nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blasphemy, all licence of offence to god, and man, is practis'd. I dare not denie a great part of this (and am sorry, I dare not) because in some mens abortiue features (and would they had neuer boasted the light) it is ouer-true: But, that all are embarqu'd in this bold aduenture for hell, is a most vncharitable thought, and, vtter'd, a more malicious slander. For my particular, I can (and from a most cleare conscience) affirme, that I haue euer trembled to thinke toward the least prophanenesse; haue lothed the vse of such foule, and vn-wash'd baudr'y, as is now made the foode of the* scene: *And, howsoeuer I cannot escape, from some, the imputation of sharpnesse, but that they will say, I haue taken a pride, or*

or lust, to be bitter, and not my yongest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would aske of these supercilious politiques, what nation, societie, or generall order, or state I haue prouok'd? what publique person? whether I haue not (in all these) preseru'd their dignitie, as mine owne person, safe? My workes are read, allow'd, (I speake of those that are intirely mine) looke into them: What broad reproofes haue I vs'd? Where haue I beene particular? Where personall? except to a mimick, cheater, bawd, or buffon, creatures (for their insolencies) worthy to be tax'd? Yet, to which of these so pointingly, as he might not, either ingenuously haue confest, or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is not rumour can make men guiltie, much lesse entitle me, to other mens crimes. I know, that nothing can bee so innocently writ, or carryed, but may be made obnoxious to construction; mary, whil'st I beare mine innocence about mee, I feare it not. Application, is now, growne a trade with many; and there are, that professe to haue a key for the decyphering of euery thing: but let wise and noble persons take heed how they be too credulous, or giue leaue to these inuading interpreters, to bee ouer-familiar with their fames, who cunningly, and often, vtter their owne virulent malice, vnder other mens simplest meanings. As for those, that will (by faults which charitie hath rack'd vp, or common honestie conceal'd) make themselues a name with the multitude, or (to draw their rude, and beastly claps) care not whose liuing faces they intrench, with their petulant stiles; may

may they doe it, without a riuall, for me: I choose rather to liue grau'd in obscuritie, then share with them, in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those seuere, and wiser patriots, who prouiding the hurts these licentious spirits may doe in a state, desire rather to see fooles, and deuils, and those antique reliques of barbarisme retriu'd, with all other ridiculous, and exploded follies: then behold the wounds of priuate men, of princes, and nations. For, as HORACE *makes* TREBATIVS *speake, among these*

——Sibi quisq; timet, quanquam est intactus, & odit.

And men may iustly impute such rages, if continu'd, to the writer, as his sports. The increase of which lust in liberty, together with the present trade of the stage, in all their misc'line enter-ludes, *what learned or liberall soule doth not already abhor? where nothing but the filth of the time is vtter'd, and that with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of* solœcismes, *such dearth of sense, so bold* prolepse's, *so rackt* metaphor's, *with brothelry, able to violate the eare of a pagan, and blasphemy, to turne the bloud of a christian to water. I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my fame, and the reputations of diuers honest, and learned are the question; when a Name, so ful of authority, antiquity, and all great marke, is (through their insolence) become the lowest scorne of the age: and those men subiect to the petulancy of euery vernaculous Orator, that were wont to bee the care of Kings, and happiest Monarchs. This it is, that hath not only rap't me to pre-*

sent indignation, but made me studious, heretofore; and, by all my actions, to stand off, from them: which may most appeare in this my latest worke (which you, most learned ARBITRESSES, *haue seene, iudg'd, and to my crowne, approu'd) wherein I haue labour'd, for their instruction, and amendment, to reduce, not onely the ancient formes, but manners of the* scene, *the easinesse, the propriety, the innocence, and last the doctrine, which is the principall end of* poesie, *to informe men, in the best reason of liuing. And though my* catastrophe *may, in the strict rigour of* comick *law, meet with censure, as turning back to my promise; I desire the learned, and charitable critick to haue so much faith in me, to thinke it was done off industrie: For, with what ease I could haue varied it, neerer his scale (but that I feare to boast my owne faculty) I could here insert. But my speciall ayme being to put the snaffle in their mouths, that crie out, we neuer punish vice in our* enterludes, *&c. I tooke the more liberty; though not without some lines of example, drawne euen in the ancients themselues, the goings out of whose* comœdies *are not alwaies ioyfull, but oft-times, the bawdes, the seruants, the riuals, yea, and the masters are mulcted: and fitly, it being the office of a* comick-Poet, *to imitate iustice, and instruct to life, as well as puritie of language, or stirre vp gentle affections. To which, I shall take the occasion else-where to speake. For the present (most reuerenced* SISTERS) *as I haue car'd to be thankefull for your affections past, and here made the vnderstanding acquainted with some ground*

ground of your fauours; let me not despaire their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits: wherein, if my MVSES *be true to me, I shall raise the despis'd head of* poetrie *againe, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags, wherwith the Times haue adulterated her form, restore her to her primitiue habit, feature, and maiesty, and render her worthy to be imbraced, and kist, of all the great and master-*spirits *of our world. As for the vile, and slothfull, who neuer affected an act worthy of celebration, or are so inward with their owne vicious natures, as they worthily feare her; and thinke it a high point of policie, to keepe her in contempt with their declamatorie, and windy inuectiues: shee shall out of iust rage incite her seruants (who are* genus iritabile) *to spout inke in their faces, that shall eate farder then their marrow, into their fames; and not* CINNAMVS *the barber, with his arte, shall be able to take out the brands. but they shall liue, and bee read, till the wretches dye, as things worst deseruing of themselues in chiefe, and then of all mankind.*

The Persons of the Play.

VOLPONE, *a Magnifico.*

MOSCA, *his Parasite.*

VOLTORE, *an Aduocate.*

CORBACCIO, *an old Gentleman.*

CORVINO, *a Merchant.*

AVOCATORI, *four Magistrates*

NOTARIO, *the Register.*

NANO, *a Dwarfe.*

CASTRONE, *an Eunuch.*

GREGE.

POLITIQVE WOVLD-BEE, *a Knight.*

PEREGRINE, *a Gent.-trauailer.*

BONARIO, *a yong Gentleman.*

FINE MADAME WOVLD-BEE, *the Knights wife.*

CELIA, *the Merchants wife.*

COMMANDADORI, *Officers.*

MERCATORI, *three Merchants.*

ANDROGYNO, *a Hermaphrodite.*

SERVITORE, *a Seruant.*

WOMEN.

THE SCENE

VENICE.

VOLPONE,

OR

THE FOXE.

THE ARGVMENT.

VOLPONE, *childlesse, rich, faines sicke, despaires,*
Offers his state to hopes of seuerall heires,
Lies languishing; His Parasite receaues
Presents of all, assures, deludes: Then weaues
Other crosse-plots, which ope' themselues, are told.
New tricks for safety, are sought; they thriue: When, bold,
Each tempts th' other againe, and all are sold.

PROLOGVE.

NOw, luck yet send vs, and a little wit
Will serue, to make our play hit;
(According to the palates of the season)
Here is ri'me, not emptie of reason:
This we were bid to credit, from our *Poet*,
Whose true scope, if you would know it,
In all his *poemes*, stil, hath been this measure,
To mix profit, with your pleasure;
And not as some (whose throats their enuy
fayling)
Cry hoarsely, all he writes, is rayling:
And, when his playes come forth, thinke they can flout them,
With saying, he was a yeere about them.
To these there needs no lie, but this his creature,
Which was, two months since, no feature;
And, though he dares giue them fiue liues to mend it,
'Tis knowne, fiue weekes fully pen'd it:

From his owne hand, without a co-adiutor,
Nouice, iourney-man, or tutor.
Yet, thus much I can giue you, as a token
Of his Playes worth, No egges are broken;
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your rout are so delighted;
Nor hales he in a gull, old ends reciting,
To stop gaps in his loose writing;
With such a deale of monstrous, and forc'd action:
As might make *Bet'lem* a faction:
Nor made he'his Play, for iests, stolne from each table,
But makes iests, to fit his fable.
And, so presents quick *comœdie*, refined,
As best Criticks haue designed,
The lawes of time, place, persons he obserueth,
From no needfull rule he swerueth.
All gall, and coppresse, from his inke, he drayneth,
Onely, a little salt remayneth;
Wherewith, he'll rub your cheeks, til (red with laughter)
They shall looke fresh, a weeke after.

Act I. *Scene* I.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

GOod morning to the day; and, next, my gold:
Open the shrine, that I may see my *saint.*
Haile the worlds soule, and mine. More glad then is
The teeming earth, to see the long'd-for Sunne
Peepe through the hornes of the celestiall *Ram*,
Am I, to view thy splendor, darkening his:
That lying here, amongst my other hoords,
Shew'st like a flame, by night; or like the day
Strooke out of *chaos*, when all darkenesse fled
Vnto the center. O, thou sonne of SOL,
(But brighter then thy father) let me kisse,
With adoration, thee, and euery relique
Of sacred treasure, in this blessed roome.
Well did wise Poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age, which they would haue the best;
Thou being the best of things: and far transcending
All stile of ioy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dreame on earth.
Thy lookes, when they to VENVS did ascribe,
They should haue giu'n her twentie thousand CVPIDS;

Such

Such are thy beauties, and our loues ! Deare *saint*,
Riches, the dumbe god, that giu'st all men tongues :
That canst doe nought, and yet mak'st men doe all things ;
The price of soules ; euen hell, with the to boot,
Is made worth heauen ! Thou art vertue, fame,
Honour,and all things else ! Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise———
MOS. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good, then wisedome is in nature.
VOL. True, my beloued MOSCA. Yet, I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Then in the glad possession ; since I gaine
No common way : I vse no trade, no venter ;
I wound no earth with plow-shares, I fat no beasts
To feede the shambles ; haue no mills for yron,
Oyle, corne, or men, to grinde 'hem into poulder ;
I blow no subtill glasse ; expose no ships
To threatnings of the furrow-faced sea ;
I turne no moneys, in the publike banke ;
Nor vsure priuate. MOS. No, sir, nor deuoure
Soft prodigalls. You shall ha' some will swallow
A melting heire, as glibly, as your *Dutch*
Will pills of butter, and ne're purge for't ;
Teare forth the fathers of poore families
Out of their beds, and coffin them, aliue,
In some kind, clasping prison, where their bones
May be forth-comming, when the flesh is rotten :
But your sweet nature doth abhorre these courses ;
You lothe, the widdowes, or the orphans teares
Should wash your pauements ; or their pittious cryes
Ring in your roofes : and beate the aire, for vengeance.
VOL. Right, MOSCA, I doe lothe it. MOS. And besides, sir,
You are not like a thresher, that doth stand
With a huge flaile, watching a heape of corne,
And, hungrie, dares not taste the smallest graine,
But feeds on mallowes, and such bitter herbs ;
Nor like the marchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
With *Romagnia*, and rich *Candian* wines,
Yet drinkes the lees of *Lombards* vineger :
You will not lie in straw, whilst moths, and wormes
Feed on your sumptuous hangings, and soft beds.
You know the vse of riches, and dare giue, now,
From that bright heape, to me, your poore obseruer,
Or to your dwarfe, or your *hermaphrodite*,
Your *eunuch*, or what other houshold-trifle

Your

Your pleasure allowes maint'nance.—— VOL. Hold thee, MOSCA,
Take,of my hand ; thou strik'st on truth, in all :
And they are enuious, terme thee parasite.
Call forth my dwarfe, my eunuch, and my foole,
And let'hem make me sport. What should I doe,
But cocker vp my *genius*, and liue free
To all delights, my fortune calls me to?
I haue no wife, no parent, child, allie,
To giue my substance to ; but whom I make,
Must be my heire : and this makes men obserue me.
This drawes new clients, daily, to my house,
Women, and men, of euery sexe, and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coyne, iewels,
With hope, that when I die, (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then returne,
Ten-fold, vpon them ; whil'st some, couetous
Aboue the rest, seeke to engrosse me, whole,
And counter-worke, the one, vnto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seeme, in loue :
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coyne 'hem into profit,
And looke vpon their kindnesse, and take more,
And looke on that ; still bearing them in hand,
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And, draw it, by their mouths, and back againe. How now!

Act I. *Scene* II.

NANO, ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE, VOLPONE, MOSCA.

NOw, roome, for fresh gamsters, who doe will you to know,
They doe bring you neither play, nor Vniuersitie *show;*
And therefore doe intreat you, that whatsoeuer they reherse,
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pase of the verse.
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more, ere we passe,
For know, here is inclos'd the Soule of PYTHAGORAS,
That iuggler diuine, as hereafter shall follow ;
Which Soule (fast, and loose, sir) came first from APOLLO,
And was breath'd into ÆTHALIDES, MERCVRIVS *his sonne,*
Where it had the gift to remember all that euer was done.
From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration
To goldy-lockt EVPHORBVS, *who was kill'd, in good fashion,*
At the siege of old Troy, *by the Cuckold of* Sparta.
HERMOTIMVS *was next (I find it, in my* charta)

To

To whom it did passe, where no sooner it was missing,
But with one PYRRHVS, *of* Delos, *it learn'd to goe a fishing:*
And thence, did it enter the Sophist of Greece.
From PYTHAGORE, *shee went into a beautifull peece,*
Hight ASPASIA, *the* meretrix; *and the next tosse of her*
Was, againe, of a whore, shee became a Philosopher,
CRATES *the* Cynick: *(as it selfe doth relate it)*
Since, Kings, Knights, and Beggers, Knaues, Lords and Fooles gat it,
Besides, oxe, and asse, cammell, mule, goat, and brock,
In all which it hath spoke, as in the Coblers cock.
But I come not here, to discourse of that matter,
Or his one, two, *or* three, *or his great oath,* by quater,
His musicks, *his* trigon, *his golden thigh,*
Or his telling how elements shift: but I
Would aske, how of late, thou hast suffered translation,
And shifted thy coat, in these dayes of reformation?
AND. *Like one of the reformed, a Foole, as you see,*
Counting all old doctrine heresie.
NAN. *But not on thine owne forbid meates hast thou venter'd?*
AND. *On fish, when first, a* carthusian *I enter'd.*
NAN. *Why, then thy dogmaticall silence hath left thee?*
AND. *Of that an obstreperous Lawyer bereft mee.*
NAN. *O wonderfull change! when Sir Lawyer forsooke thee,*
For PYTHAGORE'S *sake, what body then tooke thee?*
AND. *A good dull moyle.* NAN. *And how! by that meanes,*
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beanes?
AND. *Yes.* NAN. *But, from the moyle, into whom did'st thou passe?*
AND. *Into a very strange beast, by some writers cal'd an asse;*
By others, a precise, pure, illuminate brother,
Of those deuoure flesh, and sometimes one another:
And will drop you forth a libell, or a sanctified lie,
Betwixt euery spoonefull of a natiuitie-pie.
NAN. *Now quit thee, for heauen, of that profane nation;*
And gently, report thy next transmigration.
AND. *To the same that I am.* NAN. *A creature of delight?*
And (what is more then a Foole) an hermaphrodite?
Now' pray thee, sweet Soule, in all thy variation,
Which body would'st thou choose, to take vp thy station?
AND. *Troth, this I am in, euen here would I tarry.*
NAN. *'Cause here, the delight of each sexe thou canst vary?*
AND. *Alas, those pleasures be stale, and forsaken;*
No, 'tis your Foole, wherewith I am so taken,
The onely one creature, that I can call blessed:
For all other formes I haue prou'd most distressed.

NAN.

NAN. *Spoke true, as thou wert in* PYTHAGORAS *still.*
This learned opinion we celebrate will,
Fellow eunuch (as behooues vs) with all our wit, and art,
To dignifie that, whereof our selues are so great, and speciall a part.
VOL. Now very, very pretty: MOSCA, this
Was thy inuention? MOS. If it please my patron,
Not else. VOL. It doth, good MOSCA. MOS. Then it was, sir.

SONG.

FOoles, they are the onely nation
Worth mens enuy, or admiration;
Free from care, or sorrow-taking,
Selues, and others merry-making:
All they speake, or doe, is sterling.
Your Foole, he is your great mans dearling,
And your ladies sport, and pleasure;
Tongue, and bable are his treasure.
Eene his face begetteth laughter,
And he speakes truth, free from slaughter;
Hee's the grace of euery feast,
And, sometimes, the chiefest guest:
Hath his trencher, and his stoole,
When wit waites vpon the foole.
O, who would not bee
Hee, hee, hee?

One knocks without. VOL. Who's that? away, looke MOSCA. MOS. Foole, be gone,
'Tis signior VOLTORE, the Aduocate,
I know him, by his knock. VOL. Fetch me my gowne,
My furres, and night-caps; say, my couch is changing:
And let him entertayne himselfe, awhile,
Without i' th' gallerie. Now, now, my clients
Beginne their visitation! vulture, kite,
Rauen, and gor-crow, all my birds of prey,
That thinke me turning carcasse, now they come:
I am not for 'hem yet. How now? the newes?
MOS. A piece of plate, sir. VOL. Of what bignesse? MOS. Huge,
Massie, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,
And armes ingrauen. VOL. Good! and not a foxe
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusiue sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, MOSCA? MOS. Sharpe, sir.
VOL. Giue me my furres. Why dost thou laugh so, man?
MOS. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has (without) now, as he walkes:
That this might be the last gift, he should giue;

That

That this would fetch you ; if you dyed to day,
And gaue him all, what he should be to morrow;
What large returne would come of all his venters;
How he should worship'd be, and reuerenc'd;
Ride, with his furres, and foot-clothes; waited on
By herds of fooles, and clients; haue cleere way
Made for his moyle, as letter'd as himselfe;
Be cald the great, and learned Aduocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.
VOL. Yes, to be learned, MOSCA. MOS. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an asse, with reuerend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious eares,
And, he shall passe for a cathedrall Doctor.
VOL. My caps, my caps, good MOSCA, fetch him in.
MOS. Stay, sir, your ointment for your eyes. VOL. That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to haue possession
Of my new present. MOS. That, and thousands more,
I hope, to see you lord of. VOL. Thankes, kind MOSCA.
MOS. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
And hundred such, as I am, in succession———
VOL. Nay, that were too much, MOSCA. MOS. You shall liue,
Still, to delude these *harpyies*. VOL. Louing MOSCA,
'Tis well, my pillow now, and let him enter.
Now, my fain'd cough, my phthisick, and my gout,
My apoplexie, palsie, and catarrhes,
Helpe, with your forced functions, this my posture,
Wherein, this three yeere, I haue milk'd their hopes.
He comes, I heare him (vh, vh, vh, vh) ô.

Act I. *Scene* III.

MOSCA, VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

YOu still are, what you were, sir. Onely you
(Of all the rest) are he, commands his loue:
And you doe wisely, to preserue it, thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most gratefull. Patron, sir.
Here's signior VOLTORE is come —— VOLP. What say you?
MOS. Sir, signior VOLTORE is come, this morning,
To visit you. VOLP. I thanke him. MOS. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of S. MARKE,
With which he here presents you. VOLP. He is welcome.
Pray him, to come more often. MOS. Yes. VOLT. What sayes he?

MOS.

MOS. He thanks you, and desires you see him often. (is he?
VOLP. MOSCA. MOS. My patron? VOLP. Bring him neere, where
I long to feele his hand. MOS. The plate is here, sir.
VOLT. How fare you, sir? VOLP. I thanke you, signior VOLTORE.
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad. VOLT. I'm sorry,
To see you still thus weake. MOS. That he is not weaker.
VOLP. You are too munificent. VOLT. No, sir, would to heauen,
I could as well giue health to you, as that plate.
VOLP. You giue, sir, what you can. I thanke you. Your loue
Hath taste in this, and shall not be vn-answer'd.
I pray you see me often. VOLT. Yes, I shall, sir.
VOLP. Be not far from me. MOS. Doe you obserue that, sir?
VOLP. Harken vnto me, still: It will concerne you.
MOS. You are a happy man, sir, know your good.
VOLP. I cannot now last long—— (MOS. You are his heire, sir.
VOLT. Am I?) VOLP. I feele me going, (vh, vh, vh, vh.)
I am sayling to my port, (vh, vh, vh, vh?)
And I am glad, I am so neere my hauen.
MOS. Alas, kind gentleman, well, we must all goe—— (heare me.
VOLT. But, MOSCA—MOS. Age wil conquer. VOLT. 'Pray thee
Am I inscrib'd his heire, for certayne? MOS. Are you?
I doe beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me, i' your family. All my hopes,
Depend vpon your worship. I am lost,
Except the rising sunne doe shine on me.
VOLT. It shall both shine, and warme thee, MOSCA. MOS. Sir.
I am a man, that haue not done your loue
All the worst offices: here I weare your keyes,
See all your coffers, and your caskets lockt,
Keepe the poore inuentorie of your iewels,
Your plate, and moneyes, am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here. VOLT. But am I sole heire?
MOS. Without a partner, sir, confirm'd this morning;
The waxe is warme yet, and the inke scarse drie
Vpon the parchment. VOLT. Happy, happy, me!
By what good chance, sweet MOSCA? MOS. Your desert, sir;
I know no second cause. VOLT. Thy modestie
Is loth to know it; well, we shall requite it.
MOS. He euer lik'd your course, sir, that first tooke him.
I, oft, haue heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speake
To euery cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse againe, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agilitie, could turne,
And re-turne; make knots, and vndoe them;

Giue

Giue forked counsell ; take prouoking gold
On either hand, and put it vp : these men,
He knew, would thriue, with their humilitie.
And (for his part) he thought, he should be blest
To haue his heire of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so graue, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withall, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee ; when euery word
Your worship but lets fall, is a *cecchine*!
Who's that ? one knocks, I would not haue you seene, sir. *Another knocks.*
And yet — pretend you came, and went in haste ;
I'le fashion an excuse. And, gentle sir,
When you doe come to swim, in golden lard,
Vp to the armes, in honny, that your chin
Is borne vp stiffe, with fatnesse of the floud,
Thinke on your vassall ; but remember me :
I ha' not beene your worst of clients. VOLT. MOSCA —
MOS. When will you haue your inuentorie brought, sir ?
Or see a coppy of the will ? (anon)
I'le bring 'hem to you, sir. Away, be gone,
Put businesse i' your face. VOLP. Excellent, MOSCA !
Come hither, let me kisse thee. MOS. Keepe you still, sir.
Here is CORBACCIO. VOLP. Set the plate away,
The vulture's gone, and the old rauen's come.

Act I. *Scene* IIII.

MOSCA, CORBACCIO, VOLPONE.

BEtake you, to your silence, and your sleepe :
Stand there, and multiply. Now, shall wee see
A wretch, who is (indeed) more impotent,
Then this can faine to be ; yet hopes to hop
Ouer his graue. Signior CORBACCIO !
Yo' are very welcome, sir. CORB. How do's your patron ?
MOS. Troth, as he did, sir, no amends. CORB. What ? mends he ?
MOS. No, sir : he is rather worse. CORB. That's well. Where is he ?
MOS. Vpon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleepe.
CORB. Do's he sleepe well ? MOS. No winke, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday, but slumbers. CORB. Good ! He should take
Some counsell of physicians : I haue brought him
An *opiate* here, from mine owne Doctor ———
MOS. He will not heare of drugs. CORB. Why ? I my selfe
Stood by, while 't was made ; saw all th'ingredients :
And know, it cannot but most gently worke.

My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleepe.
VOLP. I, his last sleepe, if he would take it. MOS. Sir,
He ha's no faith in physick. CORB. 'Say you? 'say you?
MOS. He ha's no faith in physick: he do's thinke,
Most of your Doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, t'escape. I often haue
Heard him protest, that your physitian
Should neuer be his heire. CORB. Not I his heire?
MOS. Not your physitian, sir. CORB. O, no, no, no,
I doe not meane it. MOS. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brooke: he sayes, they flay a man,
Before they kill him. CORB. Right, I doe conceiue you.
MOS. And then, they doe it by experiment;
For which the law not onely doth absolue 'hem,
But giues them great reward: and, he is loth
To hire his death, so. CORB. It is true, they kill,
With as much licence, as a iudge. MOS. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemnes,
And these can kill him, too. CORB. I, or me:
Or any man. How do's his apoplexe?
Is that strong on him, still? MOS. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawne longer, then 't was wont—— CORB. How? how?
Stronger, then he was wont? MOS. No, sir: his face
Drawne longer, then 't was wont. CORB. O, good. MOS. His mouth
Is euer gaping, and his eye-lids hang. CORB. Good.
MOS. A freezing numnesse stiffens all his ioynts,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead. CORB. 'Tis good.
MOS. His pulse beats slow, and dull. CORB. Good symptomes, still.
MOS. And, from his brain — CORB. Ha? how? not from his brain?
MOS. Yes, sir, and from his brain — (CORB. I conceiue you, good.)
MOS. Flowes a cold sweat, with a continuall rhewme,
Forth the resolued corners of his eyes.
CORB. Is't possible? yet I am better, ha!
How do's he, with the swimming of his head?
MOS. O, sir, 'tis past, the *scotomy*; he, now,
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceiue him, that he breathes.
CORB. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall out-last him:
This makes me yong againe, a score of yeeres.
MOS. I was a comming for you, sir. CORB. Has he made his will?
What has he giu'n me? MOS. No, sir. CORB. Nothing? ha?
MOS. He has not made his will, sir. CORB. Oh, oh, oh.
What then did VOLTORE, the Lawyer, here?
MOS. He smelt a carcasse, sir, when he but heard

My

My master was about his testament;
(As I did vrge him to it, for your good———)
CORB. He came vnto him, did he? I thought so.
MOS. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
CORB. To be his heire? MOS. I doe not know, sir. CORB. True,
I know it too. MOS. By your owne scale, sir. CORB. Well,
I shall preuent him, yet. See, MOSCA, looke,
Here, I haue brought a bag of bright *cecchines*,
Will quite weigh downe his plate. MOS. Yea, mary, sir!
This is true physick, this your sacred medicine,
No talke of *opiates*, to this great *elixir*.
CORB. 'Tis *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.
MOS. It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowle?
CORB. I, doe, doe, doe. MOS. Most blessed cordiall!
This will recouer him. CORB. Yes, doe, doe, doe. (couer him.
MOS. I thinke, it were not best, sir. CORB. What? MOS. To re-
CORB. O, no, no, no; by no meanes. MOS. Why, sir, this
Will worke some strange effect, if he but feele it.
CORB. 'Tis true, therefore forbeare, I'le take my venter:
Giue me't againe. MOS. At no hand, pardon me;
You shall not doe your selfe that wrong, sir. I
Will so aduise you, you shall haue it all.
CORB. How? MOS. All, sir, 'tis your right, your owne; no man
Can claime a part: 'tis yours, without a riuall,
Decree'd by destinie. CORB. How? how, good MOSCA?
MOS. I'le tell you, sir. This fit he shall recouer———
CORB. I doe conceiue you. MOS. And, on first aduantage
Of his gayn'd sense, will I re-importune him
Vnto the making of his testament:
And shew him this. CORB. Good, good. MOS. 'Tis better yet,
If you will heare, sir. CORB. Yes, with all my heart.
MOS. Now, would I counsell you, make home with speed;
There, frame a will: whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heire. CORB. And disinherit
My sonne? MOS. O, sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking. CORB. O, but colour?
MOS. This will, sir, you shall send it vnto me.
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will doe)
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more then many gifts, your this dayes present,
And, last, produce your will; where (without thought,
Or least regard, vnto your proper issue,
A sonne so braue, and highly meriting)
The streame of your diuerted loue hath throwne you
Vpon my master, and made him your heire:

He cannot be so stupide, or stone dead,
But, out of conscience, and mere gratitude——— (plot
CORB. He must pronounce me, his? MOS. 'Tis true. CORB. This
Did I thinke on before. MOS. I doe beleeue it. (proiect.
CORB. Doe you not beleeue it? MOS. Yes, sir. CORB. Mine owne
MOS. Which when he hath done, sir--CORB. Publish'd me his heire?
MOS. And you so certayne, to suruiue him—— CORB. I.
MOS. Being so lusty a man—CORB. 'Tis true. MOS. Yes, sir——
CORB. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ, to expresse my thoughts!
MOS. You haue not onely done your selfe a good———
CORB. But multiplyed it on my sonne? MOS. 'Tis right, sir.
CORB. Still, my inuention. MOS. 'Lasse sir, heauen knowes,
It hath beene all my studie, all my care,
(I'ecne grow grey withall) how to worke things———
CORB. I doe conceiue, sweet MOSCA. MOS. You are he,
For whom I labour, here. CORB. I, doe, doe, doe:
I'le straight about it. MOS. Rooke goe with you, rauen.
CORB. I know thee honest. MOS. You doe lie, sir—CORB. And—
MOS. Your knowledge is no better then your eares, sir.
CORB. I doe not doubt, to be a father to thee.
MOS. Nor I, to gull my brother of his blessing.
CORB. I may ha'my youth restor'd to me, why not?
MOS. Your worship is a precious asse——CORB. What say'st thou?
MOS. I doe desire your worship, to make haste, sir.
CORB. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I goe. VOLP. O, I shall burst;
Let out my sides, let out my sides——— MOS. Contayne
Your fluxe of laughter, sir: you know, this hope
Is such a bait, it couers any hooke.
VOLP. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascall, let me kisse thee:
I neuer knew thee, in so rare a humour.
MOS. Alas, sir, I but doe, as I am taught;
Follow your graue instructions; giue 'hem wordes;
Powre oyle into their eares: and send them hence.
VOLP. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is auarice, to it selfe? MOS. I, with our helpe, sir.
VOLP. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many feares attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'hem, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, fayling them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay, here was one,

Is now gone home, that wishes to liue longer !
Feeles not his gout, nor palsie, faines himselfe
Yonger, by scores of yeeres, flatters his age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With charmes, like ÆSON, haue his youth restor'd :
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turnes aire ! Who's that, there, now ? a third ? *Another knocks.*
MOS. Close, to your couch againe : I heare his voyce.
It is CORVINO, our spruce Merchant. VOLP. Dead.
MOS. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. Who's there ?

Act I. *Scene* V.

MOSCA, CORVINO, VOLPONE.

SIgnior CORVINO ! come most wisht for ! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now ! (sir.
CORV. Why ? what ? wherein ? MOS. The tardie houre is come,
CORV. He is not dead ? MOS. Not dead, sir, but as good ;
He knowes no man. CORV. How shall I doe, then ? MOS. Why, sir ?
CORV. I haue brought him, here, a pearle. MOS. Perhaps, he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, sir ;
He still calls on you, nothing but your name
Is in his mouth : Is your pearle orient, sir ?
CORV. *Venice* was neuer owner of the like. (VINO.
VOLP. Signior CORVINO. MOS. Harke. VOLP. Signior COR-
MOS. 'He calls you, step and giue it him. H'is here, sir,
And he has brought you a rich pearle. CORV. How doe you, sir ?
Tell him, it doubles the twelfe *caract*. MOS. Sir,
He cannot vnderstand, his hearing's gone ;
And yet it comforts him, to see you——— CORV. Say,
I haue a diamant for him, too. MOS. Best shew't, sir,
Put it into his hand ; 'tis onely there
He apprehends : he has his feeling, yet.
See, how he grasps it ! CORV. 'Lasse, good gentleman !
How pittifull the sight is ! MOS. Tut, forget, sir.
The weeping of an heire should still be laughter,
Vnder a visor. CORV. Why ? am I his heire ?
MOS. Sir, I am sworne, I may not shew the will,
Till he be dead : But, here has beene CORBACCIO,
Here has beene VOLTORE, here were others too,
I cannot number 'hem, they were so many,
All gaping here for legacies ; but I,
Taking the vantage of his naming you,

(Signior CORVINO, Signior CORVINO) tooke
Paper, and pen, and inke, and there I ask'd him,
Whom he would haue his heire? CORVINO. Who
Should be executor? CORVINO. And,
To any question, he was silent too,
I still interpreted the nods, he made
(Through weakenesse) for consent: and sent home th'others,
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to crie, and curse.

They embrace. CORV. O, my deare MOSCA. Do's he not perceiue vs?
MOS. No more then a blind harper. He knowes no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any seruant,
Who't was that fed him last, or gaue him drinke:
Not those, he hath begotten, or brought vp
Can he remember. CORV. Has he children? MOS. Bastards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggers,
Gipseys, and *Iewes*, and black-*moores*, when he was drunke.
Knew you not that, sir? 'Tis the common fable.
The Dwarfe, the Foole, the Eunuch are all his;
H'is the true father of his family,
In all, saue me: but he has giu'n 'hem nothing.
CORV. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does not heare vs?
MOS. Sure, sir? why, looke you, credit your owne sense.
The poxe approch, and adde to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir.
For, your incontinence, it hath deseru'd it
Throughly, and throughly, and the plague to boot.
(You may come neere, sir) would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheeks,
Couer'd with hide, in stead of skin: (nay, helpe, sir)
That looke like frozen dish-clouts, set on end.
CORV. Or, like an old smok'd wall, on which the raine
Ran downe in streakes. MOS. Excellent, sir, speake out;
You may be lowder yet: a culuering,
Discharged in his eare, would hardly bore it.
CORV. His nose is like a common sewre, still running.
MOS. 'Tis good! and, what his mouth? CORV. A very draught.
MOS. O, stop it vp— CORV. By no meanes. MOS. 'Pray you let me.
Faith, I could stifle him, rarely, with a pillow,
As well, as any woman, that should keepe him.
CORV. Doe as you will, but I'le be gone. MOS. Be so;
It is your presence makes him last so long.
CORV. I pray you, vse no violence. MOS. No, sir? why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous? 'pray you, sir.
CORV. Nay, at your discretion. MOS. Well, good sir, be gone.

CORV.

CORV. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearle?
MOS. Puh, nor your diamant. What a needlesse care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all, here, yours?
Am not I here? whom you haue made? your creature?
That owe my being to you? CORV. Gratefull MOSCA!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes. (wife, sir.
MOS. Excepting one. CORV. What's that? MOS. Your gallant
Now, is he gone: we had no other meanes,
To shoot him hence, but this. VOLP. My diuine MOSCA!
Thou hast to day out-gone thy selfe. Who's there? *Another knocks.*
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me musicke, dances, banquets, all delights;
The *Turke* is not more sensuall, in his pleasures,
Then will VOLPONE. Let mee see, a pearle?
A diamant? plate? *cecchines?* good mornings purchase;
Why, this is better then rob churches, yet:
Or fat, by eating (once a mon'th) a man.
Who is't? MOS. The beauteous lady WOVLD-BEE, sir.
Wife, to the *English* Knight, Sir POLITIQVE WOVLD-BEE,
(This is the stile, sir, is directed mee)
Hath sent to know, how you haue slept to night,
And if you would be visited. VOLP. Not, now.
Some three houres, hence—— MOS. I told the Squire, so much.
VOLP. When I am high with mirth, and wine: then, then.
'Fore heauen, I wonder at the desperate valure
Of the bold *English*, that they dare let loose
Their wiues, to all encounters! MOS. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is politique,
And knowes, how ere his wife affect strange aires,
Shee hath not yet the face, to be dishonest.
But, had shee signior CORVINO'S wiues face———
VOLP. Has shee so rare a face? MOS. O, sir, the wonder,
The blazing starre of *Italie*! a wench
O'the first yeere! a beautie, ripe, as haruest!
Whose skin is whiter then a swan, all ouer!
Then siluer, snow, or lillies! a soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternitie of kissing!
And flesh, that melteth, in the touch, to bloud!
Bright as your gold! and louely, as your gold!
VOLP. Why had not I knowne this, before? MOS. Alas, sir.
My selfe, but yesterday, discouer'd it.
VOLP. How might I see her? MOS. O, not possible;
Shee's kept as warily, as is your gold:
Neuer do's come abroad, neuer takes ayre,

But

But at a windore. All her lookes are sweet,
As the first grapes, or cherries : and are watch'd
As neere, as they are. VOLP. I must see her——— MOS. Sir.
There is a guard, of ten spies thick, vpon her ;
All his whole houshold : each of which is set
Vpon his fellow, and haue all their charge,
When he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd.
VOLP. I will goe see her, though but at her windore.
MOS. In some disguise, then. VOLP. That is true. I must
Maintayne mine owne shape, still, the same : wee'll thinke.

Act II. *Scene* I.

POLITIQVE WOVLD-BEE, PEREGRINE.

SIr, to a wise man, all the world's his soile.
It is not *Italie*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
Nor any dis-affection to the state
Where I was bred (and, vnto which I owe
My dearest plots) hath brought me out; much lesse,
That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed proiect
Of knowing mens minds, and manners, with VLYSSES:
But, a peculiar humour of my wiues,
Laid for this height of *Venice*, to obserue,
To quote, to learne the language, and so forth———
I hope you trauell, sir, with licence? PER. Yes.
POL. I dare the safelier conuerse——— How long, sir,
Since you left *England?* PER. Seuen weekes. POL. So lately!
You ha' not beene with my lord Ambassador?
PER. Not yet, sir. POL. 'Pray you, what newes, sir, vents our climate?
I heard, last night, a most strange thing reported
By some of my lords followers, and I long
To heare, how't will be seconded! PER. What was't, sir?
POL. Mary, sir, of a rauen, that should build
In a ship royall of the Kings. PER. This fellow
Do's he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? your name, sir? (him.
POL. My name is POLITIQVE WOVLD-BEE. PER. O, that speaks
A Knight, sir? POL. A poore knight, sir. PER. Your lady
Lies here, in *Venice*, for intelligence
Of tyres, and fashions, and behauiour,
Among the curtizans? the fine lady WOVLD-BEE?
POL. Yes, sir, the spider, and the bee, oft-times,

Suck

Suck from one flowre. PER. Good sir POLITIQVE!
I cry you mercie; I haue heard much of you:
'Tis true, sir of your rauen. POL. On your knowledge?
PER. Yes, and your lyons whelping, in the *Tower*.
POL. Another whelpe! PER. Another, sir. POL. Now, heauen!
What prodigies be these? The fires at *Berwike!*
And the new starre! these things concurring, strange!
And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?
PER. I did, sir. POL. Fearefull! Pray you sir, confirme me,
Were there three porcpisces seene, aboue the bridge,
As they giue out? PER. Sixe, and and a sturgeon, sir.
POL. I am astonish'd! PER. Nay, sir, be not so;
Ile tell you a greater prodigie, then these———
POL. What should these things portend! PER. The verie day
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from *London*,
There was a whale discouer'd, in the riuer,
As high as *Woolwich*, that had waited there
(Few know how manie mon'ths) for the subuersion
Of the *Stode*-Fleet. POL. Is't possible? Beleeue it,
'Twas either sent from *Spaine*, or the *Arch-dukes!*
SPINOLA'S whale, vpon my life, my credit!
Will they not leaue these proiects? Worthie sir,
Some other newes. PER. Faith, STONE, the foole, is dead;
And they doe lacke a tauerne-foole, extremely.
POL. Is MASS' STONE dead! PER. H'is dead, sir, why? I hope
You thought him not immortall? O, this Knight
(Were he well knowne) would be a precious thing
To fit our *English* stage: He that should write
But such a fellow, should be thought to faine
Extremely, if not maliciously. POL. STONE dead!
PER. Dead. Lord! how deeply, sir, you apprehend it?
He was no kinsman to you? POL. That I know of.
Well! that same fellow was an vnknowne foole.
PER. And yet you knew him, it seemes? POL. I did so. Sir,
I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
Liuing within the state, and so I held him.
PER. Indeed, sir? POL. While he liu'd, in action.
He has receiu'd weekely intelligence,
Vpon my knowledge, out of the *low Countries,*
(For all parts of the world) in cabages;
And those dispens'd, againe, to 'Ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-melons, apricotes,
Limons, pome-citrons, and such like: sometimes,
In *Colchester*-oysters, and your *Selsey*-cockles.
PET. You make me wonder! POL. Sir, vpon my knowledge.
Nay,

Nay, I haue obseru'd him, at your publique ordinarie,
Take his aduertisement, from a traueller
(A conceal'd states-man) in a trencher of meat :
And, instantly, before the meale was done,
Conuey an answere in a tooth-pick. PER. Strange !
How could this be, sir? POL. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laid, as he
Must easily reade the cypher. PER. I haue heard,
He could not reade, sir. POL. So, 'twas giuen out,
(In politie) by those, that did imploy him :
But he could read, and had your languages,
And to't, as sound a noddle —— PER. I haue heard, sir,
That your *Bab'ouns* were spies ; and that they were
A kind of subtle nation, neere to *China*.
POL. I, I, your *Mamuluchi*. Faith, they had
Their hand in a *French* plot, or two ; but they
Were so extremely giuen to women, as
They made discouery of all : yet I
Had my aduises here (on wensday last)
From one of their owne coat, they were return'd,
Made their relations (as the fashion is)
And now stand faire, for fresh imployment. PER. 'Hart!
This, sir POLL. will be ignorant of nothing.
It seemes, sir, you know all? POL. Not all, sir. But,
I haue some generall notions ; I doe loue
To note, and to obserue : though I liue out,
Free from the actiue torrent, yet I'ld marke
The currents, and the passages of things,
For mine owne priuate vse ; and know the ebbes,
And flowes of state. PER. Beleeue it, sir, I hold
My selfe, in no small tie, vnto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily, vpon you ;
Whose knowledge (if your bountie equall it)
May doe me great assistance, in instruction
For my behauiour, and my bearing, which
Is yet so rude, and raw—— POL. Why? came you forth
Emptie of rules, for trauaile? PER. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar *grammar*,
Which he, that cry'd *Italian* to me, taught me.
POL. Why, this it is, that spoiles all our braue blouds;
Trusting our hopefull gentrie vnto pedants:
Fellowes of out-side, and mere barke. You seeme
To be a gentleman, of ingenuous race——
I not professe it, but my fate hath beene
To be, where I haue beene consulted with,

In

In this high kind, touching some great mens sonnes,
Persons of bloud, and honour——— PER. Who be these, sir?

Act II. *Scene* II.

MOSCA, POLITIQVE, PEREGRINE, VOLPONE, NANO, GREGE.

VNder that windore, there't must be. The same.
POL. Fellowes, to mount a banke! Did your instructer
In the deare tongues, neuer discourse to you
Of the *Italian* mountebankes? PER. Yes, sir. POL. Why,
Here shall you see one. PER. They are quack-saluers,
Fellowes, that liue by venting oyles, and drugs?
POL. Was that the character he gaue you of them?
PER. As I remember. POL. Pitie his ignorance.
They are the onely-knowing men of *Europe*!
Great generall schollers, excellent phisicians,
Most admir'd states-men, profest fauourites,
And cabinet-counsellors, to the greatest princes!
The onely languag'd-men, of all the world!
PER. And, I haue heard, they are most lewd impostors;
Made all of termes, and shreds; no lesse belyers
Of great-mens fauours, then their owne vile med'cines;
Which they will vtter, vpon monstrous othes:
Selling that drug, for two pence, ere they part,
Which they haue valu'd at twelue crownes, before.
POL. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with silence:
Your selfe shall iudge. Who is it mounts, my friends?
MOS. SCOTO of *Mantua*, sir. POL. Is't he? nay, then
I'le proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man, then has beene phant'sied to you.
I wonder, yet, that he should mount his banke
Here, in this nooke, that has beene wont t'appeare
In face of the *piazza!* Here, he comes.
VOLP. Mount, *Zany*. GRE. Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow.
POL. See how the people follow him! h'is a man
May write 10000 crownes, in banke, here. Note,
Marke but his gesture: I doe vse to obserue
The state he keeps, in getting vp! PER. 'Tis worth it, sir.
VOLP. *Most noble gent: and my worthy patrons, it may seeme strange, that I, your* SCOTO MANTVANO, *who was euer wont to fixe my banke in face of the publike* piazza, *neere the shelter of the* portico, *to the* procuratia, *should, now (after eight months absence, from this illustrous city of* Venice) *humbly retire my selfe, into an obscure nooke of the* piazza. POL.

POL. Did not I, now, obiect the same? PER. Peace, sir.

VOLP. *Let me tell you: I am not (as your* Lombard *prouerb saith) cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate, then I accustomed: looke not for it. Nor, that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession,* (ALESSANDRO BVTTONE, *I meane) who gaue out, in publike, I was condemn'd a'* Sforzato *to the galleys, for poysoning the Cardinall* BEMBO'S—*Cooke, hath at all attached, much lesse deiected me. No, no, worthy gent. (to tell you true) I cannot indure, to see the rabble of these ground* Ciarlitani, *that spread their clokes on the pauement, as if they meant to do feates of actiuitie, and then come in, lamely, with their mouldy tales out of* BOCCACIO, *like stale* TABARINE, *the Fabulist: some of them discoursing their trauells, and of their tedious captiuity in the* Turkes *galleyes, when indeed (were the truth knowne) they were the Christians galleyes, where very temperately, they eate bread, and drunke water, as a wholesome penance (enioyn'd them by their Confessors) for base pilferies.*

POL. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

VOLP. *These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-farticall rogues, with one poore groats-worth of vn-prepar'd* antimony, *finely wrapt vp in seuerall'* scartoccios, *are able, very well, to kill their twentie a weeke, and play; yet, these meagre staru'd spirits, who haue halfe stopt the organs of their mindes with earthy oppilations, want not their fauourers among your shriuel'd, sallad-eating* artizans: *who are ouer-ioy'd, that they may haue their halfe-pe'rth of physick, though it purge 'hem into another world, 't makes no matter.*

POL. Excellent! ha' you heard better language, sir?

VOLP. *Well, let'hem goe. And gentlemen, honorable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our banke, being thus remou'd from the clamours of the* canaglia, *shall be the* scene *of pleasure, and delight: For, I haue nothing to sell, little, or nothing to sell.*

POL. I told you, sir, his end. PER. You did so, sir.

VOLP. *I protest, I, and my sixe seruants, are not able to make of this precious liquor, so fast, as it is fetch'd away from my lodging, by gentlemen of your city; strangers of the* terra-ferma; *worshipfull merchants; I, and senators too: who, euer since my arriuall, haue detayned me to their vses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily. For, what anailes your rich man to haue his* magazines *stuft with* moscadelli, *or of the purest grape, when his physitians prescribe him (on paine of death) to drinke nothing but water, cocted with* anise-seeds? *O, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poore! who can buy thee at too deare a rate, since there is no enioying this world, without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honorable gentlemen, as to abridge the naturall course of life———*

PER. You see his end? POL. I, is't not good?

VOLP. *For, when a humide fluxe, or catarrhe, by the mutability of aire, falls from your head, into an arme, or shoulder, or any other part; take you a duckat, or your* cecchine *of gold, and apply to the place affected: see, what good effect it can worke. No, no, 'tis this blessed* vnguento, *this rare extraction, that hath only power*

power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed, either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes———

PER. I would he had put in drie to. POL. 'Pray you, obserue.

VOLP. *To fortifie the most indigest, and crude stomack, I, were it of one, that (through extreme weakenesse) vomited bloud, applying only a warme napkin to the place, after the vnction, and fricace; for the* vertigine, *in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrills, likewise, behind the eares; a most soueraigne, and approued remedie* : *the* mal-caduco, *crampes, conuulsions, paralysies, epilepsies*, tremor-cordia, *retyred-nerues, ill vapours of the spleene, stoppings of the liuer, the stone, the strangury*, hernia ventosa, iliaca passio; *stops a* disenteria, *immediately; easeth the torsion of the small guts; and cures* melancolia hypocondriaca, *being taken and applyed, according to my printed receipt. For, this is the physitian, this the medicine; this counsells, this cures; this giues the direction, this workes the effect : and (in summe) both together may bee term'd an abstract of the theorick, and practick in the* Æsculapian *arte. 'Twill cost you eight crownes. And*, ZAN FRITADA, *'pray thee sing a verse*, extempore, *in honour of it.*

Pointing to his bill and his glasse.

POL. How doe you like him, sir? PER. Most strangely, I!

POL. Is not his language rare? PER. But *Alchimy*
I neuer heard the like : or BROVGHTONS bookes.

SONG.

Had old HIPPOCRATES, *or* GALEN,
(That to their bookes put med'cines all in)
But knowne this secret, they had neuer
(Of which they will be guiltie euer)
Beene murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtlesse taper :
No Indian *drug had ere beene famed,*
Tabacco, sassafras *not named* ;
Ne yet, of guacum *one small stick, sir,*
Nor RAYMVND LVLLIES *great* elixir.
Ne, had beene knowne the Danish GONSWART.
Or PARACELSVS, *with his long-sword.*

PER. All this, yet, will not doe, eight crownes is high.

VOLP. *No more. Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oile, surnamed* oglio del SCOTO; *with the count-lesse catalogue of those I haue cured of th'aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and priuiledges of all the Princes, and common-wealths of Christendome; or but the depositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the* signiory *of the* Sanità, *and most learned colledge of physitians; where I was authorized, vpon notice taken of the admirable vertues of my medicaments, and mine owne excellency, in matter of rare, and vnknowne secrets, not onely to disperse them publiquely in this famous citie, but in all the territories, that happily ioy vnder the*

gouernement of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. *But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be diuers, that make profession to haue as good, and as experimented receipts, as yours : Indeed, very many haue assay'd, like apes in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in mee, to make of this oyle; bestow'd great cost in furnaces, stilles, alembeks, continuall fires, and preparation of the ingredients, (as indeede there goes to it sixe hundred seuerall simples, besides, some quantity of humane fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomistes) but, when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in* fumo *: ha, ha, ha. Poore wretches ! I rather pitie their folly, and indiscretion, then their losse of time, and money; for those may be recouered by industrie : but to bee a foole borne, is a disease incurable. For my selfe, I alwaies from my youth haue indeuour'd to get the rarest secrets, and booke them; either in exchange, or for money : I spared nor cost, nor labour, where any thing was worthy to bee learned. And gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will vndertake (by vertue of chymicall art) out of the honourable hat, that couers your head, to extract the foure elements; that is to say, the fire, ayre, water, and earth, and returne you your felt without burne, or staine. For, whil'st others haue beene at the* balloo, *I haue beene at my booke : and am now past the craggie pathes of studie, and come to the flowrie plaines of honour, and reputation.*

POL. I doe assure you, sir, that is his ayme.

VOLP. *But, to our price.* PER. And that withall, sir POL.

VOLP. *You all know (honourable gentlemen) I neuer valu'd this* ampulla, *or viall, at lesse then eight crownes, but for this time, I am content, to be depriu'd of it for sixe; sixe crownes is the price; and lesse in courtesie, I know you cannot offer me : take it, or leaue it, howsoeuer, both it, and I, am at your seruice. I aske you not, as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crownes, so the Cardinals* MONTALTO, FERNESE, *the great duke of* Tuscany, *my gossip, with diuers other princes haue giuen me; but I despise money: onely to shew my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrous state here, I haue neglected the messages of these princes, mine owne offices, fram'd my iourney hither, onely to present you with the fruits of my trauels. Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and giue the honourable assembly some delightfull recreation.*

PER. What monstrous, and most painefull circumstance
Is here, to get some three, or foure *gazets* !
Some three-pence, i'th whole, for that 'twill come to.

SONG.

YOu that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coyle, but buy of this oyle.
Would you be euer faire ? and yong ?
Stout of teeth ? and strong of tongue ?
Tart of palat ? quick of eare ?
Sharpe of sight ? of nostrill cleare ?

Moist

Moist of hand? and light of foot?
(Or I will come neerer to't)
Would you line free from all diseases?
Doe the act, your mistris pleases;
Yet fright all aches from your bones?
Here's a med'cine, for the nones.

VOLP. *Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to make a present of the small quantitie my coffer containes: to the rich, in courtesie, and to the poore, for Gods sake. Wherefore, now marke; I ask'd you sixe crownes; and sixe crownes, at other times, you haue paid me; you shall not giue me sixe crownes, nor fiue, nor foure, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor halfe a duckat; no, nor a* muccinigo: *sixe—pence it will cost you, or sixe hundred pound—expect no lower price, for by the banner of my front, I will not bate a* bagatine, *that I will haue, only, a pledge of your loues, to carry something from amongst you, to shew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, tosse your handkerchiefes, chearefully, chearefully; and be aduertised, that the first heroique spirit, that deignes to grace me, with a handkerchiefe, I will giue it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, then if I had presented it with a double pistolet.*

PER. Will you be that heroique sparke, sir POL?
O, see! the windore has preuented you.

CELIA at the windo' throwes downe her handkerchiefe.

VOLP. *Lady, I kisse your bountie: and, for this timely grace, you haue done your poore* SCOTO *of* Mantua, *I will returne you, ouer and aboue my oile, a secret, of that high, and inestimable nature, shall make you for euer enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so meane, (yet not altogether to be despis'd) an obiect. Here is a poulder, conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speake to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word: so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world were but as an empire, that empire as a prouince, that prouince as a banke, that banke as a priuate purse, to the purchase of it. I will, onely, tell you; It is the poulder, that made* VENVS *a goddesse (giuen her by* APOLLO) *that kept her perpetually yong, clear'd her wrincles, firm'd her gummes, fill'd her skin, colour'd her haire; from her, deriu'd to* HELEN, *and at the sack of* Troy *(vnfortunately) lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recouer'd, by a studious Antiquarie, out of some ruines of* Asia, *who sent a moyetie of it, to the court of* France *(but much sophisticated) wherewith the ladies there, now, colour their haire. The rest (at this present) remaines with me; extracted, to a quintessence: so that, where euer it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserues, in age restores the complexion; seat's your teeth, did they dance like virginall iacks, firme as a wall; makes them white, as iuory, that were black, as———*

Act II. *Scene* III.

CORVINO, POLITIQVE, PEREGRINE.

He beates away the montebanke &c.

SPight o' the deuill, and my shame! come downe, here;
Come downe: no house but mine to make your *scene?*
Signior FLAMINIO, will you downe, sir? downe?
What is my wife your FRANCISCINA? sir?
No windores on the whole *piazza*, here,
To make your properties, but mine? but mine?
Hart! ere to morrow, I shall be new christen'd,
And cald the PANTALONE *di besogniosi*,
About the towne. PER. What should this meane, sir POL?
POL. Some trick of state, beleeue it. I will home.
PER. It may be some designe, on you. POL. I know not.
I'le stand vpon my guard. PER. It is your best, sir.
POL. This three weekes, all my aduises, all my letters,
They haue beene intercepted. PER. Indeed, sir?
Best haue a care. POL. Nay, so I will. PER. This knight,
I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

O, I am wounded. MOS. Where, sir? VOLP. Not without;
Those blowes were nothing: I could beare them euer.
But angry CVPID, bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himselfe into me, like a flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,
As in a fornace, an ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.
I cannot liue, except thou helpe me, MOSCA;
My liuer melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft aire, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heape of cinders. MOS. 'Lasse, good sir!
Would you had neuer seene her. VOLP. Nay, would thou
Had'st neuer told me of her. MOS. Sir, 'tis true;
I doe confesse, I was vnfortunate,
And you vnhappy: but I'am bound in conscience,
No lesse then duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.
VOLP. Deare MOSCA, shall I hope? MOS. Sir, more then deare,
I will not bid you to despaire of ought,

Within

Within a humane compasse. VOLP. O, there spoke
My better Angell. MOSCA, take my keyes,
Gold, plate, and iewells, all's at thy deuotion;
Employ them, how thou wilt; nay, coyne me, too:
So thou, in this, but crowne my longings. MOSCA?
MOS. Vse but your patience. VOLP. So I haue. MOS. I doubt not
To bring successe to your desires. VOLP. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late disguise.
MOS. If you can horne him, sir, you need not. VOLP. True:
Besides, I neuer meant him for my heire.
Is not the colour o' my beard, and eye-browes,
To make me knowne? MOS. No iot. VOLP. I did it well.
MOS. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With halfe the happinesse; and, yet, I would
Escape your *epilogue*. VOLP. But, were they gull'd
With a beliefe, that I was SCOTO? MOS. Sir,
SCOTO himselfe could hardly haue distinguish'd!
I haue not time to flatter you, now, wee'll part:
And, as I prosper, so applaud my art.

Act II. *Scene* V.

CORVINO, CELIA, SERVITORE.

DEath of mine honour, with the cities foole?
A iuggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebanke?
And, at a publike windore? where whil'st he,
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces,
To his drug-lecture drawes your itching eares,
A crue of old, vn-marri'd, noted lechers,
Stood leering vp, like *Satyres*: and you smile,
Most graciously! and fan your fauours forth,
To giue your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebanke their call? their whistle?
Or were you' enamour'd on his copper rings?
His saffron iewell, with the toade-stone in't?
Or his imbroidred sute, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a herse-cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd beard? well! you shall haue him, yes.
He shall come home, and minister vnto you
The fricace, for the moother. Or, let me see,
I thinke, you' had rather mount? would you not mount?
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes truely, you may:
And so, you may be seene, downe to' th' foot.
Get you a citterne, lady *vanitie*,

And be a dealer, with the vertuous man ;
Make one : I'le but protest my selfe a cuckold,
And saue your dowrie. I am a *Dutchman*, I !
For, if you thought me an *Italian*,
You would be damn'd, ere you did this, you whore :
Thou'ldst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subiect of my iustice!
CEL. Good sir, haue patience! CORV. What coul'dst thou propose
Lesse to thy selfe, then, in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steele vnto thee, with as many stabs,
As thou wert gaz'd vpon with goatish eyes ?
CEL. Alasse sir, be appeas'd ! I could not thinke
My being at the windore should more, now,
Moue your impatience, then at other times.
CORV. No ? not to seeke, and entertaine a parlee,
With a knowne knaue ? before a multitude ?
You were an actor, with your handkerchiefe !
Which he, most sweetly, kist in the receipt,
And might (no doubt) returne it, with a letter,
And point the place, where you might meet : your sisters,
Your mothers, or your aunts might serue the turne.
CEL. Why, deare sir, when doe I make these excuses ?
Or euer stirre, abroad, but to the church?
And that, so seldome———CORV. Well, it shall be lesse ;
And thy restraint, before, was libertie,
To what I now decree : and therefore, marke me.
First, I will haue this bawdy light dam'd vp ;
And, til't be done, some two, or three yards off,
I'le chalke a line : o're which, if thou but chance
To set thy desp'rate foot ; more hell, more horror,
More wilde, remorcelesse rage shall seize on thee,
Then on a coniurer, that, had heedlesse left
His circles safetie, ere his deuill was laid.
Then, here's a locke, which I will hang vpon thee ;
And, now I thinke on't, I will keepe thee backe-wards ;
Thy lodging shall be backe-wards; thy walkes back-wards;
Thy prospect-all be backe-wards ; and no pleasure,
That thou shalt know but backe-wards : Nay, since you force
My honest nature, know, it is your owne
Being too open, makes me vse you thus.
Since you will not containe your subtle nostrils
In a sweet roome, but they must snuffe the ayre

Of

Of ranke, and sweatie passengers———One knockes. *Knocke within.*
Away, and be not seene, paine of thy life;
Not looke toward the windore: if thou dost———
(Nay stay, heare this) let me not prosper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomie,
Dissect thee mine owne selfe, and read a lecture
Vpon thee, to the citie, and in publique.
Away. Who's there? SER. 'Tis signior MOSCA, sir.

Act. II. *Scene.* VI.

CORVINO, MOSCA.

LEt him come in, his master's dead: There's yet
Some good, to helpe the bad. My MOSCA, welcome,
I ghesse your newes. MOS. I feare you cannot, sir.
CORV. Is't not his death? MOS. Rather the contrarie.
CORV. Not his recouerie? MOS. Yes, sir, CORV. I am curst,
I am bewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how? MOS. Why, sir, with SCOTO'S oyle!
CORBACCIO, and VOLTORE brought of it,
Whil'st I was busie in an inner roome———
CORV. Death! that damn'd mountebanke! but, for the law,
Now, I could kill the raskall: 't cannot be,
His oyle should haue that vertue. Ha'not I
Knowne him a common rogue, come fidling in
To th'*osteria*, with a tumbling whore,
And, when he ha's done all his forc'd trickes, beene glad
Ofa poore spoonefull of dead wine, with flyes in't?
It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a sheepes gall, a rosted bitches marrow,
Some few sod earewigs, pounded caterpillers,
A little capons grease, and fasting spittle:
I know'hem, to a dram. MOS. I know not, sir,
But some on't, there they powr'd into his eares,
Some in his nostrils, and recouer'd him;
Applying but the fricace. CORV. Pox o'that fricace.
MOS. And since, to seeme the more officious,
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they haue had
(At extreme fees) the colledge of physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore him;
Where, one would haue a cataplasme of spices,
Another, a flayd ape clapt to his brest,
A third would ha'it a dogge, a fourth an oyle

With

With wild cats skinnes: at last, they all resolu'd
That, to preserue him, was no other meanes,
But some yong woman must be streight sought out,
Lustie, and full of iuice, to sleepe by him;
And, to this seruice (most vnhappily,
And most vnwillingly) am I now imploy'd,
Which, here, I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your aduice, since it concernes you most,
Because, I would not doe that thing might crosse
Your ends, on whom I haue my whole dependance, sir:
Yet,if I doe it not, they may delate
My slacknesse to my patron, worke me out
Of his opinion; and there, all your hopes,
Venters, or whatsoeuer, are all frustrate.
I doe but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all
Now striuing, who shall first present him. Therefore——
I could intreat you, briefly, conclude some-what:
Preuent 'hem if you can. CORV. Death to my hopes!
This is my villanous fortune! Best to hire
Some common curtezan? MOS. I, I thought on that, sir.
But they are all so subtle, full of art,
And age againe doting, and flexible,
So as———I cannot tell———we may perchance
Light on a queane, may cheat vs all. CORV. 'Tis true.
MOS. No, no: it must be one, that ha's no trickes, sir,
Some simple thing, a creature, made vnto it;
Some wench you may command. Ha' you no kinswoman?
Gods so——Thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, sir.
One o'the Doctors offer'd,there,his daughter.
CORV. How! MOS. Yes, signior LVPO, the physician,
CORV. His daughter? MOS. And a virgin, sir. Why? Alasse
He knowes the state of's bodie,what it is;
That nought can warme his bloud, sir,but a feuer;
Nor any incantation rayse his spirit:
A long forgetfulnesse hath seiz'd that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it? some one, or two———
CORV. I pray thee giue me leaue. If any man
But I had had this lucke——The thing in't selfe,
I know, is nothing——Wherefore should not I
As well command my bloud,and my affections,
As this dull Doctor? In the point of honour,
The cases are all one, of wife, and daughter.
MOS. I heare him comming. CORV. Shee shall doo't: 'Tis done.
Slight, if this Doctor, who is not engag'd,

Vnlesse't

Vnlesse't be for his counsell (which is nothing)
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will preuent him : wretch!
Couetous wretch! MOSCA, I haue determin'd.
MOS. How, sir? CORV. We'll make all sure. The party, you wot of,
Shall be mine owne wife, MOSCA. MOS. Sir. The thing,
(But that I would not seeme to counsell you)
I should haue motion'd to you, at the first:
And, make your count, you haue cut all their throtes.
Why! 'tis directly taking a possession!
And, in his next fit, we may let him goe.
'Tis but to pull the pillow, from his head,
And he is thratled : 't had beene done, before,
But for your scrupulous doubts. CORV. I, a plague on't,
My conscience fooles my wit. Well, I'le be briefe,
And so be thou, lest they should be before vs;
Goe home, prepare him, tell him, with what zeale,
And willingnesse, I doe it: sweare it was,
On the first hearing (as thou maist doe, truely)
Mine owne free motion. MOS. Sir, I warrant you,
I'le so possesse him with it, that the rest
Of his staru'd clients shall be banisht, all:
And onely you receiu'd. But come not, sir,
Vntill I send, for I haue some-thing else
To ripen, for your good (you must not know't)
CORV. But doe not you forget to send, now. MOS. Feare not.

Act II. *Scene* VII.

CORVINO, CELIA.

WHere are you, wife? my CELIA? wife? what, blubbering?
Come, drie those teares. I thinke, thou thought'st me in earnest?
Ha? by this light, I talk'd so but to trie thee.
Me thinkes, the lightnesse of the occasion
Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not iealous.
CEL. No? CORV. Faith, I am not, I, nor neuer was:
It is a poore, vnprofitable humour.
Doe not I know, if women haue a will,
They'll doe 'gainst all the watches, o' the world?
And that the fiercest spies, are tam'd with gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't :
And see, I'le giue thee cause too, to beleeue it.
Come, kisse me. Goe, and make thee ready straight,
In all thy best attire, thy choicest iewells,

Put

Put 'hem all on, and, with 'hem, thy best lookes :
We are inuited to a solemne feast,
At old VOLPONE'S, where it shall appeare
How far I am free, from icalousie, or feare.

Act III. *Scene* I.

MOSCA.

I Feare, I shall begin to grow in loue
With my deare selfe, and my most prosp'rous parts,
They doe so spring, and burgeon ; I can feele
A whimsey i' my bloud : (I know not how)
Successe hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin, now, like a subtill snake,
I am so limber. O ! Your Parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropt from aboue,
Not bred 'mong'st clods, and clot-poules, here on earth.
I muse, the mysterie was not made a science,
It is so liberally profest ! almost
All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But Parasites, or Sub-parasites. And, yet,
I meane not those, that haue your bare towne-arte,
To know, who's fit to feede 'hem ; haue no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for mens eares, to bait that sense ; or get
Kitchin-inuention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groine ; nor those,
With their court-dog-tricks, that can fawne, and fleere,
Make their reuennue out of legs, and faces,
Eccho my-Lord, and lick away a moath :
But your fine, elegant rascall, that can rise,
And stoope (almost together) like an arrow ;
Shoot through the aire, as nimbly as a starre ;
Turne short, as doth a swallow ; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once ;
Present to any humour, all occasion ;
And change a visor, swifter, then a thought !
This is the creature, had the art borne with him ;
Toiles not to learne it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature : and such sparkes,
Are the true Parasites, others but their *Zani's*.

Act III. *Scene* II.

Mosca, Bonario.

VVHo's this ? Bonario? old Corbaccio's sonne?
The person I was bound to seeke. Faire sir,
You are happ'ly met. Bon. That cannot be, by thee.
Mos. Why, sir? Bon. Nay'pray thee know thy way, & leaue me:
I would be loth to inter-change discourse,
With such a mate, as thou art. Mos. Courteous sir,
Scorne not my pouertie. Bon. Not I, by heauen :
But thou shalt giue me leaue to hate thy basenesse.
Mos. Basenesse? Bon. I, answere me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument? thy flatterie?
Thy meanes of feeding? Mos. Heauen, be good to me.
These imputations are too common, sir,
And eas'ly stuck on vertue, when shee's poore ;
You are vnequall to me, and how ere
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That ere you know me, thus, proceed in censure :
St. Marke beare witnesse 'gainst you,'tis inhumane.
Bon. What? do's he weepe? the signe is soft,and good !
I doe repent me, that I was so harsh.
Mos. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong necessitie,
I am enforc'd to eate my earefull bread
With too much obsequie ; 'tis true, beside,
That I am faine to spin mine owne poore rayment,
Out of my mere obseruance, being not borne
To a free fortune : but that I haue done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Diuiding families, betraying counsells,
Whispering false lyes, or mining men with praises,
Train'd their credulitie with periuries,
Corrupted chastitie, or am in loue
With mine owne tender ease, but would not rather
Proue the most rugged, and laborious course,
That might redeeme my present estimation ;
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodnesse.
Bon. This cannot be a personated passion !
I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature ;
'Pray thee forgiue me : and speake out thy bus'nesse.
Mos. Sir, it concernes you ; and though I may seeme,
At first, to make a maine offence, in manners,
And in my gratitude, vnto my master,
Yet, for the pure loue, which I beare all right,

And

And hatred of the wrong, I must reueale it.
This verie houre, your father is in purpose
To disinherit you——BON. How! MOS. And thrust you forth,
As a mere stranger to his bloud; 'tis true, sir:
The worke no way ingageth me, but, as
I claime an interest in the generall state
Of goodnesse, and true vertue, which I heare
T'abound in you: and, for which mere respect,
Without a second ayme, sir, I haue done it.
BON. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust,
Thou hadst with me; it is impossible:
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My father should be so vnnaturall.
MOS. It is a confidence, that well becomes
Your pietie; and form'd (no doubt) it is,
From your owne simple innocence: which makes
Your wrong more monstrous, and abhor'd. But, sir,
I now, will tell you more. This verie minute,
It is, or will be doing: And, if you
Shall be but pleas'd to goe with me, I'le bring you,
(I dare not say where you shall see, but) where
Your eare shall be a witnesse of the deed;
Heare your selfe written bastard: and profest
The common issue of the earth. BON. I'm maz'd!
MOS. Sir, if I doe it not, draw your iust sword,
And score your vengeance, on my front, and face;
Marke me your villaine: You haue too much wrong,
And I doe suffer for you, sir. My heart
Weepes bloud, in anguish——BON. Lead. I follow thee.

Act III. *Scene* III.

VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE.

MOSCA stayes long, me thinkes. Bring forth your sports
And helpe, to make the wretched time more sweet.
NAN. *Dwarfe, Foole, and Eunuch, well met here we be.*
A question it were now, whether of vs three,
Being all the knowne delicates of a rich man,
In pleasing him, claime the precedencie can?
CAS. *I claime for my selfe.* AND. *And, so doth the foole.*
NAN. *'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to schoole.*
First, for your dwarfe, hee's little, and wittie,
And euery thing, as it is little, is prittie;

Else,

Else, why doe men say to a creature of my shape,
So soone as they see him, it's a pritty little ape?
And, why a pritty ape? but for pleasing imitation
Of greater mens action, in a ridiculous fashion.
Beside, this feat body of mine doth not craue
Halfe the meat, drinke, and cloth, one of your bulkes will haue.
Admit, your fooles face be the mother of laughter,
Yet, for his braine, it must alwaies come after:
And, though that doe feed him, it's a pittifull case,
His body is beholding to such a bad face.
VOLP. Who's there? my couch, away, looke, NANO, see: *One knocks.*
Giue me my cappes, first——go, enquire. Now, CVPID
Send it be MOSCA, and with faire returne.
NAN. It is the beauteous madam——VOLP. WOVLD-BE——is it?
NAN. The same. VOLP. Now, torment on me; squire her in:
For she will enter, or dwell here for euer.
Nay, quickely, that my fit were past. I feare
A second hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expell my appetite to the other:
Would shee were taking, now, her tedious leaue.
Lord, how it threates me, what I am to suffer!

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

LADY, VOLPONE, NANO, WOMEN. 2.

I Thanke you, good sir. 'Pray you signifie
Vnto your patron, I am here. This band
Shewes not my neck inough (I trouble you, sir,
Let me request you, bid one of my women
Come hither to me) in good faith, I, am drest
Most fauourably, to day, it is no matter,
'Tis well inough. Looke, see, these petulant things!
How they haue done this! VOLP. I do feele the feuer
Entring, in at mine eares; ô, for a charme,
To fright it hence. LAD. Come neerer: is this curle
In his right place? or this? why is this higher
Then all the rest? you ha' not wash'd your eies, yet?
Or do they not stand euen i'your head?
Where's your fellow? call her. NAN. Now, St. MARKE
Deliuer vs: anon, shee'll beate her women,
Because her nose is red. LAD. I pray you, view
This tire, forsooth: are all things apt, or no?
WOM. One haire a little, here, sticks out, forsooth.

LAD. Do's't so forsooth? and where was your deare sight
When it did so, forsooth? what now? bird-ey'd?
And you, too?'pray you both approch, and mend it.
Now (by that light) I muse, yo'are not asham'd!
I, that haue preach'd these things, so oft, vnto you,
Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds,
Disputed euery fitnesse, euery grace,
Call'd you to counsell of so frequent dressings———
(NAN. More carefully, then of your fame, or honour)
LAD. Made you acquainted, what an ample dowrie
The knowledge of these things would be vnto you,
Able, alone, to get you noble husbands
At your returne: and you, thus, to neglect it?
Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
Th'*Italians* are, what will they say of me?
The *English* lady cannot dresse her selfe;
Here's a fine imputation, to our countrie!
Well, goe your wayes, and stay, i'the next roome.
This *fucus* was too course too, it's no matter.
Good-sir, you'll giue'hem entertaynement?
VOLP. The storme comes toward me. LAD. How do's my VOLP?
VOLP. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleepe; I dreamt
That a strange *furie* entred, now, my house,
And, with the dreadfull tempest of her breath,
Did cleaue my roofe asunder. LAD. Beleeue me, and I
Had the most fearefull dreame, could I remember't———
VOLP. Out on my fate; I ha' giu'n her the occasion
How to torment me: shee will tell me hers.
LAD. Me thought, the golden mediocritie
Polite, and delicate— VOLP. O, if you doe loue me,
No more; I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dreame: feele, how I tremble yet.
LAD. Alas, good soule! the passion of the heart.
Seed-pearle were good now, boild with syrrope of apples,
Tincture of gold, and corrall, citron-pills,
Your elicampane roote, mirobalanes ———
VOLP. Ay me, I haue tane a grasse-hopper by the wing.
LAD. Burnt silke, and amber, you haue muscadell
Good i'the house—— VOLP. You will not drinke, and part?
LAD. No, feare not that. I doubt, we shall not get
Some *english* saffron (halfe a dram would serue)
Your sixteene cloues, a little muske, dri'd mints,
Buglosse, and barley-meale —— VOLP. Shee's in againe,
Before I fayn'd diseases, now I haue one.
LAD. And these appli'd, with a right scarlet-cloth———

VOLP

VOLP. Another floud of wordes! a very torrent!
LAD. Shall I, sir, make you a poultise? VOLP. No, no, no;
I'am very well: you need prescribe no more.
LAD. I haue, a little, studied physick; but, now,
I'am all for musique: saue, i'the fore-noones,
An houre, or two, for painting. I would haue
A lady, indeed, t'haue all, letters, and artes,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principall (as PLATO holds) your musique
(And, so do's wise PYTHAGORAS, I take it)
Is your true rapture; when there is concent
In face, in voyce, and clothes: and is, indeed,
Our sexes chiefest ornament. VOLP. The Poet,
As old in time, as PLATO, and as knowing,
Say's that your highest female grace is silence.
LAD. Which o'your Poets? PETRARCH? or TASSO? or DANTE?
GVERRINI? ARIOSTO? ARETINE?
CIECO *di Hadria*? I haue read them all.
VOLP. Is euery thing a cause, to my destruction?
LAD. I thinke, I ha'two or three of'hem, about me.
VOLP. Thesunne, the sea will sooner, both, stand still,
Then her eternall tongue! nothing can scape it.
LAD. Here's PASTOR FIDO—— VOLP. Professe obstinate silence,
That's, now, my safest. LAD. All our *English* writers,
I meane such, as are happy in th'*Italian*,
Will deigne to steale out of this author, mainely;
Almost as much, as from MONTAGNIE:
He has so moderne, and facile a veine,
Fitting the time, and catching the court-eare.
Your PETRARCH is more passionate, yet he,
In dayes of sonetting, trusted'hem, with much:
DANTE is hard, and few can vnderstand him.
But, for a desperate wit, there's ARETINE!
Onely, his pictures are a little obscene———
You marke me not? VOLP. Alas, my mind's perturb'd.
LAD. Why, in such cases, we must cure our selues,
Make vse of our philosophie—— VOLP. O'y me.
LAD. And, as we find our passions doe rebell,
Encounter'hem with reason; or diuert'hem,
By giuing scope vnto some other humour
Of lesser danger: as, in politique bodies,
There's nothing, more, doth ouer-whelme the iudgement,
And clouds the vnderstanding, then too much
Settling, and fixing, and (as't were) subsiding
Vpon one obiect. For the incorporating

Of these same outward things, into that part,
Which we call mentall, leaues some certaine *fæces*,
That stop the organs, and, as PLATO sayes,
Assassinates our knowledge. VOLP. Now, the spirit
Of patience helpe me. LAD. Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more, a dayes; and make you well:
Laugh, and be lusty. VOLP. My good angell saue me.
LAD. There was but one sole man, in all the world,
With whom I ere could sympathize; and he
Would lie you often, three, foure houres together,
To heare me speake: and be (sometime) so rap't,
As he would answere me, quite from the purpose,
Like you, and you are like him, iust. I'le discourse
(And't be but only, sir, to bring you a-sleepe)
How we did spend our time, and loues, together,
For some sixe yeeres. VOLP. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
LAD. For we were *cœtanei*, and brought vp———
VOLP. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me.

Act III. *Scene* V.

MOSCA, LADY, VOLPONE.

GOd saue you, Madam. LAD. Good sir. VOLP. MOSCA? welcom,
Welcome to my redemption. MOS. Why, sir? VOLP. Oh,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My Madam, with the euerlasting voyce:
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne're made
Like noise, or were in that perpetuall motion;
The cock-pit comes not neere it. All my house,
But now, steam'd like a bath, with her thicke breath.
A lawyer could not haue beene heard; nor scarse
Another woman, such a hayle of wordes
Shee has let fall. For hells sake, rid her hence.
MOS. Has shee presented? VOLP. O, I doe not care,
I'le take her absence, vpon any price,
With any losse. MOS. Madam— LAD. I ha' brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine owne worke——— MOS. 'Tis well,
I had forgot to tell you, I saw your Knight,
Where you'ld little thinke it— LAD. Where? MOS. Mary,
Where yet, if you make haste, youmay apprehend him,
Rowing vpon the water in a *gondole*,
With the most cunning curtizan, of *Venice*.
LAD. Is't true? MOS. Pursue 'hem, and beleeue your eyes:
Leaue me, to make your gift. I knew, 't would take.

For

For lightly, they that vse themselues most licence,
Are still most iealous. VOLP. MOSCA, hearty thankes,
For thy quicke fiction, and deliuery of mee.
Now, to my hopes, what saist thou? LAD. But doe you heare, sir?——
VOLP. Againe; I feare a *paroxisme*. LAD. Which way
Row'd they together? MOS. Toward the *rialto*.
LAD. I pray you lend me your dwarfe. MOS. I pray you,take him.
Your hopes, sir, are like happie blossomes, faire,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keepe you, at your couch,
CORBACCIO will arriue straight, with the will:
When he is gone, ile tell you more. VOLP. My blood,
My spirits are return'd; I am aliue:
And like your wanton gam'ster, at *primero*,
Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not goe lesse,
Me thinkes I lie, and draw—for an encounter.

Act III. *Scene* VI.

MOSCA, BONARIO.

SIr, here conceald, you may heare all. But 'pray you
Haue patience, sir; the same's your father, knocks: *One knockes.*
I am compeld, to leaue you. BON. Do so. Yet,
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

Act. III. *Scene.* VII.

MOSCA, CORVINO, CELIA, BONARIO, VOLPONE.

DEath on me! you are come too soone, what meant you?
Did not I say, I would send? CORV. Yes, but I feard
You might forget it, and then they preuent vs.
MOS. Preuent? did ere man haste so, for his hornes?
A courtier would not ply it so, for a place.
Well,now there's no helping it, stay here;
Ile presently returne. CORV. Where are you, CELIA?
You know not wherefore I haue brought you hither?
CEL. Not well, except you told me. CORV. Now, I will:
Harke hither. MOS. Sir, your father hath sent word, *To Bonario.*
It will be halfe an houre, ere he come;
And therefore, if you please to walke, the while,
Into that gallery———at the vpper end,
There are some bookes, to entertaine the time:

And ile take care, no man shall come vnto you, sir.
BON. Yes, I will stay there, I doe doubt this fellow.
MOS. There, he is farre enough ; he can heare nothing :
And, for his father, I can keepe him off.
CORV. Nay, now, there is no starting backe ; and therefore,
Resolue vpon it : I haue so decree'd.
It must be done. Nor, would I moue't afore,
Because I would auoide all shifts and tricks,
That might denie me. CEL. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials ; if you doubt
My chastitie, why locke me vp, for euer :
Make me the heyre of darkenesse. Let me liue,
Where I may please your feares, if not your trust.
CORV. Beleeue it, I haue no such humor, I.
All that I speake, I meane ; yet I am not mad :
Not horne-mad, see you? Go too, shew your selfe
Obedient, and a wife. CEL. O heauen! CORV. I say it,
Do so. CEL. Was this the traine? CORV. I'haue told you reasons;
What the physitians haue set downe; how much,
It may concerne me ; what my engagements are ;
My meanes ; and the necessitie of those meanes,
For my recouery : wherefore, if you bee
Loyall, and mine, be wonne, respect my venture.
CEL. Before your honour? CORV. Honour? tut, a breath ;
There's no such thing, in nature : a meere terme
Inuented to awe fooles. What is my gold
The worse, for touching? clothes, for being look'd on?
Why, this 's no more. An old, decrepit wretch,
That ha's no sense, no sinew ; takes his meate
With others fingers ; onely knowes to gape,
When you doe scald his gummes ; a voice ; a shadow ;
And, what can this man hurt you? CEL. Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entred him? CORV. And for your fame,
That's such a ligge ; as if I would goe tell it,
Crie it, on the *piazza*! who shall know it?
But hee, that cannot speake it ; and this fellow,
Whose lippes are i' my pocket : saue your selfe,
If you'll proclaime't, you may. I know no other,
Should come to know it. CEL. Are heauen, and saints then nothing?
Will they be blinde, or stupide? CORV. How? CEL. Good Sir,
Be iealous still, æmulate them ; and thinke
What hate they burne with, toward euery sinne.
CORV. I grant you : if I thought it were a sinne,
I would not vrge you. Should I offer this
To some yong *Frenchman*, or hot *Tuscane* bloud,

That

That had read ARETINE, com'd all his printes,
Knew euery quirke within lusts laborinth,
And were profest critique, in lechery;
And I would looke vpon him, and applaud him,
This were a sinne: but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious worke, mere charity, for physick,
And honest politie, to assure mine owne.
CEL. O heauen! canst thou suffer such a change?
VOLP. Thou art mine honor, MOSCA, and my pride,
My ioy, my tickling, my delight! goe, bring 'hem.
MOS. Please you draw neere, sir. CORV. Come on, what———
You will not be rebellious? by that light———
MOS. Sir, signior CORVINO, here, is come to see you.
VOLP. Oh. MOS. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute——— CORV. Thankes, sweet MOSCA.
MOS. Freely, vn-ask'd, or vn-intreated——— CORV. Well.
MOS. (As the true, feruent instance of his loue)
His owne most faire and proper wife; the beauty,
Onely of price, in *Venice*———CORV. 'Tis well vrg'd.
MOS. To be your comfortresse, and to preserue you.
VOLP. Alasse, I am past already! 'pray you, thanke 'him,
For his good care, and promptnesse, but for that,
'Tis a vaine labour, eene to fight, 'gainst heauen;
Applying fire to a stone: (vh, vh, vh, vh.)
Making a dead leafe grow againe. I take
His wishes gently, though; and, you may tell him,
What I' haue done for him: mary, my state is hopelesse!
Will him, to pray for me; and t'vse his fortune,
With reuerence, when he comes to't. MOS. Do you heare, sir?
Go to him, with your wife. CORV. Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee, come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing. CELIA. By this hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.
CEL Sir, kill me, rather: I will take downe poyson,
Eate burning coales, doe any thing——CORV. Be damn'd.
(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home, by the haire;
Cry thee a strumpet, through the streets; rip vp
Thy mouth, vnto thine eares; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rotchet———Do not tempt me, come.
Yeld, I am loth——— (Death) I will buy some slaue,
Whom I will kill, and binde thee to him, aliue;
And at my windore, hang you forth: deuising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capitall letters,
Will eate into thy flesh, with *aqua-fortis*,

And burning cor'siues, on this stubborne brest.
Now, by the bloud, thou hast incens'd, ile do't.
CEL. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your martyr.
CORV. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not deseru'd it:
Thinke, who it is, intreats you. 'Pray thee, sweet;
(Good'faith) thou shalt haue iewells, gownes, attires,
What thou wilt thinke, and aske. Do, but, go kisse him.
Or touch him, but. For my sake. At my sute.
This once. No? not? I shall remember this.
Will you disgrace me, thus? do' you thirst my' vndoing?
MOS. Nay, gentle lady, be aduis'd. CORV. No, no.
She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is skiruy;
'Tis very skiruie: and you are——— MOS. Nay, good, sir.
CORV. An errant locust, by heauen, a locust. Whore,
Crocodile, that hast thy thy teares prepar'd,
Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'hem flow. MOS. Nay, 'Pray you, sir,
Shee will consider. CEL. Would my life would serue
To satisfie. CORV. (S' death) if shee would but speake to him,
And saue my reputation, 'twere somewhat;
But, spightfully to affect my vtter ruine.
MOS. I, now you' haue put your fortune, in her hands.
Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her;
If you were absent, shee would be more comming;
I know it: and dare vndertake for her.
What woman can, before her husband? 'pray you,
Let vs depart, and leaue her, here. CORV. Sweet CELIA,
Thou mayst redeeme all, yet; I'le say no more:
If not, esteeme your selfe as lost. Nay, stay there.
CEL. O god, and his good angels! whether, whether.
Is shame fled humane brests? that with such ease,
Men dare put off your honours, and their owne?
Is that, which euer was a cause of life,
Now plac'd beneath the basest circumstance?
And modestie an exile made, for money?

He leapes off from his couch.

VOLP. I, in CORVINO, and such earth-fed mindes,
That neuer tasted the true heau'n of loue.
Assure thee, CELIA, he that would sell thee,
Onely for hope of gaine, and that vncertaine,
He would haue sold his part of paradise
For ready money, had he met a cope-man.
Why art thou maz'd, to see me thus reuiu'd?
Rather applaud thy beauties miracle;
'Tis thy great worke: that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times, 'rays'd me, in seuerall shapes,
And, but this morning, like a mountebanke,

To

To see thee at thy windore. I, before
I would haue left my practice, for thy loue,
In varying figures, I would haue contended
With the blue PROTEVS, or the horned *Floud*.
Now, art thou welcome. CEL. Sir! VOLP. Nay, flie me not.
Nor, let thy false imagination
That I was bedrid, make thee thinke, I am so:
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as iouiall plight,
As when (in that so celebrated *scene*,
At recitation of our *comœdie*,
For entertainement of the great VALOYS)
I acted yong ANTINOVS; and attracted
The eyes, and eares of all the ladies, present,
T'admire each gracefull gesture, note, and footing.

SONG.

COme, my CELIA, *let vs proue,*
While we can, the sports of loue;
Time will not be ours, for euer,
He, at length, our good will seuer;
Spend not then his gifts, in vaine.
Sunnes, that set, may rise againe:
But if, once, we lose this light,
'Tis with vs perpetuall night.
Why should wee deferre our ioyes?
Fame, and rumor are but toies.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poore houshold-spies?
Or his easier eares beguile,
Thus remooued, by our wile?
'Tis no sinne, loues fruits to steale;
But the sweet thefts to reueale:
To be taken, to be seene,
These haue crimes accounted beene.

CEL. Some *serene* blast me, or dire lightning strike
This my offending face. VOLP. Why droopes my CELIA?
Thou hast in place of a base husband, found
A worthy louer: vse thy fortune well,
With secrecie, and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queene of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possess'd, and crown'd.
See, here, a rope of pearle; and each, more orient
Then that the braue *Ægyptian* queene carrous'd:

Dissolue

Dissolue, and drinke 'hem. See, a carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our S^t. MARKE;
A diamant, would haue bought LOLLIA PAVLINA,
When she came in, like star-light hid with iewels,
That were the spoiles of prouinces; take these,
And weare, and loose 'hem: yet remaines an eare-ring
To purchase them againe, and this whole state.
A gem, but worth a priuate patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eate such at a meale.
The heads of parrats, tongues of nightingales,
The braines of peacoks, and of estriches
Shall be our food: and, could we get the phœnix,
(Though nature lost her kind) shee were our dish.
CEL. Good sir, these things might moue a minde affected
With such delights; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can thinke wealthy, or worth th'enioying,
And which once lost, I haue nought to loose beyond it,
Cannot be taken with these sensuall baites:
If you haue conscience ——— VOLP. 'Tis the beggers vertue,
If thou hast wisdome, heare me, CELIA.
Thy bathes shall be the iuyce of iuly-flowres,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,
The milke of vnicornes, and panthers breath
Gather'd in bagges, and mixt with *cretan* wines.
Our drinke shall be prepared gold, and amber;
Which we will take, vntill my roofe whirle round
With the *vertigo*: and my dwarfe shall dance,
My eunuch sing, my foole make vp the antique.
Whil'st, we, in changed shapes, act OVIDS tales,
Thou, like EVROPA now, and I like IOVE,
Then I like MARS, and thou like ERYCINE,
So, of the rest, till we haue quite run through
And weary'd all the fables of the gods.
Then will I haue thee in more moderne formes,
Attired like some sprightly dame of *France*,
Braue *Tuscan* lady, or proud *Spanish* beauty;
Sometimes, vnto the *Persian Sophies* wife;
Or the grand-*Signiors* mistresse; and, for change,
To one of our most art-full courtizans,
Or some quick *Negro*, or cold *Russian*;
And I will meet thee, in as many shapes:
Where we may, so, trans-fuse our wandring soules,
Out at our lippes, and score vp summes of pleasures,
That the curious shall not know,
How to tell them, as they flow;

And

And the enuious, when they find
What their number is, be pind.

CEL. If you haue eares that will be pierc'd; or eyes,
That can be open'd; a heart, may be touch'd;
Or any part, that yet sounds man, about you:
If you haue touch of holy saints, or heauen,
Do me the grace, to let me scape. If not,
Be bountifull, and kill me. You doe know,
I am a creature, hither ill betrayd,
By one, whose shame I would forget it were,
If you will daigne me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather then your lust;
(It is a vice, comes neerer manlinesse)
And punish that vnhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscal my beauty: flay my face,
Or poison it, with oyntments, for seducing
Your bloud to this rebellion. Rub these hands,
With what may cause an eating leprosie,
E'ene to my bones, and marrow: any thing,
That may disfauour me, saue in my honour.
And I will kneele to you, pray for you, pay downe
A thousand hourely vowes, sir, for your health,
Report, and thinke you vertuous——VOLP. Thinke me cold,
Frosen, and impotent, and so report me?
That I had NESTOR'S *hernia*, thou wouldst thinke.
I doe degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with oportunity, thus long:
I should haue done the act, and then haue parlee'd.
Yeeld, or Ile force thee. CEL. O! iust God. VOLP. In vaine——
BON. Forbeare, foule rauisher, libidinous swine,
Free the forc'd lady, or thou dy'st, impostor.
But that I am loth to snatch thy punishment
Out of the hand of iustice, thou shouldst, yet,
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar, and this drosse, thy idoll.
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villany; feare nought, you haue a guard:
And he, ere long, shall meet his iust reward.
VOLP. Fall on me, roofe, and bury me in ruine,
Become my graue, that wert my shelter. O!
I am vn-masqu'd, vn-spirited, vn-done,
Betray'd to beggery, to infamy——

He leapes out from where Mosca had plac'd him.

Act III. *Scene* VIII.

MOSCA, VOLPONE.

WHere shall I runne, most wretched shame of men,
To beate out my vn-luckie braines? VOLP. Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed? MOS. O, that his wel-driu'n sword
Had beene so courteous to haue cleft me downe,
Vnto the nauill; ere I liu'd to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engaged, by my error.
VOLP. Woe, on thy fortune. MOS. And my follies, sir.
VOLP. Th' hast made me miserable. MOS. And my selfe, sir.
Who would haue thought, he would haue harken'd, so?
VOLP. What shall we do? MOS. I know not, if my heart
Could expiate the mischance, Il'd pluck it out.
Will you be pleas'd to hang me? or cut my throate?
And i'le requite you, sir. Let's die like *Romanes*,
They knock without. Since wee haue liu'd, like *Grecians*. VOLP. Harke, who's there?
I heare some footing, officers, the *Saffi*,
Come to apprehend vs! I doe feele the brand
Hissing already, at my fore-head: now,
Mine eares are boring. MOS. To your couch, sir, you
Make that place good, how euer. Guilty men
Suspect, what they deserue still. Signior CORBACCIO!

Act III. *Scene* IX.

CORBACCIO, MOSCA, VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

WHy! how now? MOSCA! MOS. O, vndone, amaz'd, sir.
Your sonne (I know not, by what accident)
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your will, and making him your heire;
Entred our house with violence, his sword drawne,
Sought for you, call'd you wretch, vnnaturall,
Vow'd he would kill you. CORB. Me? MOS. Yes, and my patron.
CORB. This act, shall disinherit him indeed:
Here is the will. MOS. 'Tis well, sir. CORB. Right and well.
Be you as carefull now, for me. MOS. My life, sir,
Is not more tender'd, I am onely yours.
CORB. How do's he? will he die shortly, think'st thou? MOS. I feare.
He'll out-last *May*. CORB. To day? MOS. No, last-out *May*, sir.

CORB.

CORB. Couldst thou not gi'him a dram? MOS. O,by no meanes,sir.
CORB. Nay, I'le not bid you. VOLT. This is a knaue, I see.
MOS. How,signior VOLTORE! did he heare me? VOLT. Parasite.
MOS. Who's that? O, sir, most timely welcome——VOLT. Scarse,
To the discouery of your tricks, I feare.
You are his, onely? and mine, also? are you not?
MOS. Who? I, sir! VOLT. You, sir. What deuice is this
About a will? MOS. A plot for you, sir. VOLT. Come,
Put not your foist's vpon me, I shall sent 'hem.
MOS. Did you not heare it? VOLT. Yes, I heare, CORBACCIO
Hath made your patron, there, his heire. MOS. 'Tis true,
By my deuice, drawne to it by my plot,
With hope———VOLT. Your patron should reciprocate?
And, you haue promis'd? MOS. For your good, I did, sir.
Nay more, I told his sonne,brought,hid him here,
Where he might heare his father passe the deed;
Being perswaded to it,by this thought, sir,
That the vnnaturalnesse, first, of the act,
And then, his fathers oft disclaiming in him,
(Which I did meane t'helpe on) would sure enrage him
To doe some violence vpon his parent.
On which the law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stated in a double hope:
Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
My onely ayme was, to dig you a fortune
Out of these two, old rotten sepulchers ———
(VOLT. I cry thee mercy, MOSCA.) MOS. Worth your patience,
And your great merit, sir. And, see the change!
VOLT. Why?what successe? MOS. Most haplesse!you must helpe, sir.
Whilst we expected th' old rauen, in comes
CORVINO'S wife, sent hither, by her husband———
VOLT. What, with a present? MOS. No, sir,on visitation:
(I'le tell you how, anone) and, staying long,
The youth, he growes impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wound's me, makes her sweare
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
T'affirme my patron to haue done her rape:
Which how vnlike it is, you see! and, hence,
With that pretext, hee's gone, t'accuse his father;
Defame my patron; defeate you——VOLT. Where's her husband?
Let him be sent for, streight. MOS. Sir, I'le goe fetch him.
VOLT. Bring him, to the *Scrutineo*. MOS. Sir, I will.
VOLT. This must be stopt. MOS. O, you do nobly, sir.
Alasse,'twas labor'd all, sir, for your good;
Nor, was there want of counsel, in the plot:

But fortune can, at any time, orethrow
The proiects of a hundred learned *clearkes*, sir.
CORB. What's that? VOLT. Wilt please you sir, to goe along?
MOS. Patron, go in, and pray for our successe.
VOLP. Neede makes deuotion: heauen your labor blesse.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

POLITIQVE, PEREGRINE.

I Told you, sir, it was a plot: you see
What obseruation is. You mention'd mee,
For some instructions: I will tell you, sir,
(Since we are met, here in this height of *Venice*)
Some few particulars, I haue set downe,
Onely for this *meridian*; fit to be knowne
Of your crude traueller, and they are these.
I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,
For they are old. PER. Sir, I haue better. POL. Pardon
I meant, as they are *theames*. PER. O, sir, proceed:
I'le slander you no more of wit, good sir.
POL. First, for your garbe, it must be graue, and serious;
Very reseru'd, and lock't; not tell a secret,
On any termes, not to your father; scarse
A fable, but with caution; make sure choise
Both of your company, and discourse; beware,
You neuer spake a truth—— PER. How! POL. Not to strangers,
For those be they you must conuerse with, most;
Others I would not know, sir, but, at distance,
So as I still might be a sauer, in'hem:
You shall haue tricks, else, past vpon you, hourely.
And then, for your religion, professe none;
But wonder, at the diuersitie of all;
And, for your part, protest, were there no other
But simply the lawes o'th' land, you could content you:
NIC: MACHIAVEL, and monsieur BODINE, both,
Were of this minde. Then, must you learne the vse,
And handling of your siluer forke, at meales;
The mettall of your glasse: (these are maine matters,
With your *Italian*) and to know the houre,
When you must eat your melons, and your figges.
PER. Is that a point of state, too? POL. Here it is.
For your *Venetian*, if he see a man
Preposterous, in the least, he has him straight;

He

He has: he strippes him. I'le acquaint you, sir,
I now haue liu'd here ('tis some fourteene monthes)
Within the first weeke, of my landing here,
All tooke me for a citizen of *Venice :*
I knew the formes, so well———PER. And nothing else.
POL. I had read CONTARENE, tooke me a house,
Dealt with my *Iewes*, to furnish it with moueables———
Well, if I could but finde one man, one man,
To mine owne heart, whom I durst trust, I would——
PER. What? what, sir? POL. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He should not thinke, againe. I would command it.
PER. As how? POL. With certaine proiects, that I haue :
Which, I may not discouer. PER. If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds, now,
He tels me, instantly. POL. One is, (and that
I care not greatly, who knowes) to serue the state
Of *Venice*, with red herrings, for three yeeres,
And at a certaine rate, from *Roterdam*,
Where I haue correspondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o'th' States, and to that purpose;
He cannot write his name, but that's his marke.
PER. He is a chaundler? POL. No, a cheesemonger.
There are some other too, with whom I treate,
About the same negotiation ;
And, I will vndertake it : For, 'tis thus,
I'le do't with ease, I'haue cast it all. Your hoigh
Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returnes, a yeare :
So, if there come but one of three, I saue,
If two, I can defalke. But, this is now,
If my mayne proiect faile. PER. Then, you haue others?
POL. I should be loath to draw the subtill ayre
Of such a place, without my thousand aymes.
Ile not dissemble, sir, where ere I come,
I loue to be consideratiue ; and, 'tis true,
I haue, at my free houres, thought vpon
Some certaine goods, vnto the state of *Venice*,
Which I doe call my cautions : and, sir, which
I meane (in hope of pension) to propound
To the great councell, then vnto the forty,
So to the ten. My meanes are made already———
PER. By whom? POL. Sir, one, that though his place b'obscure,
Yet, he can sway, and they will heare him. H'is
A *commandadore*. PER. What, a common sergeant?
POL. Sir, such, as they are, put it in their mouthes,

What they should say, sometimes : as well as greater.
I thinke I haue my notes, to shew you —— PER. Good, sir,
POL. But, you shall sweare vnto me, on your gentry,
Not to anticipate—— PER. I, sir? POL. Nor reueale
A circumstance—— My paper is not with mee.
PER. O, but, you can remember, sir. POL. My first is,
Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,
No family is, here, without it's boxe.
Now sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case, that you, or I were ill affected
Vnto the state ; sir, with it in our pockets,
Might not I goe into the *arsenale?*
Or you? come out againe? and none the wiser?
PER. Except your selfe, sir. POL. Goe too,then. I,therefore,
Aduertise to the state, how fit it were,
That none, but such as were knowne patriots,
Sound louers of their countrey, should be sufferd
T'enioy them in their houses : and, euen those,
Seal'd, at some office, and, at such a bignesse,
As might not lurke in pockets. PER. Admirable!
POL. My next is, how t'enquire,and be resolu'd,
By present demonstration, whether a ship,
Newly arriued from *Soria*, or from
Any suspected part of all the *leuant*,
Be guilty of the plague : And, where they vse,
To lie out fortie, fifty daies, sometimes,
About the *Lazaretto*, for their triall ;
Ile saue that charge, and losse vnto the merchant,
And, in an houre, cleare the doubt. PER. Indeede, sir?
POL. Or——I will loose my labour. PER. 'My faith,that's much.
POL. Nay, sir, conceiue me. 'Twill cost me in onions,
Some thirtie *liu'res*——— PER. Which is one pound sterling.
POL. Beside my water-workes : for this I doe, sir.
First, I bring in your ship, 'twixt two brickwalles ;
(But those the state shall venter) on the one
I straine me a faire tarre-paulin ; and, in that,
I stick my onions, cut in halfes : the other
Is full of loope-holes, out at which, I thrust
The noses of my bellowes ; and, those bellowes
I keepe, with water-workes, in perpetuall motion,
(Which is the easi'st matter of a hundred)
Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally
Attract th' infection, and your bellowes, blowing
The ayre vpon him, will shew (instantly)
By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion,

Or

Or else, remaine as faire, as at the first.
Now'tis knowne, 'tis nothing. PER. You are right, sir.
POL. I would, I had my note. PER. 'Faith, so would I:
But, you ha' done well, for once, sir. POL. Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could shew you reasons,
How I could sell this state, now, to the *Turke*;
Spight of their galleis, or their —— PER. Pray you, sir POLL.
POL. I haue 'hem not, about me. PER. That I fear'd.
They' are there, sir? POL. No, this is my *diary*,
Wherein I note my actions of the day.
PER. 'Pray you, let's see, sir. What is here? *notandum*,
A rat had gnawne my spurre-lethers; notwithstanding,
I put on new, and did goe forth: but, first,
I threw three beanes ouer the threshold. *Item*,
I went, and bought two tooth-pickes, whereof one
I burst, immediatly, in a discourse
With a *dutch* merchant, 'bout *ragion del stato*.
From him I went, and payd a *moccinigo*,
For peecing my silke stockings; by the way,
I cheapen'd sprats: and at St. MARKES, I vrin'd.
'Faith, these are politique notes! POL. Sir, I do slippe
No action of my life, thus, but I quote it.
PER. Beleeue me it is wise! POL. Nay, sir, read forth.

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

LADY, NANO, WOMEN, POLITIQVE, PEREGRINE.

WHere should this loose knight be, trow? sure, h'is hous'd.
NAN. Why, then he's fast. LAD. I, he plaies both, with me:
I pray you, stay. This heate will doe more harme
To my complexion, then his heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him)
How it comes of! WOM. My master's yonder. LAD. Where?
WOM. With a yong gentleman. LAD. That same's the party!
In mans apparell. 'Pray you, sir, iog my knight:
I will be tender to his reputation,
How euer he demerit. POL. My lady! PER. Where?
POL. 'Tis shee indeed, sir, you shall know her. She is,
Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
For fashion, and behauiour; and, for beauty
I durst compare——— PER. It seemes, you are not iealous,
That dare commend her. POL. Nay, and for discourse———
PER. Being your wife, shee cannot misse that. POL. Madame,

Here is a gentleman, 'pray you, vse him, fairely,
He seemes a youth, but he is —— LAD. None? POL. Yes, one
Has put his face, as soone, into the world———
LAD. You meane, as earely? but to day? POL. How's this!
LAD. Why in this habit, sir, you apprehend me.
Well, master WOVLD-BEE, this doth not become you;
I had thought, the odour, sir, of your good name,
Had beene more precious to you; that you would not
Haue done this dire massacre, on your honour;
One of your grauity, and ranke, besides!
But, knights, I see, care little for the oath
They make to ladies: chiefely, their owne ladies.
POL. Now, by my spurres (the symbole of my knight-hood)
(PER. Lord! how his braine is humbled, for an oath)
POL. I reach you not. LAD. Right, sir, your politic
May beare it through, thus. Sir, a word with you.
I would be loth, to contest publikely,
With any gentlewoman; or to seeme
Froward, or violent (as the courtier sayes)
It comes too neere rusticity, in a lady,
Which I would shun, by all meanes: and, how-euer
I may deserue from master WOVLD-BEE, yet,
T'haue one faire gentlewoman, thus, be made
Th'vnkind instrument, to wrong another,
And one she knowes not, I, and to perseuer;
In my poore iudgement, is not warranted
From being a *solœcisme* in our sexe,
If not in manners. PER. How is this! POL. Sweet madame,
Come neerer to your ayme. LAD. Mary, and will, sir.
Since you prouoke me, with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-*siren*, here,
Your SPORVS, your *hermaphrodite*—PER. What's here?
Poetique fury, and historique stormes!
POL. The gentleman, beleeue it, is of worth,
And of our nation. LAD I, your *white-Friers* nation?
Come, I blush for you, master WOVLD-BEE, I;
And am asham'd, you should ha' no more forehead,
Then, thus, to be the patron, or S^t. GEORGE
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female deuill, in a male out-side. POL. Nay,
And you be such a one! I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appeares too liquide.
LAD. I, you may carry't cleare, with your state-face!
But, for your carniuale concupiscence,
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,

From

From furious persecution of the Marshall,
Her will I disc'ple. PER. This is fine,i'faith!
And do you vse this, often? is this part
Of your wits exercise,'gainst you haue occasion?
Madam———LAD. Go to, sir. PER. Do you heare me, lady?
Why, if your knight haue set you to begge shirts,
Or to inuite me home, you might haue done it
A neerer way, by farre. LAD. This cannot work you,
Out of my snare. PER. Why? am I in it, then?
Indeede, your husband told me, you were faire,
And so you are; onely your nose enclines
(That side, that's next the sunne) to the queene-apple.
LAD. This cannot be endur'd, by any patience.

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

MOSCA, LADY, PEREGRINE.

WHat's the matter, madame? LAD. If the *Senate*
Right not my quest, in this; I will protest 'hem,
To all the world, no *aristocracie.*
MOS. What is the iniurie, lady? LAD. Why, the callet,
You told me of, here I haue tane disguis'd.
MOS. Who? this? what meanes your ladiship? the creature
I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the *Senate,* you shall see her———LAD. Where?
MOS. I'le bring you to her. This yong gentleman
I saw him land, this morning, at the port.
LAD. Is't possible! how has my iudgement wander'd!
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I haue err'd:
And plead your pardon. PER. What! more changes, yet?
LAD. I hope, yo'ha'not the malice to remember
A gentlewomans passion. If you stay,
In *Venice,* here, please you to vse me, sir———
MOS. Will you go,madame? LAD. 'Pray you,sir,vse mee.In faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall conceiue,
You haue forgot our quarrell. PER. This is rare!
Sir POLITIQVE WOVLD-BEE? no, sir POLITIQVE bawd!
To bring me, thus, acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise sir POL: since you haue practis'd, thus,
Vpon my freshman-ship, I'le trie your salt-head,
What proofe it is against a counter-plot.

Act

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

VOLTORE, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, MOSCA.

WEll, now you know the carriage of the businesse,
Your constancy is all, that is requir'd
Vnto the safety of it. MOS. Is the lie
Safely conuai'd amongst vs? is that sure?
Knowes euery man his burden? CORV. Yes. MOS. Then, shrink not.
CORV. But, knowes the Aduocate the truth? MOS. O, sir,
By no meanes. I deuis'd a formall tale,
That salu'd your reputation. But, be valiant, sir.
CORV. I feare no one, but him; that, this his pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heire—MOS. Co-halter.
Hang him: we will but vse his tongue, his noise,
As we doe croakers, here. CORV. I, what shall he do? (we'll thinke,
MOS. When we ha' done, you meane? CORV. Yes. MOS. Why,
Sell him for *mummia* hee's halfe dust already.
To Voltore. Do not you smile, to see this *buffalo*,
How he doth sport it with his head? — I'should
To Corbaccio. If all were well, and past. Sir, onely you
Are he, that shall enioy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toile. CORB. I, peace.
To Coruino, then to Voltore againe. MOS. But you shall eate it. Much! Worshipfull sir,
MERCVRY sit vpon your thundring tongue,
Or the *French* HERCVLES, and make your language
As conquering as his club, to beate along,
(As with a tempest) flat, our aduersaries:
But, much more, yours, sir. VOLT. Here they come, ha' done.
MOS. I haue another witnesse, if you neede, sir,
I can produce. VOLT. Who is it? MOS. Sir, I haue her.

Act. IIII. *Scene.* V.

AVOCATORI, 4. BONARIO, CELIA, VOLTORE. CORBACCIO, CORVINO, MOSCA, NOTARIO, COMMANDADORI.

THe like of this the *Senate* neuer heard of.
AVOC. 2. 'Twill come most strange to them, when we report it.
AVOC. 4. The gentlewoman has beene euer held
Of vn-reproued name. AVOC. 3. So, the yong man.
AVOC. 4. The more vnnaturall part that of his father.
AVOC. 2. More of the husband. AVOC. 1. I not know to giue

His

His act a name, it is so monstrous !
AVOC. 4. But the impostor, he is a thing created
T'exceed example ! AVOC. And all after times !
AVOC. 2. I neuer heard a true voluptuary
Describ'd, but him. AVOC. 3. Appeare yet those were cited ?
NOTA. All, but the old magnifico, VOLPONE.
AVOC. 1. Why is not hee here ? MOS. Please your father-hoods,
Here is his Aduocate. Himselfe's, so weake,
So feeble——AVOC. 4. What are you ? BON. His parasite,
His knaue, his pandar : I beseech the court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your graue eyes
May beare strong witnesse of his strange impostures.
VOLT. Vpon my faith, and credit, with your vertues,
He is not able to endure the ayre. (Fetch him.
AVO. 2. Bring him, how euer. AVO. 3. We will see him. AVO. 4.
VOLT. Your father-hoods fit pleasures be obey'd,
But sure, the sight will rather mooue your pitties,
Then indignation ; may it please the court,
In the meane time, he may be heard in me :
I know this place most voide of preiudice,
And therefore craue it, since we haue no reason
To feare our truth should hurt our cause. AVOC. 3. Speake free.
VOLT. Then know, most honor'd fathers, I must now
Discouer, to your strangely' abused eares,
The most prodigious, and most frontlesse piece
Of solid impudence, and trecherie,
That euer vicious nature yet brought foorth
To shame the state of *Venice*. This lewd woman
(That wants no artificiall lookes, or teares,
To helpe the visor, she has now put on)
Hath long beene knowne a close adulteresse,
To that lasciuious youth there; not suspected,
I say, but knowne ; and taken, in the act ;
With him ; and by this man, the easie husband,
Pardon'd : whose timelesse bounty makes him, now,
Stand here, the most vnhappie, innocent person,
That euer mans owne goodnesse made accus'd.
For these, not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that deare grace, but with their shame ; being plac'd
So' aboue all powers of their gratitude,
Began to hate the benefit : and, in place
Af thankes, deuise t'extirpe the memorie
Of such an act. Wherein, I pray your father-hoods,
To obserue the malice, yea, the rage of creatures
Discouer'd in their euils ; and what heart

Such

Such take, euen, from their crimes. But that, anone,
Will more appeare. This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foule fact, with many others,
VVhich dayly strooke at his too-tender eares,
And, grieu'd in nothing more, then that he could not
Preserue him selfe a parent (his sonnes ills
Growing to that strange floud) at last decreed
To dis-inherit him. AVOC. 1. These be strange turnes!
AVOC. 2. The yong mans fame was euer faire, and honest.
VOLT. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so, vnder shade of vertue.
But as I said (my honour'd sires) his father
Hauing this setled purpose, (by what meanes
To him betray'd, we know not) and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
(I cannot stile him better) by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Entred VOLPONE'S house (who was the man
Your father-hoods must vnderstand, design'd
For the inheritance) there, sought his father:
But, with what purpose sought he him, my lords?
(I tremble to pronounce it, that a sonne
Vnto a father, and to such a father
Should haue so foule, felonious intent)
It was, to murder him. When, being preuented
By his more happy absence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds:
(Mischiefe doth euer end, where it begins)
An act of horror, fathers! he drag'd forth
The aged gentleman, that had there lien, bed-red,
Three yeeres, and more, out off his innocent couch,
Naked, vpon the floore, there left him; wounded
His seruant in the face; and, with this strumpet
The stale to his forg'd practise, who was glad
To be so actiue, (I shall here desire
Your father-hoods to note but my collections,
As most remarkable) thought, at once, to stop
His fathers ends; discredit his free choice,
In the old gentleman; redeeme themselues,
By laying infamy vpon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their liues. (fathers,
AVOC. 1. What proofes haue you of this? BON. Most honour'd
I humbly craue, there be no credit giuen
To this mans mercenary tongue. AVOC. 2. Forbeare. (low,
BON. His soule moues in his fee. AVOC. 3. O, sir. BON. This fel-

For

For six *sols* more, would plead against his maker.
AVOC. 1. You do forget your selfe. VOLT. Nay,nay,graue fathers,
Let him haue scope : can any man imagine
That he will spare his accuser, that would not
Haue spar'd his parent? AVO. 1. Well, produce your proofes.
CEL. I would I could forget, I were a creature. (father.
VOLT. Signior CORBACCIO. AVO. 4. What is he? VOLT. The
AVO. 2. Has he had an oth? NOT. Yes. CORB. What must I do now?
NOT. Your testimony's crau'd. CORB. Speake to the knaue?
I'le ha' my mouth, first, stopt with earth ; my heart
Abhors his knowledge : I disclaime in him.
AVO. 1. But, for what cause? CORB. The meere portent of nature.
He is an vtter stranger, to my loines.
BON. Haue they made you to this! CORB. I will not heare thee,
Monster of men, swine,goate, wolfe, parricide,
Speake not, thou viper. BON. Sir, I will sit downe,
And rather wish my innocence should suffer,
Then I resist the authority of a father. (this?
VOLT. Signior CORVINO. AVO. 2. This is strange! AVO. 1. Who's
NOT. The husband. AVO. 4. Is he sworn? NOT. He is. AVO. 3. Speak
CORV. This woman (please your father-hoods) is a whore, (then.
Of most hot exercise, more then a partrich,
Vpon record—AVO. 1. No more. CORV. Neighes, like a iennet.
NOT. Preserue the honour of the court. CORV. I shall,
And modestie of your most reuerend eares.
And, yet, I hope that I may say, these eyes
Haue seene her glew'd vnto that peece of cedar;
That fine well-timber'd gallant : and that, here,
The letters may be read, thorough the horne,
That make the story perfect. MOS. Excellent! sir.
CORV. There is no shame in this, now, is there? MOS. None.
CORV. Or if I said, I hop'd that she were onward
To her damnation, if there be a hell
Greater then whore, and woman ; a good catholique
May make the doubt. AVO. 3. His griefe hath made him frantique.
AVO. 1. Remoue him, hence. AVO. 2. Looke to the woman. CORV. *She swownes.*
Prettily fain'd! againe! AVO. 4. Stand from about her. (Rare!
AVO. 1. Giue her the ayre. AVO. 3. What can you say? MOS. My wound
(May't please your wisdomes) speakes for me, receiu'd
In ayde of my good patron, when he mist
His sought-for father, when that well-taught dame
Had her cue giuen her, to cry out a rape.
BON. O, most lay'd impudence! Fathers — AVO. 3. Sir, be silent,
You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.
AVO. 2. I do begin to doubt th' imposture here.

AVO. 4.

AVO. 4. This woman, has too many moodes. VOLT. Graue fathers,
She is a creature, of a most profest,
And prostituted lewdnesse. CORV. Most impetuous!
Vnsatisfied, graue fathers! VOLT. May her fainings
Not take your wisdomes: but, this day, she baited
A stranger, a graue knight, with her loose eyes,
And more lasciuious kisses. This man saw 'hem
Together, on the water, in a *gondola*.
MOS. Here is the lady her selfe, that saw 'hem too,
Without; who, then, had in the open streets
Pursu'd them, but for sauing her knights honour.
AVO. 1. Produce that lady. AVO. 2. Let her come. AVO. 4. These things,
They strike, with wonder! AVO. 3. I am turn'd a stone!

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

MOSCA, LADY, AVOCATORI, &c.

BEe resolute, madame. LAD. I, this same is shee.
Out, thou *chameleon* harlot; now, thine eies
Vie teares with the *hyæna*: dar'st thou looke
Vpon my wronged face? I cry your pardons.
I feare, I haue (forgettingly) transgrest
Against the dignitie of the court—— AVO. 2. No, madame.
LAD. And beene exorbitant—— AVO. 4. You haue not, lady.
AVO. 4. These proofes are strong. LAD. Surely, I had no purpose:
To scandalize your honours, or my sexes.
AVO. 3. VVe do beleeue it. LAD. Surely, you may beleeue it.
AVO. 2. Madame, we do. LAD. Indeede, you may; my breeding
Is not so course—— AVO. 4. VVe know it. LAD. To offend
VVith pertinacy—— AVO. 3. Lady. LAD. Such a presence:
No, surely. AVO. 1. VVe well thinke it. LAD. You may thinke it.
AVO. 1. Let her o'recome. VVhat witnesses haue you,
To make good your report? BON. Our consciences.
CEL. And heauen, that neuer failes the innocent.
AVO. 4 These are no testimonies. BON. Not in your courts,
VVhere multitude, and clamour ouercomes.
AVO. 1. Nay, then you do waxe insolent. VOLT. Here, here,
Volpone is brought in, as impotent. The testimonie comes, that will conuince,
And put to vtter dumbnesse their bold tongues.
See here, graue fathers, here's the rauisher,
The rider on mens wiues, the great impostor,
The grand voluptuary! do you not think,
These limbes should affect *venery?* or these eyes

Couet

Couet a concubine? 'pray you, marke these hands.
Are they not fit to stroake a ladies brests?
Perhaps, he doth dissemble? BON. So he do's.
VOLT. Would you ha'him tortur'd? BON. I would haue him prou'd.
VOLT. Best try him, then, with goades, or burning Irons;
Put him to the strappado: I haue heard,
The racke hath cur'd the gout, faith, giue it him,
And helpe him of a maladie, be courteous.
I'le vndertake, before these honour'd fathers,
He shall haue, yet, as many left diseases,
As she has knowne adulterers, or thou strumpets.
O, my most equall hearers, if these deedes,
Acts, of this bold, and most exorbitant straine,
May passe with sufferance, what one citizen,
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea fame,
To him that dares traduce him? which of you
Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would aske
(With leaue of your graue father-hoods) if their plot
Haue any face, or colour like to truth?
Or if, vnto the dullest nostrill, here,
It smell not rancke, and most abhorred slander?
I craue your care of this good gentleman,
Whose life is much indanger'd, by their fable;
And, as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious persons when they are hot, and flesh'd
In impious acts, their constancy abounds:
Damn'd deeds are done with greatest confidence.
AVOC. 1. Take 'hem to custody, and seuer them.
AVOC. 2. 'Tis pittie, two such prodigies should liue.
AVOC. 1. Let the old gentleman be return'd, with care:
I'am sorry, our credulitie wrong'd him.
AVO. 4. These are two creatures! AVO. 3. I haue an earthquake in me!
AVO. 2. Their shame (euen in their cradles) fled their faces.
AVO. 4. You'haue done a worthy seruice to the state, sir,
In their discouerie. AVO. 1. You shall heare, ere night,
What punishment the court decrees vpon 'hem.
VOLT. We thanke your fatherhoods. How like you it? MOS. Rare.
I'ld ha'your tongue, sir, tipt with gold, for this;
I'ld ha'you be the heire to the whole citie;
The earth I'ld haue want men, ere you want liuing:
They' are bound to erect your statue, in St. MARKES.
Signior CORVINO, I would haue you goe,
And shew your selfe, that you haue conquer'd. CORV. Yes.
MOS. It was much better, that you should professe
Your selfe a cuckold, thus, then that the other

Should haue beene prou'd. CORV. Nay, I consider'd that:
Now,it is her fault. MOS. Then, it had beene yours.
CORV. True, I doe doubt this Aduocate, still. MOS. I'faith,
You need not, I dare ease you of that care. (MOSCA.
CORV. I trust thee, MOSCA. MOS. As your owne soule, sir. CORB.
MOS. Now for your businesse, sir. CORB. How? ha' you busines?
MOS. Yes, yours, sir. CORB. O, none else? MOS. None else, not I.
CORB. Be carefull then. MOS. Rest you, with both your eyes, sir.
CORB. Dispatch it. MOS. Instantly. CORB. And looke, that all,
What-euer, be put in, iewels, plate, moneyes,
Houschold-stuffe, bedding, cortines. MOS. Cortine-rings, sir,
Onely, the Aduocates fee must be deducted.
CORB. I'le pay him, now: you'll be too prodigall.
MOS. Sir, I must tender it. CORB. Two *cecchines* is well?
MOS. No, six, sir. CORB. 'Tis too much. MOS. He talk'd a great while,
You must consider that, sir. CORB. Well, there's three——
MOS. I'le giue it him. CORB. Doe so, and there's for thee.
MOS. Bountifull bones! What horride strange offence
Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth,
Worthy this age? you see, sir, how I worke
Vnto your ends; take you no notice. VOLT. No,
I'le leaue you. MOS. All, is yours; the deuill, and all:
Good Aduocate. Madame, I'le bring you home.
LAD. No, I'le goe see your patron. MOS. That you shall not:
I'le tell you, why. My purpose is, to vrge
My patron to reforme his will; and, for
The zeale you' haue shew'n to day, whereas before
You were but third, or, fourth, you shall be now
Put in the first: which would appeare as beg'd,
If you were present. Therefore—— LAD. You shall sway me.

Act V. *Scene* I.

VOLPONE.

WEll, I am here; and all this brunt is past:
I ne're was in dislike with my disguise,
Till this fled moment; here, 'twas good, in priuate,
But, in your publike, *Caue*, whil'st I breathe.
'Fore god, my left legge 'gan to haue the crampe;
And I apprehended, straight, some power had strooke me
With a dead palsey: well, I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these feares
Would put me into some villanous disease,
Should they come thick vpon me: I'le preuent 'hem.

Giue

Giue me a boule of lustie wine, to fright
This humor from my heart ; (hum, hum, hum) *He drinkes.*
'Tis almost gone, already : I shall conquer.
Any deuice, now, of rare, ingenious knauery,
That would possesse me with a violent laughter,
Would make me vp, againe ! So, so, so, so. *Drinkes againe.*
This heate is life ; 'tis bloud, by this time : MOSCA!

Act V. *Scene* II.

MOSCA, VOLPONE, NANO, CASTRONE.

HOw now, sir ? do's the day looke cleare againe?
Are we recouer'd ? and wrought out of error,
Into our way ? to see our path, before vs ?
Is our trade free, once more ? VOLP. Exquisite MOSCA!
MOS. Was it not carry'd learnedly ? VOLP. And stoutly.
Good wits are greatest in extremities.
MOS. It were a folly, beyond thought, to trust
Any grand act vnto a cowardly spirit :
You are not taken with it, enough, me thinkes ?
VOLP. O, more, then if I had enioy'd the wench :
The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.
MOS. Why, now you speake, sir. We must, here be fixt;
Here, we must rest ; this is our master-peece:
We cannot thinke, to goe beyond this. VOLP. True,
Thou 'hast playd thy prise, my precious MOSCA. MOS. Nay, sir,
To gull the court———VOLP. And, quite diuert the torrent,
Vpon the innocent. MOS. Yes, and to make
So rare a musique out of discordes———VOLP. Right.
That, yet, to me 's the strangest ! how th' hast borne it !
That these (being so diuided 'mongst themselues)
Should not sent some-what, or in me, or thee,
Or doubt their owne side. MOS. True, they will not see't.
Too much light blinds 'hem, I thinke. Each of 'hem
Is so possest , and stuft with his owne hopes,
That any thing, vnto the contrary,
Neuer so true, or neuer so apparent,
Neuer so palpable, they will resist it———
VOLP. Like a temptation of the diuell. MOS. Right, sir.
Merchants may talke of trade, and your great signiors
Ofland, that yeelds well ; but if *Italy*
Haue any glebe, more fruitfull, then these fellowes,

I am deceiu'd. Did not your Aduocate rare?
VOLP. O (my most honor'd fathers, my graue fathers,
Vnder correction of your father-hoods,
What face of truth is, here? If these strange deeds
May passe, most honour'd fathers——) I had much a doe
To forbeare laughing. MOS. 'T seem'd to mee, you sweat, sir.
VOLP. In troth, I did a little. MOS. But confesse, sir,
Were you not daunted? VOLP. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist; but not deiected:
Neuer, but still my selfe. MOS. I thinke it, sir
Now (so truth helpe me) I must needes say this, sir.
And, out of conscience, for your aduocate:
He' has taken paines, in faith, sir, and deseru'd,
(In my poore iudgement, I speake it, vnder fauour,
Not to contrary you, sir) very richly———
Well——to be cosen'd. VOLP. 'Troth, and I thinke so too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end.
MOS. O, but before, sir; had you heard him, first,
Draw it to certaine heads, then aggrauate,
Then vse his vehement figures———I look'd still,
When he would shift a shirt; and, doing this
Out of pure loue, no hope of gaine——VOLP. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him, MOSCA, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy intreaty,
I will beginne, eu'n now, to vexe 'hem all:
This very instant. MOS. Good, sir. VOLP. Call the dwarfe,
And eunuch, forth. MOS. CASTRONE, NANO. NAN. Here.
VOLP. Shal we haue a jig, now? MOS. What you please, sir. VOLP. Go,
Streight, giue out, about the streetes, you two,
That I am dead; doe it with constancy,
Sadly, doe you heare? impute it to the griefe
Of this late slander. MOS. What doe you meane, sir? VOLP. O,
I shall haue, instantly, my vulture, crow,
Rauen, come flying hither (on the newes)
To peck for carrion, my shee-wolfe, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation———
MOS. And then to haue it rauish'd from their mouthes?
VOLP. 'Tis true, I will ha' thee put on a gowne,
And take vpon thee, as thou wert mine heire;
Shew 'hem a will: open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those, that has the blankes. I'le straight
Put in thy name. MOS. It will be rare, sir. VOLP. I,
When they e'ene gape, and finde themselues deluded———
MOS. Yes. VOLP. And thou vse them skiruily. Dispatch,
Get on thy gowne. MOS. But, what, sir, if they aske

After the body? VOLP. Say, it was corrupted.
MOS I'le say, it stunke, sir; and was faine t'haue it
Coffin'd vp instantly, and sent away.
VOLP. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here's my will.
Get thee a cap, a count-booke, pen and inke,
Papers afore thee; sit, as thou wert taking
An inuentory of parcels: I'le get vp,
Behind the cortine, on a stoole, and harken;
Sometime, peepe ouer; see, how they doe looke;
With what degrees, their bloud doth leaue their faces!
O, 'twill afford me a rare meale of laughter.
MOS. Your Aduocate will turne stark dull, vpon it.
VOLP. It will take off his oratories edge.
MOS. But your *Clarissimo*, old round-backe, he
Will crumpe you, like a hog-louse, with the touch.
VOLP. And what CORVINO? MOS. O, sir, looke for him,
To morrow morning, with a rope, and a dagger,
To visite all the streetes; he must runne mad.
My Lady too, that came into the court,
To beare false witnesse, for your worship—VOLP. Yes,
And kist mee 'fore the fathers; when my face
Flow'd all with oyles. MOS. And sweate, sir. Why, your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries vp
All those offensiue sauors! It transformes
The most deformed, and restores 'hem louely,
As 't were the strange poeticall girdle. IOVE *Cestus.*
Could not inuent, t' himselfe, a shroud more subtile,
To passe ACRISIVS guardes. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.
VOLP. I thinke, she loues me. MOS. Who? the lady, sir?
Shee's iealous of you. VOLP. Do'st thou say so? MOS. Harke,
There's some already. VOLP. Looke. MOS. It is the vulture:
He has the quickest sent. VOLP. I'le to my place,
Thou, to thy posture. MOS. I am set. VOLP. But, MOSCA,
Play the artificer now, torture 'hem, rarely.

Act. V. *Scene.* III.

VOLTORE, MOSCA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, LADY, VOLPONE.

HOw now, my MOSCA? MOS. Turkie carpets, nine———
VOLT. Taking an inuentory? that is well. (will?
MOS. Two sutes of bedding, tissew—VOLT. Where's the
Let me read that, the while. CORB. So, set me downe:

And get you home. VOLT. Is he come, now, to trouble vs?
MOS. Of cloth of gold, two more——CORB. Is it done, MOSCA?
MOS. Of seuerall vellets, eight——VOLT. I like his care.
CORB. Dost thou not heare? CORV. Ha? is the houre come, MOSCA?
Volpone peepes from behinde a trauerse. VOLP. I, now, they muster. CORV. What do's the aduocate here?
Or this CORBACCIO? CORB. What do these here? LAD. MOSCA?
Is his thred spunne? MOS. Eight chests of linnen——VOLP. O,
My fine dame WOVLD-BEE, too! CORV. MOSCA, the will,
That I may shew it these, and rid 'hem hence.
MOS. Six chests of diaper, foure of damaske——There. (Rare!
CORB. Is that the will? MOS. Down-beds, and boulsters---VOLP.
Be busie still. Now, they begin to flutter:
They neuer thinke of me. Looke, see, see, see!
How their swift eies runne ouer the long deed,
Vnto the name, and to the legacies,
What is bequeath'd them, there——MOS. Ten sutes of hangings——
VOLP. I, i'their garters, MOSCA. Now, their hopes
Are at the gaspe. VOLT. MOSCA the heire! CORB. What's that?
VOLP. My aduocate is dumbe, looke to my merchant,
Hee has heard of some strange storme, a ship is lost,
He faints: my lady will swoune. Old glazen-eyes,
He hath not reach'd his dispaire, yet. CORB. All these
Are out of hope, I' am sure the man. CORV. But, MOSCA——
MOS. Two cabenets——CORV. Is this in earnest? MOS. One
Of ebony.——CORV. Or, do you but delude me?
MOS. The other, mother of pearle——I am very busie.
Good faith, it is a fortune throwne vpon me——
Item, one salt of agat —— not my seeking.
LAD. Do you heare, sir? MOS. A perfum'd boxe---'pray you forbeare,
You see I am troubled——made of an *onyx*——LAD. How!
MOS. To morrow, or next day, I shall be at leasure,
To talke with you all. CORV. Is this my large hopes issue?
LAD. Sir, I must haue a fayrer answer. MOS. Madame!
Mary, and shall: 'pray you, fairely quit my house.
Nay, raise no tempest with your lookes; but, harke you:
Remember, what your ladiship offred me,
To put you in, an heire; goe to, thinke on't.
And what you said, eene your best madames did
For maintenance, and, why not you? inough.
Goe home, and vse the poore sir POL, your knight, well;
For feare I tell some riddles: go, be melancholique.
VOLP. O, my fine diuell! CORV. MOSCA, 'pray you a word.
MOS. Lord! will not you take your dispatch hence, yet?
Me thinkes (of all) you should haue beene th'example.
VVhy should you stay, here? with what thought? what promise?

Heare

Heare you, doe not you know, I know you an asse?
And, that you would, most faine, haue beene a wittoll,
Iffortune would haue let you? that you are
A declar'd cuckold, on good termes? this pearle,
You'll say, was yours? right: this diamant?
I'le not deny't, but thanke you. Much here, else?
It may be so. VVhy, thinke that these good works
May helpe to hide you bad: I'le not betray you,
Although you be but extraordinary,
And haue it onely in title, it sufficeth.
Go home, be melancholique too, or mad.
VOLP. Rare, MOSCA! how his villany becomes him!
VOLT. Certaine, he doth delude all these, for me.
CORB. MOSCA, the heire? VOLP. O, his foure eyes haue found it!
CORB. I' am cosen'd, cheated, by a parasite-slaue;
Harlot, t'hast gul'd me. MOS. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the onely tooth, is left.
Are not you he, that filthy couetous wretch,
With the three legges, that here, in hope of prey,
Haue, any time this three yeere, snuft about,
With your most grou'ling nose; and would haue hir'd
Me to the pois'ning of my patron? sir?
Are not you he, that haue, to day, in court,
Profess'd the dis-inheriting of your sonne?
Periur'd your selfe? Go home, and die,and stinke;
If you but croake a sillable, all comes out:
Away and call your porters, go, go, stinke.
VOLP. Excellent varlet! VOLT. Now, my faithfull MOSCA,
I finde thy constancie. MOS. Sir? VOLT. Sincere. MOS. A table
Of porphiry——I mar'le, you'll be thus troublesome.
VOLT. Nay,leaue off now, they are gone. MOS. Why? who are you?
VVhat? who did send for you? O'cry you mercy,
Reuerend sir! good faith, I am greeu'd for you,
That any chance of mine should thus defeate
Your (I must needs say) most deseruing trauels:
But, I protest, sir, it was cast vpon me,
And I could, almost, wish to be without it,
But, that the will o' th' dead, must be obseru'd.
Mary, my ioy is, that you need it not,
You haue a gift, sir, (thanke your education)
VVill neuer let you want, while there are men,
And malice, to breed causes. VVould I had
But halfe the like, for all my fortune, sir.
If I haue any suites (as I doe hope,
Things being so easie, and direct, I shall not)

I will

I wil make bold with your obstreperous aide,
(Conceiue me) for your fee, sir. In meane time,
You, that haue so much law, I know ha' the conscience,
Not to be couetous of what is mine.
Good sir, I thanke you for my plate : 'twill helpe
To set vp a yong man. Good faith, you looke
As you were costiue ; best go home, and purge, sir.
VOLP. Bid him, eat lettuce well : my wittie *mischiefe*,
Let me embrace thee. O, that I could now
Transforme thee to a VENVS—— MOSCA, goe,
Streight, take my habit of *Clarissimo* ;
And walke the streets ; be seene, torment 'hem more :
We must pursew, as well as plot. Who would
Haue lost this feast? MOS. I doubt it will loose them.
VOLP. O, my recouery shall recouer all.
That I could now but thinke on some disguise,
To meet 'hem in : and aske 'hem questions.
How I would vexe 'hem still, at euery turne?
MOS. Sir, I can fit you. VOLP. Canst thou? MOS. Yes, I know
One o' the *Commandatori*, sir, so like you,
Him will I streight make drunke, and bring you his habit.
VOLP. A rare disguise, and answering thy braine!
O, I will be a sharpe disease vnto 'hem.
MOS. Sir, you must looke for curses——VOLP. Till they burst ;
The *Fox* fares euer best, when he is curst.

Act V. *Scene* IIII.

PEREGRINE, MERCATORI. 3. WOMAN, POLITIQVE.

AM I enough disguis'd? MER. 1. I warrant you.
PER. All my ambition is to fright him, onely.
MER. 2. If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.
MER. 3. To *Zant*, or to *Alepo?* PER. Yes, and ha' his
Aduentures put i' th' *booke of voyages*,
And his guld story registred, for truth?
Well, gentlemen, when I am in, a while,
And that you thinke vs warme in our discourse,
Know your approaches. MER. 1. Trust it to our care.
PER. Saue you, faire lady. Is sir POLL. within?
WOM. I do not know, sir. PER. 'Pray you, say vnto him,
Here is a merchant, vpon earnest businesse,
Desires to speake with him. WOM. I will see, sir. PER. 'Pray you.
I see, the family is all female, here.

WOM.

WOM. He sai's, sir, he has waighty affaires of state,
That now require him whole, some other time
You may possesse him. PER. 'Pray you say againe,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
VVhereof I bring him tidings. VVhat might be
His graue affaire of state, now? how, to make
Bolognian sauseges, here, in *Venice*, sparing
One o' th' ingredients. VVOM. Sir, he sai's, he knowes
By your word, tidings, that you are no states-man,
And therefore, wills you stay. PER. Sweet, 'pray you returne him,
I haue not read so many proclamations,
And studied them, for words, as he has done,
But —— Here he deignes to come. POL. Sir, I must craue
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanc'd (to day)
Vnkinde disaster, 'twixt my lady, and mee:
And I was penning my apologie
To giue her satifaction, as you came, now.
PER. Sir, I am grieu'd, I bring you worse disaster;
The gentleman, you met at th' port, to day,
That told you, he was newly arriu'd ——POL. I, was
A fugitiue punke? PER. No, sir, a spie, set on you:
And, he has made relation to the Senate,
That you profest to him, to haue a plot,
To sell the state of *Venice*, to the *Turke*.
POL. O me! PER. For which, warrants are sign'd by this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your study,
For papers ——POL. Alasse, sir. I haue none, but notes,
Drawne out of play-bookes ——PER. All the better, sir.
POL. And some essayes. What shall I doe? PER. Sir, best
Conuay your selfe into a sugar-chest,
Or, if you could lie round, a fraile were rare:
And I could send you, aboard. POL. Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse sake, merely. PER. Harke, they are there. *They knocke without.*
POL. I am a wretch, a wretch. PER. What, will you doe, sir?
Ha you ne're a curren-but to leape into?
They'll put you to the racke, you must be sudden.
POL. Sir, I haue an ingine—(MER. 3. Sir POLITIQVE WOVLD-BE?
MER. 2. Where is he?) POL. That I haue thought vpon, before time.
PER. What is it? POL. (I shall ne're indure the torture.)
Mary, it is, sir, of a tortoyse-shell,
Fitted, for these extremities: 'pray you sir, helpe me.
Here, I' haue a place, sir, to put backe my leggs,
(Please you to lay it on, sir) with this cap,
And my blacke gloues, I'le lye, sir, like a tortoyse,
Till they are gone. PER. And, call you this an ingine?

POL.

POL. Mine owne deuice—— good sir, bid my wiues women
They rush in. To burne my papers. MER. 1. Where's he hid? MER. 3. We must,
And will, sure, find him. MER. 2. Which is his study? MER. 1. What
Are you, sir? PER. I' am a merchant, that came heere
To looke vpon this tortoyse. MER. 3. How? MER. 1. S^t. MARKE!
What beast is this? PER. It is a fish. MER. 2. Come out, here.
PER. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread vpon him:
Hee'll beare a cart. MER. 1. What, to runne ouer him? PER. Yes. (sir.
MER. 3. Let's iump, vpon him. MER. 2. Can he not go? PER. He creeps,
MER. 1. Let's see him creepe. PER. No, good sir, you will hurt him.
MER. 2. (Heart) I'le see him creepe; or pricke his guts.
MER. 3. Come out, here. PER. 'Pray you sir, (creepe a little)
MER. 1. Foorth.
MER. 2. Yet furder. PER. Good sir, (creep) MER. 2. We'll see his legs.
They pul of the shel and discouer him. MER. 3. Gods'so, he has garters! MER. 1. I, and gloues! MER. 2. Is this
Your fearefull tortoyse? PER. Now, sir POLL. we are euen;
For your next proiect, I shall be prepar'd:
I am sorry, for the funerall of your notes, sir.
MER. 1. 'Twere a rare motion, to be seene in *Fleet-street*!
MER. 2. I, i'the terme. MER. 1. Or *Smithfield*, in the faire.
MER. 3. Me thinkes, tis but a melancholique sight!
PER. Farewell, most politique tortoyse. POL. Where's my lady?
Knowes shee of this? WOM. I know not, sir. POL. Enquire.
O, I shall be the fable of all feasts;
The freight of the *gazetti*; ship-boyes tale;
And, which is worst, euen talke for ordinaries.
WOM. My lady's come most melancholique, home,
And say's, sir, she will straight to sea, for physick.
POL. And I, to shunne, this place, and clime for euer;
Creeping, with house, on backe: and thinke it well,
To shrinke my poore head, in my politique shell.

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

The first, in the habit of a Commandadore: the other, of a Clarissimo.

AM I then like him? MOS. O, sir, you are he:
No man can seuer you. VOLP. Good. MOS. But, what am I?
VOLP. 'Fore heau'n, a braue *Clarissimo*, thou becom'st it!
Pitty, thou wert not borne one. MOS. If I hold
My made one, 'twill be well. VOLP. I'le goe, and see
What newes, first, at the court. MOS. Doe so. My FOXE
Is out on his hole, and, ere he shall re-enter,
I'le make him languish, in his borrow'd case,
Except he come to composition, with me:

ANDRO-

ANDROGINO, CASTRONE, NANO. ALL. Here.
MOS. Goe, recreate your selues, abroad ; goe, sport :
So, now I haue the keies, and am possest.
Since he will, needes, be dead, afore his time,
I'le burie him, or gaine by him. I' am his heire :
And so will keepe me, till he share at least.
To cosen him of all, were but a cheat
Well plac'd ; no man would construe it a sinne :
Let his sport pay for't, this is call'd the FOXE-trap.

Act V. *Scene* VI.

CORBACCIO, CORVINO, VOLPONE.

THey say, the court is set. CORV. We must maintaine
Our first tale good, for both our reputations. (kild me.
CORB. Why? mine's no tale : my sonne would, there, haue
CORV. That's true, I had forgot : mine is, I am sure.
But, for your will, sir. CORB. I, I'le come vpon him,
For that, hereafter, now his Patron's dead.
VOLP. Signior CORVINO ! and CORBACCIO ! sir,
Much ioy vnto you. CORV. Ofwhat? VOLP. The sodaine good,
Dropt downe vpon you—CORB. Where? VOLP. (And, none knowes
From old VOLPONE, sir. CORB. Out, errant knaue. (how)
VOLP. Let not your too much wealth, sir, make you furious. (me?
CORB. Away, thou varlet. VOLP. Why sir? CORB. Do'st thou mocke
VOLP. You mocke the world, sir, did you not change wills?
CORB. Out, harlot. VOLP. O! belike you are the man,
Signior CORVINO ? 'faith, you carry it well ;
You grow not mad withall : I loue your spirit.
You are not ouer-leauen'd, with your fortune.
You should ha' some would swell, now like a wine-fat,
With such an *Autumne*—— Did he gi' you all, sir ?
CORV. Auoid, you rascall. VOLP. Troth, your wife has shew'ne
Her selfe a very woman : but, you are well,
You neede not care, you haue a good estate,
To beare it out, sir, better by this chance.
Except CORBACCIO haue a share ? CORB. Hence, varlet.
VOLP. You will not be a' knowne, sir : why 'tis wise.
Thus doe all gam'sters, at all games, dissemble.
No man will seeme to winne. Here, comes my vulture,
Heauing his beake vp i' the ayre, and snuffing.

Act V. *Scene* VII.

VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

OVt-stript thus, by a parasite? a slaue?
Would run on errands? and make legs, for crummes?
Well, what I'le do——VOLP. The court staies for you worship.
I cêne reioyce, sir, at your worships happinesse,
And that it fell into so learned hands,
That vnderstand the fingering.——VOLT. What doe you meane?
VOLP. I meane to be a sutor to your worship,
For the small tenement, out of reparations;
That, at the end of your long row of houses,
By the *piscaria*: it was, in VOLPONE'S time,
Your predecessor, ere he grew diseas'd,
A handsome, pretty, custom'd, bawdy-house,
As any was in *Venice* (none disprais'd)
But fell with him; his body, and that house
Decay'd, together. VOLT. Come, sir, leaue your prating.
VOLP. Why, if your worship giue me but your hand,
That I may ha' the refusall; I haue done.
'Tis a meere toy, to you, sir; candle rents:
As your learn'd worship knowes——VOLT. What doe I know?
VOLP. Mary no end of your wealth, sir, god decrease it.
VOLT. Mistaking knaue! what, mock'st thou my mis-fortune?
VOLP. His blessing on your heart, sir, would 'twere more.
(Now, to my first, againe; at the next corner.)

Act V. *Scene* VIII.

CORBACCIO, CORVINO, (MOSCA, *passant*) VOLPONE.

SEe, in our habite! see the impudent varlet!
CORV. That I could shoote mine eies at him, like gun-stones.
VOLP. But, is this true, sir, of the parasite?
CORB. Againe, t' afflict vs? monster! VOLP. In good faith, sir,
I' am hartily greeu'd, a beard of your graue length
Should be so ouer-reach'd. I neuer brook'd
That parasites haire, me thought his nose should cosen:
There still was somewhat, in his looke, did promise
The bane of a *Clarissimo*. CORB. Knaue——VOLP. Me thinkes,
Yet you, that are so traded i' the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, CORVINO,
That haue such morall *emblemes* on your name,

Should

Should not haue sung you shame; and dropt your cheese :
To let the FOXE laugh at your emptinesse.
CORV. Sirrah, you thinke, the priuiledge of the place,
And your red saucy cap, that seemes (to me)
Nayl'd to your iolt-head, with those two *cecchines*,
Can warrant your abuses ; come you, hither:
You shall perceiue, sir, I dare beate you. Approch.
VOLP. No haste, sir, I doe know your valure, well :
Since you durst publish what you are, sir. CORV. Tarry,
I'ld speake, with you. VOLP. Sir, sir, another time———
CORV. Nay, now. VOLP. O god, sir ! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.
CORB. What ! come againe? VOLP. Vpon 'hem, MOSCA; saue me, *Mosca walkes by 'hem.*
CORB. The ayre's infected, where he breathes. CORV. Lets flye him.
VOLP. Excellent *Basiliske* ! turne vpon the *vultvre*.

Act V. *Scene* IX.

VOLTORE, MOSCA, VOLPONE.

VVEll, flesh-flie, it is sommer with you, now ;
Your winter will come on. MOS. Good Aduocate,
'Pray thee, not raile, nor threaten out of place, thus ;
Thou 'lt make a *solœcisme* (as madame sayes.)
Get you a biggen, more : your braine breakes loose.
VOLT. Well, sir. VOLP. Would you ha' me beate the insolent slaue?
Throw dirt, vpon his first good cloathes? VOLT, This same
Is, doubtlesse, some familiar ! VOLP. Sir, the court
In troth, stayes for you. I am mad, a mule,
That neuer read IVSTINIAN, should get vp,
And ride an Aduocate. Had you no quirke,
To auoide gullage, sir, by such a creature ?
I hope you doe but iest ; he has not done 't :
This's but confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the heire? VOLT. A strange, officious,
Trouble-some knaue ! thou dost torment me. VOLP. I know———
It cannot be, sir, that you should be cosen'd ;
'Tis not within the wit of man, to doe it :
You are so wise, so prudent, and, 'tis fit,
That wealth, and wisdome still, should goe together.

Act V. *Scene* 10.

AVOCATORI, 4. NOTARIO, COMMANDADORE, BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

ARe all the parties, here? NOT. All, but the Aduocate. (sentence.
AVO. 2. And, here he comes. AVO. Then bring 'hem foorth to
VOLT. O, my most honour'd fathers, let your mercy
Once winne vpon your iustice, to forgiue———
I am distracted——VOLP. (What will he doe, now?) VOLP. O,
I know not which t' addresse my selfe to, first,
Whether your father-hoods, or these innocents———
(CORV. Will he betray himselfe?) VOLT. Whom, equally,
I haue abus'd, out of most couetous endes———
(CORV. The man is mad! CORB. What's that? CORV. He is possest.)
VOLT. For which; now strooke in conscience, here I prostrate
My selfe, at your offended feet, for pardon.
AVO. 1. 2. Arise. CEL. O heau'n, how iust thou art! VOLP. I'am caught
I'mine owne noose—CORV. Be constant, sir, nought now
Can helpe, but impudence. AVO. 1. Speake forward. COM. Silence.
VOLT. It is not passion in me, reuerend fathers,
But onely conscience, conscience my good sires,
That makes me, now, tell truth. That parasite,
That knaue hath been the instrument of all. (fathers,
AVO. Where is that knaue? fetch him. VOLP. I goe. CORV. Graue
This man's distracted; he confest it, now:
For, hoping to be old VOLPONE'S heire,
Who now is dead — AVOC. 3. How? AVO. 2. Is VOLPONE dead?
CORV. Dead since, graue fathers — BON. O, sure vengeance! AVO. 1.
Then, he was no deceiuer? VOLT. O no, none: (Stay,
The parasite, graue fathers. CORV. He do's speake,
Out of meere enuie, 'cause the seruant's made
The thing, he gap't for; please your father-hoods,
This is the truth: though, I'le not iustifie
The other, but he may be some-deale faulty.
VOLT. I, to your hopes, as well as mine, CORVINO:
But I'le vse modesty. Pleaseth your wisdomes
To viewe these certaine notes, and but conferre them;
As I hope fauour, they shall speake cleare truth.
CORV. The deuill ha's entred him! BON. Or bides in you.
AVO. 4. We haue done ill, by a publike officer,
To send for him, if he be heire. AVO. 2. For whom?
AVO. 4. Him, that they call the parasite. AVO. 3. 'Tis true;
He is a man, of great estate, now left.

AVO. 4.

AVO. 4. Goe you, and learne his name ; and say, the court
Intreates his presence, here ; but, to the clearing
Of some few doubts. AVO. 2. This same's a labyrinth !
AVO. 1. Stand you vnto your first report? CORV. My state,
My life, my fame—BON. (Where is't?) CORV. Are at the stake.
AVO. 1. Is yours so too? CORB. The Aduocate's a knaue:
And has a forked tongue——— AVO. 2. (Speake to the point.)
CORB. So is the parasite, too. AVO. 1. This is confusion.
VOLT. I doe beseech your father-hoods, read but those ;
CORV. And credit nothing, the false spirit hath writ :
It cannot be, but he is possest, graue fathers.

Act V. *Scene* XI.

VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGINO, CASTRONE.

TO make a snare, for mine owne necke ! and run
My head into it, wilfully ! with laughter !
When I had newly scap't, was free, and cleare !
Out of mere wantonnesse ! ô, the dull deuill
Was in this braine of mine, when I deuis'd it ;
And MOSCA gaue it second : he must now
Helpe to seare vp this veyne, or we bleed dead.
How now ! who let you loose? whither goe you, now?
What? to buy ginger-bread? or to drowne kitlings?
NAN. Sir, master MOSCA call'd vs out of doores,
And bid vs all goe play, and tooke the keies. AND. Yes.
VOLP. Did master MOSCA take the keyes? why, so!
I am farder, in. These are my fine conceipts !
I must be merry, with a mischiefe to me !
What a vile wretch was I, that could not beare
My fortune soberly? I must ha' my crotchets !
And my *conundrums !* well, goe you, and seeke him :
His meaning may be truer, then my feare.
Bid him, he streight come to me, to the court ;
Thither will I , and , if 't be possible,
Vn-screw my aduocate, vpon new hopes:
When I prouok'd him, then I lost my selfe.

Act V. *Scene* XII.

AVOCATORI, &c.

THese things can nere be reconcil'd. He, here,
Professeth, that the gentleman was wrong'd;
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forc'd by her husband: and there left. VOLT. Most true.
CEL. How ready is heau'n to those, that pray! AVO. 1. But, that
VOLPONE would haue rauish'd her, he holds
Vtterly false; knowing his impotence.
CORV. Graue fathers, he is possest; againe, I say,
Possest: nay, if there be possession,
And obsession, he has both. AVO. 3. Here comes our officer.
VOLP. The parasite will streight be, here, graue fathers.
AVO.4. You might inuent some other name, sir varlet.
AVO.3. Did not the notarie meet him? VOLP. Not that I know.
AVO.4. His comming will cleare all. AVO.2. Yet it is mistie.
Volpone whispers the Aduocate. VOLT. May't please your father hoods—VOLP. Sir, the parasite
Will'd me to tell you, that his master liues;
That you are still the man; your hopes the same;
And this was, onely a iest——VOLT. How? VOLP. Sir, to trie
If you were, firme, and how you stood affected.
VOLT. Art' sure he liues? VOLP. Doe I liue, sir? VOLT. O me!
I was to violent. VOLP. Sir, you may redeeme it,
They said, you were possest; fall downe, and seeme so:
Voltore falls. I'le helpe to make it good. God blesse the man!
(Stop your wind hard, and swell) see, see, see, see!
He vomits crooked pinnes! his eyes are set,
Like a dead hares, hung in a poulters shop!
His mouth's running away! doe you see, signior?
Now, 'tis in his belly. (CORV. I, the deuill!)
VOLP. Now, in his throate. (CORV. I, I perceiue it plaine.)
VOLP. 'Twill out, t'will out; stand cleere. See, where it flies!
In shape of a blew toad, with a battes wings!
Doe not you see it, sir? CORB. What? I thinke I doe.
CORV. 'Tis too manifest. VOLP. Looke! he comes t'himselfe!
VOLT. Where am I? VOLP. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.
You are dis-possest. ATO. 1 What accident is this?
AVO. Sodaine, and full of wonder! ATO. 3. If he were.
Possest, as it appeares, all this is nothing.
CORV. He has beene, often, subbiect to these fits,
AVO. 1. Shew him that writing, do you know it, sir?
VOLP. Deny it, sir, forsweare it, know it not.
VOLT. Yes, I doe know it well, it is my hand:

But

But all, that it containes, is false. BON. 3. O practise!
AVO. 2. What maze is this! AVO. 1. Is he not guilty, then,
Whom you, there, name the parasite? VOLT. Graue fathers,
No more then, his good patron, old VOLPONE.
AVO. 4. Why, he is dead? VOLT. O no, my honor'd fathers.
He liues——AVO. 1. How! liues? VOLT. Liues. AVO. 2. This is subtler, yet!
AVO. 3 You said, he was dead? VOLT. Neuer. AVO. 3. You said so?
CORV. I heard so.
AVO. 4. Here comes the gentleman make him way. AVO. 3. A stoole.
AVOC. 4. A proper man! and were VOLPONE dead,
A fit match for my daughter. AVOC. 3. Giue him way.
VOLP. MOSCA, I was a'most lost, the Aduocate
Had betray'd all; but, now, it is recouer'd:
Al's o' the hinge againe——say, I am liuing.
MOS. What busie knaue is this! most reuerend fathers,
I sooner, had attended your graue pleasures,
But that my order, for the funerall
Of my deare patron did require me——VOLP. (MOSCA!)
MOS. Whom I intend to bury, like a gentleman.
VOLP. I, quicke, and cosen me of all. AVO. 2. Still stranger!
More intricate! AVO. 1. And come about againe!
AVO. 4. It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd.
MOS. (Wil you gi'me halfe? VOLP. First, I'le be hang'd. MOS. I know,
Your voice is good, cry not so lowd') AVO. 1. Demand
The Aduocate. Sir, did not you affirme,
VOLPONE was aliue? VOLP. Yes, and he is;
This gent'man told me so, (thou shalt haue halfe.)
MOS. Whose drunkard is this same? speake some, that know him:
I neuer saw his face. (I cannot now
Affoord it you so cheape. VOLP. No?) AVO 1. What say you?
VOLT. The officer told mee. VOLP. I did, graue fathers,
And will maintaine, he liues, with mine owne life.
And, that this creature told me. (I was borne,
With all good starres my enemies.) MOS. Most graue fathers,
If such an insolence, as this, must passe
Vpon me, I am silent: 'twas not this,
For which you sent, I hope. AVO. 2. Take him away. (me?
(VOLP. MOSCA.) AVO. 3. Let him be whipt. (VOLP. Wilt thou betray
Cosen me?) A O C. 3. And taught to beare himselfe
Toward a person of his ranke. AVO. 4. Away.
MOS. I humbly thank your father-hoods. VOLP. Soft, soft: whipt?
And loose all that I haue? if I confesse,
It cannot be much more. AVO. 4. Sir, are you married?
VOLP. They'll be ally'd, anon; I must be resolute:
The FOXE shall, here, vncase. (MOS. Patron.) VOLP. Nay, now, *He puts off his disguise.*

My ruines shall not come alone ; your match
I'le hinder sure : my substance shall not glew you,
Nor screw you, into a family. (MOS. Why, patron !)
VOLP. I am VOLPONE, and this is my knaue ;
This, his owne knaue ; this, auarices foole ;
This, a *Chimæra* of wittall, foole, and knaue ;
And, reuerend fathers, since we all can hope
Nought, but a sentence,let's not now despaire it. (silence.
You heare me briefe. CORV. May it please your father-hoods—COM.
AVOC. 1. The knot is now vndone, by miracle !
AVOC.2. Nothing can be more cleare. AVO. 3. Or can more proue
These innocent. AVOC. 1. Giue 'hem their liberty.
BON. Heauen could not,long, let such grosse crimes be hid.
AVOC. 2. If this be held the high way to get riches,
May I be poore. AVOC.3. This 's not the gaine, but torment.
AVOC. 1. These possesse wealth, as sicke men possesse feuers,
Which, trulyer may be said to possesse them.
AVOC. 2. Disroabe that parasite.CORV.MOS.Most honor'd fathers.
AVOC. 1. Can you plead ought to stay the course of iustice ?
If you can, speake. CORV. VOLT. We beg fauor, CEL. And mercy.
AVOC. 1. You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.
Stand forth ; and, first, the parasite. You appeare
T' haue beene the chiefest minister, if not plotter,
In all these lewd impostures ; and now, lastly,
Haue, with your impudence, abus'd the court,
And habit of a gentleman of *Venice*,
Being a fellow of no birth, or bloud :
For which, our sentence is, first thou be whipt ;
Then liue perpetuall prisoner in our gallies.
VOLT. I thanke you, for him. MOS. Bane to thy wooluish nature.
AVOC. 1. Deliuer him to the *Saffi*. Thou, VOLPONE,
By bloud, and ranke a gentleman, canst not fall
Vnder like censure ; but our iudgement on thee
Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
To the hospitall, of the *Incurabili:*
And, since the most was gotten by imposture,
By faining lame, gout, palsey,andsuch diseases,
Thou art to lie in prison, crampt with irons,
Till thou bee'st sicke, and lame indeed. Remoue him.
VOLP. This is call'd mortifying of a FOXE.
AVOC.1. Thou VOLTORE, to take away the scandale
Thou hast giu'n all worthy men, of thy profession,
Art banish'd from their fellowship, and our state.
CORBACCIO, bring him neere. We here possesse
Thy sonne, of all thy state ; and confine thee

To

To the monasterie of *San' Spirito* :
Where, since thou knew'st not how to liue well here,
Thou shalt be learn'd to die well. CORB. Ha! what said he?
COM. You shall know anone, sir. AVOC. Thou CORVINO, shalt
Be straight imbarqu'd from thine owne house, and row'd
Round about *Venice*, through the *grand canale*,
Wearing a cap, with faire, long asses eares,
In stead of hornes : and, so to mount (a paper
Pin'd on thy brest) to the *berlino* ——CORV. Yes,
And, haue mine eies beat out with stinking fish,
Bruis'd fruit, and rotten egges ——'Tis well. I' am glad,
I shall not see my shame, yet. AVOC. 1. And to expiate
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
Home, to her father, with her dowrie trebled :
And these are all your iudgements. (ALL. Honour'd fathers.)
AVOC. 1. Which may not be reuok'd. Now, you begin,
When crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd,
To thinke what your crimes are : away with them.
Let all, that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and loue to study 'hem. Mischiefes feed
Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

VOLPONE.

THe seasoning of a play is the applause.
Now, though the FOXE be punish'd by the lawes,
He, yet, doth hope there is no suffring due,
For any fact, which he hath done 'gainst you ;
If there be, sensure him : here he, doubtfull, stands.
If not, fare iouially, and clap your hands.

THE END.

This Comoedie vvas first
acted, in the yeere
1605.

By the Kings Maiesties
SERVANTS.

The principall Comœdians were,

RIC. BVRBADGE.) (IOH. HEMINGS.
HEN. CONDEL. } } IOH. LOWIN.
WILL. SLY.) (ALEX. COOKE.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

EPICOENE,

OR

The ſilent VVoman.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1609. By
the Children of her Maieſties
REVELLS.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.

Vt ſis tu ſimilis Cali, Byrrhiq; latronum,
Non ego ſum Capri, neq; Sulci. Cur metuas me?

LONDON,
Printed by VVILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE TRVLY NOBLE, BY ALL TITLES.

Sir Francis Stuart:

SIR,

MY hope is not so nourish'd by example, as it will conclude, this dumbe peece should please you, by cause it hath pleas'd others before: but by trust, that when you haue read it, you will find it worthy to haue dis-pleas'd none. This makes, that I now number you, not onely in the Names of fauour, but the Names of iustice, to what I write; and doe, presently, call you to the exercise of that noblest, and manlyest vertue: as coueting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a Iudge, then the credit of an Vndertaker. Read therefore, I pray you, and censure. There is not a line, or syllable in it changed from the simplicity of the first Copy. And, when you shall consider, through the certaine hatred of some, how much a mans innocency may bee indanger'd by an vn-certaine accusation; you will, I doubt not, so beginne to hate the iniquitie of such natures, as I shall loue the contumely done me, whose end was so honorable, as to be wip'd off by your sentence.

Your vnprofitable, but true louer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

MOROSE. *A Gent. that loues no noise.*

DAVP. EVGENIE. *A Knight his nephew.*

CLERIMONT. *A Gent. his friend.*

TRVE-WIT. *Another friend.*

EPICOENE. *A yong Gent. suppos'd the silent Woman.*

IOH. DAW. *A Knight, her seruant.*

AMOROVS LA FOOLE. *A Knight also.*

THOM: OTTER. *A land, and sea-Captaine.*

CVTBERD. *A Barber.*

MVTE. *One of* MOROSE *his seruants.*

MAD. HAVGHTY. } *Ladies Collegiates.*
MAD. CENTAVRE. }
Mrs. MAVIS. }

Mrs. TRVSTY. | *The La.* HAVGHTIES *woman.*
Mrs. OTTER. | *The Captaines wife.* } *Pretenders.*

PARSON.

PAGES.

SERVANTS.

THE SCENE

LONDON.

EPICOENE,

OR

The silent Woman.

PROLOGVE.

Ruth sayes, of old, the art of making plaies
Was to content the people;& their praise
Was to the *Poet* money, wine, and bayes.
But in this age, a sect of writers are,
That, onely, for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is populare.
With such we mingle neither braines , nor feasts)
brests ;
Our wishes , like to those (make publique
Are not to please the cookes tastes, but the guests.
Yet, if those cunning palates hether come,
They shall find guests entreaty, and good roome ;
And though all relish not, sure,there will be some,
That, when they leaue their seates, shall make 'hem say,
Who wrot that piece, could so haue wrote a play :
But that,he knew,this was the better way.
For, to present all custard, or all tart,
And haue no other meats, to beare a part,
Or to want bread, and salt, were but course art.
The *Poet* prayes you then, with better thought
To sit ; and, when his cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far fet , there will deare-bought
Be fit for ladies : some for lords, knights, squires,
Some for your waiting wench, and citie-wires,
Some for your men, and daughters of *white-Friars*.

Nor is it, onely, while you keepe your seate
Here, that his feast will last; but you shall eate
A weeke at ord'naries, on his broken meat:
If his *Muse* be true,
Who commends her to you.

Another.

Occasion'd by some persons impertinent exception.

THe ends of all, who for the *Scene* doe write,
Are, or should be, to profit, and delight.
And still't hath beene the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to taxe the crimes.
Then, in this play, which we present to night,
And make the obiect of your eare, and sight,
On forfeit of your selues, thinke nothing true:
Lest so you make the maker to iudge you.
For he knowes, *Poet* neuer credit gain'd
By writing truths, but things (like truths) well fain'd.
If any, yet, will (with particular slight
Of application) wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant or him, or her, will say:
They make a libell, which he made a play.

Act I. *Scene* I.

He comes out making himselfe ready.

Clerimont, Boy, Trve-wit.

HA' you got the song yet perfect I ga'you, boy?

Boy. Yes, sir.

Cle. Let me heare it.

Boy. You shall, sir, but i' faith let no body else.

Cle. Why, I pray?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous name of a *Poet* in towne, sir, besides me a perfect deale of ill will at the mansion you wot of, whose ladie is the argument of it: where now I am the welcom'st thing vnder a man that comes there.

Cle. I thinke, and aboue a man too, if the truth were rack'd out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confesse before, sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o'the bed; and carry me in to my lady; and shee kisses me with her oil'd face; and puts a perruke o' my head; and askes me an' I will weare her gowne; and I say, no: and then she hits me a blow o' the eare, and calls me innocent, and lets me goe.

Cle. No maruell, if the dore bee kept shut against your master, when the entrance is so eàsie to you——well sir, you shall goe there no more, lest I bee

I bee faine to seeke your voyce in my ladies rushes , a fortnight hence. Sing, sir. *Boy sings.*

TRV. Why , here's the man that can melt away his time , and neuer feeles it ! what, betweene his mistris abroad, and his engle at home , high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle ; hee thinkes the houres ha' no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well , sir gallant , were you strooke with the plague this minute , or condemn'd to any capitall punishment to morrow, you would beginne then to thinke , and value euery article o' your time, esteeme it at the true rate, and giue all for't.

CLE. Why, what should a man doe?

TRV. Why,nothing : or that,which when 'tis done,is as idle. Harken after the next horse-race, or hunting-match ; lay wagers , praise *Puppy*, or *Pepper-corne* , *White-foote* , *Franklin* ; sweare vpon *White-maynes* partie ; spend aloud , that my lords may heare you ; visite my ladies at night, and bee able to giue 'hem the character of euery bowler , or better o' the greene.These be the things,wherein your fashionable men exercise themselues, and I for companie. *Horses o' the time.*

CLE. Nay, if I haue thy authoritie, I'le not leaue yet. Come, the other are considerations, when wee come to haue gray heads , and weake hammes, moist eyes, and shrunke members. Wee'll thinke on 'hem then; then wee'll pray, and fast.

TRV. I , and destine onely that time of age to goodnesse, which our want of abilitie will not let vs employ in euill?

CLE. Why , then 'tis time enough.

TRV. Yes : as if a man should sleepe all the terme , and thinke to effect his businesse the last day. O, CLERIMONT ,this time, because it is an incorporeall thing, and not subiect to sense, we mocke our selues the fineliest out of it , with vanitie , and miserie indeede : not seeking an end of wretchednesse, but onely changing the matter still.

CLE. Nay, thou'lt not leaue now——

TRV. See but our common disease ! with what iustice can wee complaine, that great men will not looke vpon vs,nor be at leisure to giue our affaires such dispatch , as wee expect , when wee will neuer doe it to our selues : nor heare, nor regard our selues.

CLE. Foh, thou hast read PLVTARCHS moralls, now, or some such tedious fellow ; and it showes so vilely with thee : 'Fore god, 'twill spoile thy wit vtterly. Talke me of pinnes, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things : and leaue this *Stoicitie* alone, till thou mak'st sermons.

TRV. Well, sir. If it will not take, I haue learn'd to loose as little of my kindnesse, as I can. I'le doe good to no man against his will, certainely. When were you at the colledge?

CLE. What colledge?

TRV. As if you knew not !

CLE. No faith, I came but from court, yesterday.

TRV. Why, is it not arriu'd there yet, the newes? A new foundation,

sir, here i' the towne, of ladies, that call themselues the Collegiates, an order betweene courtiers, and country-madames, that liue from their husbands; and giue entertainement to all the *Wits*, and *Braueries* o' the time, as they call 'hem: crie downe, or vp, what they like, or dislike in a braine, or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather *hermaphroditicall* authoritie: and, euery day, gaine to their colledge some new probationer.

CLE. Who is the President?

TRV. The graue, and youthfull matron, the lady HAVGHTY.

CLE. A poxe of her autumnall face, her peec'd beautie: there's no man can bee admitted till shee be ready, now adaies, till shee has painted, and perfum'd, and wash'd, and scour'd, but the boy here; and him shee wipes her oil'd lips vpon, like a sponge. I haue made a song, I pray thee heare it, o' the subiect.

SONG.

STill to be neat, still to be drest,
As, you were going to a feast;
Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though arts hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Giue me a looke, giue me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Then all th'adulteries of art.
Thy strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

TRV. And I am, clearely, o'the other side: I loue a good dressing, before any beautie o' the world. O, a woman is, then, like a delicate garden; nor, is there one kind of it: she may varie, euery houre; take often counsell of her glasse, and choose the best. If shee haue good eares, shew 'hem; good haire, lay it out; good legs, weare short cloathes; a good hand, discouer it often; practise any art, to mend breath, clense teeth, repaire eyebrowes, paint, and professe it.

CLE. How? publiquely?

TRV. The doing of it, not the manner: that must bee priuate. Many things, that seeme foule, i' the doing, doe please, done. A lady should, indeed, studie her face, when wee thinke shee sleepes: nor, when the dores are shut, should men bee inquiring, all is sacred within, then. Is it for vs to see their perrukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eye-browes, their nailes? you see guilders will not worke, but inclos'd. They must not discouer, how little serues, with the helpe of art, to adorne a great deale. How long did the canuas hang afore

Ald-

Ald-gate? were the people suffer'd to see the cities *Loue*, and *Charitie*, while they were rude stone, before they were painted, and burnish'd? No. No more should seruants approch their mistresses, but when they are compleat, and finish'd.

CLE. Well said, my TRVE-WIT.

TRV. And a wise ladie will keepe a guard alwaies vpon the place, that shee may doe things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poore madame, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her peruke, to couer her baldnesse: and put it on, the wrong way.

CLE. O prodigie!

TRV. And the vn-conscionable knaue held her in complement an houre, with that reuerst face, when I still look'd when shee should talke from the t'other side.

CLE. Why, thou should'st ha' releeu'd her.

TRV. No faith, I let her alone, as wee'l let this argument, if you please, and passe to another. When saw you DAVPHINE EVGENIE?

CLE. Not these three daies. Shall we goe to him this morning? he is very melancholique, I heare.

TRV. Sicke o' the vncle? is hee? I met that stiffe peece of formalitie, his vncle, yesterday, with a huge turbant of night-caps on his head, buckled ouer his eares.

CLE. O, that's his custome when he walkes abroad. Hee can endure no noise, man.

TRV. So I haue heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him, as it is made? they say, hee has beene vpon diuers treaties with the Fish-wiues, and Orenge-women; and articles propounded betweene them: mary, the Chimney-sweepers will not be drawne in.

CLE. No, nor the Broome-men: they stand out stiffely. He cannot endure a Costard-monger, he swounes if he heare one.

TRV. Me thinkes, a Smith should be ominous.

CLE. Or any Hãmer-man. A Brasier is not suffer'd to dwel in the parish, nor an Armorer. He would haue hang'd a Pewterers 'prentice once vp on a shroue-tuesdaies riot, for being o' that trade, when the rest were quit.

TRV. A Trumpet should fright him terribly, or the Hau'-boyes?

CLE. Out of his senses. The Waights of the citie haue a pension of him, not to come neere that ward. This youth practis'd on him, one night, like the Bell-man; and neuer left till hee had brought him downe to the doore, with a long-sword: and there left him flourishing with the aire.

BOY. Why, sir! hee hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receiue no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore, we that loue him, deuise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breath him. Hee would grow resty else in his ease. His vertue would rust without action. I entreated a Beare-ward, one day, to come downe with the dogs of some foure parishes that way, and I thanke him, he did; & cryed his games vnder master

MOROSE'S windore : till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time , a Fencer, marching to his prize , had his drum most tragically run through , for taking that street in his way, at my request.

TRV. A good wag. How do's he for the bell's ?

CLE. O, i' the Queenes time, he was wont to goe out of towne euery satterday at ten a clock, or on holy-day-eues. But now , by reason of the sicknesse , the perpetuitie of ringing has made him deuise a roome , with double walls ; and treble seelings ; the windores close shut , and calk'd : and there he liues by candle-light. He turn'd away a man, last weeke, for hauing a paire of new shooes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him, now , in tennis-court socks , or slippers sol'd with wooll : and they talke each to other, in a trunke. See, who comes here.

Act I. *Scene* II.

DAVPHINE, TRVE-WIT, CLERIMONT.

HOw now ! what aile you sirs ? dumbe ?

TRV. Strooke into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine vncle ! There was neuer such a prodigie heard of.

DAVP. I would you would once loose this subiect, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that haue brought mee into that predicament, I am, with him.

TRV. How is that ?

DAVP. Mary, that he will dis-inherit me, no more. Hee thinks, I, and my companie are authors of all the ridiculous acts , and moniments are told of him.

TRV. S'lid, I would be the author of more , to vexe him , that purpose deserues it : it giues thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would doe. I would make a false almanack ; get it printed : and then ha' him drawne out on a coronation day to the *tower*-wharfe , and kill him with the noise of the ordinance. Dis-inherit thee ! hee cannot, man. Art not thou next of bloud, and his sisters sonne ?

DAVP. I, but he will thrust me out of it, he vowes, and marry.

TRV. How ! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venter on a wife ?

CLE. Yes : why, thou art a stranger, it seemes, to his best trick, yet. He has imploid a fellow this halfe yeere , all ouer *England*, to harken him out a dumbe woman ; bee shee of any forme, or any qualitie, so shee bee able to beare children : her silence is dowrie enough, he saies.

TRV. But, I trust to god, he has found none.

CLE. No, but hee has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken ; thrifty of her speech ; that spends but sixe words a day. And her hee's about now, and shall haue her.

TRV.

TRV. Is't possible! who is his agent i' the businesse?

CLE. Mary, a Barber, one CVT-BERD: an honest fellow, one that tells DAVPHINE all here.

TRV. Why, you oppresse mee with wonder! A woman, and a barber, and loue no noise!

CLE. Yes faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knacke with his sheeres, or his fingers: and that continence in a barber hee thinkes so eminent a vertue, as it has made him chiefe of his counsell.

TRV. Is the barber to be seene? or the wench?

CLE. Yes, that they are.

TRV. I pray thee, DAVPHINE, let's goe thether.

DAVP. I haue some businesse now: I cannot i'faith.

TRV. You shall haue no businesse shall make you neglect this, sir, wee'll make her talke, beleeue it; or if shee will not, wee can giue out, at least so much as shall interrupt the treatie: wee will breake it. Thou art bound in conscience, when hee suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

DAVP. Not I, by any meanes. I'll giue no suffrage to't. He shall neuer ha' that plea against me, that I oppos'd the least phant'sie of his. Let it lie vpon my starres to be guiltie, I'll be innocent.

TRV. Yes, and be poore, and beg; doe, innocent: when some groome of his has got him an heire, or this barber, if hee himselfe cannot. Innocent! I pray thee, NED, where lyes shee? let him be innocent, still.

CLE. Why, right ouer against the barbers; in the house, where sir IOHN DAW lyes.

TRV. You doe not meane to confound me!

CLE. Why?

TRV. Do's he, that would marry her, know so much?

CLE. I cannot tell.

TRV. 'Twere inough of imputation to her, with him.

CLE. Why?

TRV. The onely talking sir i' th' towne! IACK DAW! And he teach her not to speake——God b'w'you. I haue some businesse too.

CLE. Will you not goe thether then?

TRV. Not with the danger to meet DAW, for mine eares.

CLE. Why? I thought you two had beene vpon very good termes.

TRV. Yes, of keeping distance.

CLE. They say he is a very good scholler.

TRV. I, and hee sayes it first. A poxe on him, a fellow that pretends onely to learning, buyes titles, and nothing else of bookes in him.

CLE. The world reports him to be very learned.

TRV. I am sorry, the world should so conspire to belie him.

CLE. Good faith, I haue heard very good things come from him.

TRV. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant to denie that: would

would they were his owne. God b'w'you, gentlemen.

CLE. This is very abrupt!

Act I. *Scene* III.

DAVPHINE, CLERIMONT, BOY.

COme, you are a strange open man, to tell euery thing, thus.

CLE. Why, beleeue it DAVPHINE, TRVE-WIT'S a very honest fellow.

DAVP. I thinke no other: but this franke nature of his is not for secrets.

CLE. Nay, then, you are mistaken DAVPHINE: I know where he has beene well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truely, and heartily.

DAVP. I contend not, NED, but, with the fewer a businesse is carried, it is euer the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll goe thether, I am for you.

CLE. When were you there?

DAVP. Last night: and such a *decameron* of sport fallen out! BOCCACE neuer thought of the like. DAW do's nothing but court her; and the wrong way. Hee would lie with her, and praises her modestie; desires that shee would talke, and bee free, and commends her silence in verses: which hee reades, and sweares, are the best that euer man made. Then railes at his fortunes, stamps, and mutines, why he is not made a counsellor, and call'd to affaires of state.

CLE. I pray thee let's goe. I would faine partake this. Some water, Boy.

DAVP. Wee are inuited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thether to him, sir LA-FOOLE.

CLE. O, that's a precious mannikin!

DAVP. Doe you know him?

CLE. I, and he will know you too, if ere he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church in the midst of praiers. Hee is one of the *Braueries*, though he be none o' the *Wits*. He will salute a Iudge vpon the bench, and a Bishop in the pulpit, a Lawyer when hee is pleading at the barre, and a Lady when shee is dauncing in a masque, and put her out. He do's giue playes, and suppers, and inuites his guests to 'hem, aloud, out of his windore, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the *Strand* for the purpose. Or to watch when ladies are gone to the *China* houses, or the *Exchange*, that hee may meet 'hem by chance, and giue 'hem presents, some two or three hundred pounds-worth of toyes, to be laught at. He is neuer without a spare banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come vp to, for a bait.

DAVP. Excellent! He was a fine youth last night, but now he is much finer! what is his christen-name? I ha' forgot.

CLE. Sir AMOROVS LA-FOOLE.

BOY.

BOY. The gentleman is here below, that ownes that name.

CLE. Hart, hee's come, to inuite me to dinner, I hold my life.

DAVP. Like enough : pray thee, let's ha' him vp.

CLE. Boy, marshall him.

BOY. With a truncheon, sir?

CLE. Away, I beseech you. I'le make him tell vs his pedegree, now; and what meat he has to dinner ; and, who are his guests; and, the whole course of his fortunes : with a breath.

Act I. *Scene* IIII.

LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE.

S'Aue, deare sir DAVPHINE, honor'd master CLERIMONT.

CLE. Sir AMOROVS ! you haue very much honested my lodging, with your presence.

LA-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging ! almost , as delicate a lodging, as mine.

CLE. Not so, sir.

LA-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were i' the *Strand*, I assure you. I am come, master CLERIMONT , to entreat you wait vpon two or three ladies , to dinner, to day.

CLE. How, sir ! wait vpon 'hem ? did you euer see me carry dishes ?

LA-F. No, sir, dispence with me ; I meant, to beare 'hem companie.

CLE. O, that I will, sir. The doubtfulnesse o' your phrase, beleeue it, sir, would breed you a quarrell, once an houre, with the terrible boyés , if you should but keepe 'hem fellowship a day.

LA-F. It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

CLE. I beleeue it, sir ; where hold you your feast ?

LA-F. At TOM OTTERS, sir.

DAVP. TOM OTTER? what's he?

LA-F. Captaine OTTER, sir ; he is a kind of gamster: but he has had command, both by sea, and by land.

DAVP. O, then he is *animal amphibium?*

LA-F. I, sir : his wife was the rich *China*-woman, that the courtiers visited so often, that gaue the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

CLE. Then, shee is Captaine OTTER?

LA-F. You say very well, sir : she is my kins-woman, a LA-FOOLE by the mother side, and will inuite, any great ladies, for my sake.

DAVP. Not of the LA-FOOLES of *Essex ?*

LA-F. No, sir, the LA-FOOLES of *London.*

CLE. Now, h'is in.

LA-F. They all come out of our house, the LA-FOOLES o' the north, the LA-FOOLES of the west, the LA-FOOLES of the east, and south—we are

are as ancient a family, as any is in *Europe*——but I my selfe am descended lineally of the *french* LA-FOOLES—and , wee doe beare for our coate *Yellow*, or *Or*, checker'd *Azure*, and *Gules*, and some three or foure colours more, which is a very noted coate, and has, some-times, beene solemnely worne by diuers nobilitie of our house——but let that goe , antiquitie is not respected now—I had a brace of fat Does sent me, gentlemen,& halfe a dosen of phesants, a dosen or two of godwits , and some other fowle, which I would haue eaten, while they are good, and in good company—there will bee a great lady, or two, my lady HAVGHTY, my lady CENTAVRE, mistris DOL MAVIS——and they come a' purpose , to see the silent gentlewoman , mistris EPICOENE , that honest sir IOHN DAW has promis'd to bring thether——and then , mistris TRVSTY, my ladies woman, will be there too, and this honorable Knight, sir DAVPHINE, with your selfe, master CLERIMONT ——and wee'll bee very merry, and haue fidlers, and daunce—I haue beene a mad wag, in my time, and haue spent some crownes since I was a page in court, to my lord LOFTY, and after, my ladies gentleman-vsher , who got mee knighted in *Ireland* , since it pleas'd my elder brother to die——I had as faire a gold ierkin on that day, as any was worne in the *Iland*-voyage, or at *Caliz*, none disprais'd, and I came ouer in it hither, show'd my selfe to my friends, in court , and after went downe to my tenants, in the countrey , and suruai'd my lands , let new leases, tooke their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, vpon ladies——and now I can take vp at my pleasure.

DAVP. Can you take vp ladies, sir ?

CLE. O, let him breath, he has not recouer'd.

DAVP. Would I were your halfe, in that commoditie———

LA-F. No, sir, excuse mee : I meant money , which can take vp any thing. I haue another guest, or two, to inuite, and say as much to , gentlemen. I'll take my leaue abruptly, in hope you will not faile——Your seruant.

DAVP. Wee will not faile you, sir precious LA-FOOLE; but shee shall, that your ladies come to see : if I haue credit, afore sir DAW.

CLE. Did you euer heare such a wind-fucker, as this ?

DAVP. Or, such a rooke, as the other ! that will betray his mistris, to be seene. Come, 'tis time, we preuented it.

CLE. Goe.

Act II. *Scene* I.

MOROSE, MVTE.

CAnnot I , yet , find out a more compendious method , then by this trunke, to saue my seruants the labour of speech , and mine eares, the discord of sounds? Let mee see : all discourses, but mine owne, afflict mee, they seeme harsh, impertinent , and irksome. Is it not possible

possible, that thou should'st answere me, by signes, and, I apprehend thee, fellow? speake not, though I question you. You haue taken the ring, off from the street dore, as I bad you? answere me not, by speech, but by silence; vnlesse, it be otherwise (——) very good. And, you haue fastened on a thicke quilt, or flock-bed, on the out-side of the dore; that if they knocke with their daggers, or with bricke-bats, they can make no noise? but with your leg, your answere, vnlesse it be otherwise (——) very good. This is not, onely, fit modestie in a seruant, but good state, and discretion in a master. And you haue beene with CVTBERD, the barber, to haue him come to me? (——) good. And, he will come presently? answere me not but with your leg, vnlesse it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug (——) so. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard*, are wise in these! and it is a frugall, and comely grauitie. How long will it bee, ere CVTBERD come? stay, if an houre, hold vp your whole hand; if halfe an houre, two fingers; if a quarter, one; (——) good: halfe a quarter? 'tis well. And haue you giuen him a key, to come in without knocking? (——) good. And, is the lock oild, and the hinges, to day? (——) good. And the quilting of the staires no where worne out, and bare? (——) very good. I see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected: stand by. The *Turke*, in this diuine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, euen in the warre (as I haue heard) and in his marches, most of his charges, and directions, giuen by signes, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily asham'd, and angrie often-times, that the Princes of *Christendome*, should suffer a *Barbarian*, to transcend 'hem in so high a point of felicitie. I will practise it, hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what villaine? what prodigie of mankind is that? looke. Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat: what murderer, hell-hound, deuill can this be?

At the breaches, still the fellow makes legs: or signes.

One windes a horne without. Againe.

MVT. It is a post from the court———

MOR. Out rogue, and must thou blow thy horne, too?

MVT. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that sayes, hee must speake with you, paine of death———

MOR. Paine of thy life, be silent.

Act II. *Scene* II.

TRVE-WIT, MOROSE, CVTBERD.

BY your leaue, sir (I am a stranger here) is your name, master MOROSE? is your name, master MOROSE? fishes! *Pythagoreans* all! this is strange! What say you, sir, nothing? Has HARPOCRATES beene here, with his club, among you? well sir, I will beleeue you to bee the man, at this time: I will venter vpon you, sir. Your friends at court commend 'hem to you, sir———

(MOR.

(MOR. O men ! ô manners ! was there euer such an impudence ?)

TRV. And are extremely sollicitous for you, sir.

MOR. Whose knaue are you !

TRV. Mine owne knaue, and your compere, sir.

MOR. Fetch me my sword———

TRV. You shall taste the one halfe of my dagger, if you do (groome) and you, the other, if you stirre, sir: be patient, I charge you, in the kings name, and heare mee without insurrection. They say, you are to marry ? to marry ! doe you marke, sir ?

MOR. How then, rude companion !

TRV. Mary, your friends doe wonder, sir, the *Thames* being so neere, wherein you may drowne so handsomely; or *London*-bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leape, to hurry you downe the streame; or, such a delicate steeple, i' the towne, as *Bow*, to vault from; or, a brauer height, as *Pauls*; or, if you affected to doe it neerer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret windore, into the street; or, a beame, in the said garret, with this halter; which they haue sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your graue head to this knot, then to the wed-lock nooze; or, take a little sublimate, and goe out of the world, like a rat; or a flie (as one said) with a straw i' your arse: any way, rather, then to follow this goblin *matrimony*. Alas, sir, doe you euer thinke to find a chaste wife, in these times? now? when there are so many masques, plaies, puritane preachings, mad-folkes, and other strange sights to be seene daily, priuate and publique? if you had liu'd in king ETHELDRED'S time, sir, or EDWARD the Confessors, you might, perhaps, haue found in some cold countrey-hamlet, then, a dull frostie wench, would haue beene contented with one man: now, they will as soone be pleas'd with one leg, or one eye. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall runne with a wife.

He shewes him a halter.

MOR. Good sir ! haue I euer cosen'd any friends of yours of their land ? bought their possessions ? taken forfeit of their morgage ? begg'd a reuersion from 'hem ? bastarded their issue ? what haue I done, that may deserue this ?

TRV. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

MOR. Why ? if I had made an assassinate vpon your father; vitiated your mother; rauished your sisters———

TRV. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

MOR. Why ? you doe more in this, sir : It were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts, that could be nam'd, to doe that you doe———

TRV. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger : I but tell you, what you must heare. It seemes, your friends are carefull after your soules health, sir, and would haue you know the danger (but you may doe your pleasure, for all them, I perswade not, sir) If, after you are married, your wife doe run away with a vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walkes vpon ropes, or him that daunces the iig, or a fencer for his skill at his weapon, why it is not their fault; they haue discharged their consciences : when you know what

what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you, all the perills that you are obnoxious too. If shee be faire, yong, and vegetous, no sweet meats euer drew more flies; all the yellow doublets, and great roses i' the towne will bee there. If foule, and crooked, shee'll bee with them, and buy those doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her; shee'll raigne in your house, as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrannes. If fruitfull, as proud as *May*, and humorous as *April*; she must haue her doctors, her midwiues, her nurses, her longings euery houre: though it be for the dearest morsell of man. If learned, there was neuer such a parrat; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests, that must be inuited, to heare her speake *Latine* and *Greeke*: and you must lie with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise, you must feast all the silenc'd brethren, once in three daies; salute the sisters; entertaine the whole family, or wood of 'hem; and heare long-winded exercises, singings, and catechisings, which you are not giuen to, and yet must giue for: to please the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cause, will cosen you, ouer and aboue. You beginne to sweat, sir? but this is not halfe, i'faith: you may do your pleasure notwithstanding, as I said before, I come not to perswade you. Vpon my faith, master seruingman, if you doe stirre, I will beat you.

The Mute is stealing away.

MOR. O, what is my sinne! what is my sinne?

TRV. Then, if you loue your wife, or rather, dote on her, sir: ô, how shee'll torture you! and take pleasure i'your torments! you shall lye with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it must be for that iewell, or that pearle, when she do's; euery halfe houres pleasure must be bought anew: and with the same paine, and charge, you woo'd her at first. Then, you must keepe what seruants shee please; what company shee will; that friend must not visit you without her licence; and him shee loues most shee will seeme to hate eagerliest, to decline your ielousie; or, faigne to bee ielous of you first; and for that cause goe liue with her she-friend, or cosen at the colledge, that can instruct her in all the mysteries, of writing letters, corrupting seruants, taming spies; where shee must haue that rich goune for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; bee seru'd in siluer; haue the chamber fill'd with a succession of groomes, foot-men, vshers, and other messengers; besides embroyderers, iewellers, tyre-women, sempsters, fether-men, perfumers; while shee feeles not how the land drops away; nor the acres melt; nor forsees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her veluets; neuer weighes what her pride costs, sir: so shee may kisse a page, or a smoth chinne, that has the despaire of a beard; bee a states-woman, know all the newes, what was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*, what at court, what in progresse; or, so shee may censure *poets*, and authors, and stiles, and compare 'hem, DANIEL with SPENSER, IONSON with the tother youth, and so foorth; or, be thought cunning in controuersies, or the very knots of diuinitie; and haue, often in her mouth, the state of

the question : and then skip to the *Mathematiques*, and demonstration and answere,in religion to one ; in state,to another,in baud'ry to a third.

MOR. O, ô!

TRV. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that coniurer, and this cunning woman : where the first question is,how soone you shall die ? next, if her present seruant loue her ? next that, if she shall haue a new seruant ? and how many ? which of her family would make the best baud, male, or female ? what precedence shee shall haue by her next match ? and sets downe the answers, and beleeues 'hem aboue the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

MOR. Gentle sir, ha' you done ? ha'you had your pleasure o' me ? I'll thinke of these things.

TRV. Yes sir:and then comes reeking home of vapor and sweat,with going afoot,and lies in,a moneth,of a new face,all oyle, and birdlime;and rises in asses milke, and is clens'd with a new *fucus* : god b'w' you, sir. One thing more (which I had almost forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may haue made a conuayance of her virginity afore hand,as your wise widdowes doe of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir:who can tell ? orif she haue not done it yet, she may doe, vpon the wedding day, or the night before, and antidate you cuckold. The like has beene heard of, in nature. 'Tis no deuis'd impossible thing, sir. God b'w' you : I'll be bold to leaue this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance. Farewell MVTE.

The horne againe.

MOR. Come, ha' me to my chamber : but first shut the dore. O, shut the dore, shut the dore : Is he come againe ?

CVT. 'Tis I, sir, your barber.

MOR. O CVTBERD, CVTBERD, CVTBERD! here has bin a cut-throate with me: helpe me in to my bed, and giue me physicke with thy counsell.

Act II. *Scene* III.

DAW, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE, EPICOENE.

NAy, and she will, let her refuse, at her owne charges : 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen. But she will not bee inuited to the like feasts, or guests, euery day.

They disswade her, priuately.

CLE. O, by no meanes, shee may not refuse—to stay at home, if you loue your reputation : 'Slight, you are inuited thither o' purpose to bee seene, and laught at by the lady of the colledge, and her shadowes. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

DAVP. You shall not goe ; let him be laught at in your steade, for not bringing you : and put him to his extemporall faculty of fooling,and talking loud to satisfie the company.

CLE. He will suspect vs,talke aloud. 'Pray'mistris EPICOENE,let's see your

your verses; we haue sir IOHN DAW's leaue : doe not conceale your seruants merit, and your owne glories.

EPI. They'll proue my seruants glories, if you haue his leaue so soone.

DAVP. His vaine glories, lady!

DAW. Shew 'hem, shew 'hem, mistris, I dare owne 'hem.

EPI. Iudge you, what glories?

DAW. Nay, I'll read 'hem my selfe, too : an author must recite his owne workes. It is a *madrigall* of modestie.

Modest, and faire, for faire and good are neere
Neighbours, how ere.——

DAVP. Very good.

CLE. I, Is't not?

DAW. *No noble vertue euer was alone,*
But two in one.

DAVP. Excellent!

CLE. That againe, I pray'sir IOHN.

DAVP. It has some thing in't like rare wit, and sense.

CLE. Peace.

DAW. *No noble vertue euer was alone,*
But two in one.
Then, when I praise sweet modestie, I praise
Bright beauties raies:
And hauing prais'd both beauty'and modestee,
I haue prais'd thee.

DAVP. Admirable!

CLE. How it chimes, and cries tinke i' the close, diuinely!

DAVP. I, 'tis SENECA.

CLE. No, I thinke 'tis PLVTARCH.

DAW. The *dor* on PLVTARCH, and SENECA, I hate it: they are mine owne imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellowes haue such credit with gentlemen!

CLE. They are very graue authors.

DAW. Graue asses! meere *Essaists*! a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talke so, his whole age, I doe vtter as good things euery houre, if they were collected, and obseru'd, as either of 'hem.

DAVP. Indeede! sir IOHN?

CLE. Hee must needs, liuing among the *Wits*, and *Braueries* too.

DAVP. I, and being president of 'hem, as he is.

DAW. There's ARISTOTLE, a mere common place-fellow; PLATO, a discourser; THVCIDIDES, and LIVIE, tedious and drie; TACITVS, an entire knot: sometimes worth the vntying, very seldome.

CLE. What doe you think of the *Poets*, sir IOHN?

DAW. Not worthy to be nam'd for authors. HOMER, an old tedious prolixe asse, talkes of curriers, and chines of beefe. VIRGIL, of dunging of land, and bees. HORACE, of I know not what.

CLE. I thinke so.

DAW. And so PINDARVS, LYCOPHRON, ANACREON, CATVLLVS, SENECA the tragœdian, LVCAN, PROPERTIVS, TIBVLLVS, MARTIAL, IVVENAL, AVSONIVS, STATIVS, POLITIAN, VALERIVS FLACCVS, and the rest——

CLE. What a sacke full of their names he has got!

DAVP. And how he poures 'hem out! POLITIAN, with VALERIVS

CLE. Was not the character right, of him? (FLACCVS!

DAVP. As could be made, i' faith.

DAW. And PERSIVS, a crabbed cockescombe, not to be endur'd.

DAVP. Why? whom do you account for authors, sir IOHN DAW?

DAW. *Syntagma Iuris ciuilis, Corpus Iuris ciuilis, Corpus Iuris canonici*, the King of *Spaines* bible.

DAVP. Is the King of *Spaines* bible an author?

CLE. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

DAVP. What was that *Syntagma*, sir?

DAW. A ciuill lawer, a *Spaniard*.

DAVP. Sure, *Corpus* was a *Dutch*-man. (thors.

CLE. I, both the *Corpusses*, I knew 'hem: they were very corpulent au-

DAW. And, then there's VATABLVS, POMPONATIVS, SYMANCHA, the other are not to be receiu'd, within the thought of a scholler.

DAVP. Fore god, you haue a simple learn'd seruant, lady, in titles.

CLE. I wonder that hee is not called to the helme, and made a councellor!

DAVP. He is one extraordinary.

CLE. Nay, but in ordinarie! to say truth, the state wants such.

DAVP. Why, that will follow.

CLE. I muse, a mistris can be so silent to the dotes of such a seruant.

DAW. 'Tis her vertue, sir. I haue written somewhat of her silence too.

DAVP. In verse, sir IOHN?

CLE. What else?

DAVP. Why? how can you iustifie your owne being of a *Poet*, that so slight all the old *Poets?*

DAW. Why? euery man, that writes in verse, is not a *Poet*; you haue of the *Wits*, that write verses, and yet are no *Poets*: they are *Poets* that liue by it, the poore fellowes that liue by it.

DAVP. Why? would not you liue by your verses, sir IOHN.

CLE. No, 'twere pittie he should. A knight liue by his verses? he did not make 'hem to that ende, I hope.

DAVP. And yet the noble SIDNEY liues by his, and the noble family not asham'd.

CLE. I, he profest himselfe; but sir IOHN DAW has more caution: hee'll not hinder his owne rising i' the state so much! doe you thinke hee will? Your verses, good sir IOHN, and no *poems*.

DAW. *Silence in woman, is like speech in man,*
Deny't who can.

DAVP.

DAV. Not I, beleeue it : your reason, sir.

DAV. *Nor, i'st a tale,*
That female vice should be a vertue male,
Or masculine vice, a female vertue be:
You shall it see
Prou'd with increase,
I know to speake, and shee to hold her peace.

Do you conceiue me, gentlemen?

DAV. No faith, how meane you with increase, sir IOHN?

DAW. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the comon cause of mankind ; and she sayes nothiug, but *consentire videtur* : and in time is *grauida.*

DAVP. Then,this is a ballad of procreation ?

CLE. A *madrigall* of proceation, you mistake.

EPI. 'Pray giue me my verses againe, seruant.

DAW. If you you'll aske 'hem aloud,you shal.

CLE. See, here's TRVE-WIT againe!

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

CLERIMONT, TRVE-WIT, DAVPHINE, CVTBERD, DAW, EPICOENE.

WHere hast thou beene, in the name of madnesse ! thus accoutred with thy horne?

TRV. Where the sound of it might haue pierc'd your senses, with gladnes, had you beene in eare-reach of it. DAVPHINE, fall downe and worship me : I haue forbid the banes, lad. I haue been with thy vertuous vncle, and haue broke the match.

DAVP. You ha' not, I hope.

TRV. Yes faith ; and thou shouldst hope otherwise, I should repent me : this horne got me entrance, kisse it. I had no other way to get in, but by faining to be a post ; but when I got in once, I prou'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thundring into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If euer GORGON were seene in the shape of a woman, hee hath seene her in my description. I hane put him off o' that sent,for euer. Wby doe you not applaud,and adore me, sirs ? why stand you mute ? Are you stupid ? you are not worthy o' the benefit.

DAVP. Did not I tell you ? mischiefe!———

CLE. I would you had plac'd this benefit somewhere else.

TRV. Why so ?

CLE. Slight, you haue done the most inconsiderate,rash,weake thing, that euer man did to his friend.

DAVP. Friend ! if the most malicious enemy I haue, had studied to

inflict an iniury vpon me, it could not bee a greater.

TRV. Wherein? for gods-sake! Gent: come to your selues againe.

DAVP. But I presag'd thus much afore, to you.

CLE. Would my lips had beene soldred,when I spak on't.Slight,what mou'd you to be thus impertinent?

TRV. My masters, doe not put on this strange face to pay my courtesie: off with this visor. Haue good turnes done you, and thanke 'hem this way?

DAVP. Fore heau'n,you haue vndone me.That, which I haue plotted for, and beene maturing now these foure moneths, you haue blasted in a minute: now I am lost, I may speake. This gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpose, and, to be put vpon my vncle, hath profest this obstinate silence for my sake, being my entire friend; and one, that for the requitall of such a fortune, as to marry him, would haue made mee very ample conditions: where now, all my hopes are vtterly miscaried by this vnlucky accident.

CLE. Thus 'tis, when a man will be ignorantly officious; doe seruices, and not know his why: I wonder what curteous itch possess'd you! you neuer did absurder part i' your life, nor a greater trespasse to friendship, to humanity.

DAVP Faith, you may forgiue it, best: 'twas your cause principally.

DLE. I know it, would it had not.

CAVP. How now CVTBERD? what newes?

CVT. The best, the happiest that euer was, sir. There has beene a mad gentleman with your vncle, this morning (I thinke this be the gentleman) that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatning him from marriage——

DAVP. On,I pray thee.

CVT. And your vnkle, sir, hee thinkes 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will see the party, you wot of, presently:and if he like her, he sayes, and that she be so inclining to dombe,as I haue told him, he sweares hee will marry her,to day, instantly, and not deferre it a minute longer.

DAVP. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

TRV. Beyond your expectation? by this light, I knewe it would bee thus.

DAVP. Nay, sweet TRVE-WIT, forgiue me.

TRV. No,I was ignorantly officious, impertinent:this was the absurd, weake part.

CLE. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit,now, was meere fortune?

TRV. Fortune? mere prouidence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: my *genius* is neuer false to me in these things. Shew me,how it could be otherwise.

DAVP. Nay, gentlemen, contend not, tis well now.

TRV. Alasse, I let him goe on with inconsiderate, and rash, and what he pleas'd.

CLE.

CLE. Away thou strange iustifier of thy selfe, to bee wiser then thou wert, by the euent.

TRV. Euent! By this light, thou shalt neuer perswade me, but I foresaw it, aswell as the starres themselues.

DAVP. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now: doe you two entertaine sir IOHN DAW, with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

TRV. I'll be acquainted with her, first, by your fauour.

CLE. Master TRVE-WIT, lady, a friend of ours.

TRV. I am sorry, I haue not knowne you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare vertue of your silence.

CLE. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should ha' seene, and heard her well celebrated in sir IOHN DAW's *madrigalls*.

TRV. IACK DAW, god saue you, when saw you LA-FOOLE?

DAW. Not since last night, master TRVE-WIT.

TRV. That's miracle! I thought you two had beene inseparable.

DAW. Hee's gone to inuite his guests.

TRV. Gods so! tis true! what a false memory haue I towards that man! I am one: I met him e'ne now, vpon that he calls his delicate fine blacke horse, rid into a foame, with poasting from place to place, and person to person, to giue 'hem the *cue*——

CLE. Lest they should forget?

TRV. Yes: there was neuer poore captaine tooke more paines at a muster to show men, then he, at this meale, to shew friends.

DAW. It is his quarter-feast, sir.

CLE. What! doe you say so, sir IOHN?

TRV. Nay, IACK DAW will not be out, at the best friends hee has, to the talent of his wit: where's his mistris, to heare and applaud him? is she gone!

DAW Is mistris EPICOENE gone?

CLE. Gone afore, with sir DAVPHINE, I warrant, to the place.

TRV. Gone afore! that were a manifest iniurie; a disgrace and a halfe: to refuse him at such a festiuall time, as this, being a *Brauery*, and a *Wit* too.

CLE. Tut, hee'll swallow it like creame: hee's better read in *iure ciuili*, then to esteeme any thing a disgrace is offer'd him from a mistris.

DAW. Nay, let her eene goe; she shall sit alone, and bee dumbe in her chamber, a weeke together, for IOHN DAW, I warrant her: do's she refuse me?

CLE. No, sir, doe not take it so to heart: shee do's not refuse you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, TRVE-WIT, you were too blame to put it into his head, that shee do's refuse him.

TRV. Shee do's refuse him, sir, palpably: how euer you mince it. An' I were as hee, I would sweare to speake ne're a word to her, to day, for't.

DAW. By this light, no more I will not.

TRV.

TRV. Nor to any body else, sir.

DAW. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

CLE. It had beene an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could haue drawne him to it.

DAW. I'll be very melancholique,i'faith.

CLE. As a dog, if I were as you, sir IOHN.

TRV. Or a snaile, or a hog-louse: I would roule my selfe vp for this day, introth, they should not vnwinde me.

DAW. By this pick-tooth, so I will.

CLE. 'Tis well done: he beginnes already to be angry with his teeth.

DAW. Will you goe, gentlemen?

CLE. Nay, you must walke alone, if you bee right melancholique, sir IOHN.

TRV. Yes sir, wee'll dog you, wee'll follow you a farre off.

CLE. Was there euer such a two yards of knighthood, measur'd out by *Time*, to be sold to laughter?

TRV. A meere talking mole! hang him: no mushrome was euer so fresh. A fellow so vtterly nothing, as he knowes not what he would be.

CLE. Let's follow him: but first, let's goe to DAVPHINE, hee's houering about the house, to heare what newes.

TRV. Content.

Act II. *Scene* V.

MOROSE, EPICOENE, CVTBERD, MVTE.

VVElcome CVTBERD; draw neere with you faire chardge: and, in her eare, softly intreat her to vnmasque (—) So. Is the dore shut? (—) inough. Now, CVTBERD, with the same discipline I vse to my family, I will question you. As I conceiue, CVTBERD, this gentlewoman is shee, you haue prouided, and brought, in hope shee will fit me in the place and person of a wife? Answer me not, but with your leg, vnlesse it be otherwise: (—) very well done CVTBERD. I concciue, besides, CVTBERD, you haue beene pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and quallities, or else you would not preferre her to my acceptance, in the waighty consequence of marriage. (—) this I conceiue, CVTBERD. Answer me not but with your leg, vnlesse it bee otherwise. (——) Very well done CVTBERD. Giue aside now a little, and leaue me to examine her condition, and aptitude to my affection. Shee is exceeding faire, and of a speciall good fauour; a sweet composition, or harmony of limmes: her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knaue hath exceedingly wel fitted me without: I will now trie her within. Come neere, faire gentlewoman: let not my behauiour seeme rude, though vnto you, being rare, it may happely appeare strange. (—— (Nay, lady,

He goes about her, and viewes her.

She curtsies.

lady, you may speake, though CVTBERD, and my man, might not : for, of all sounds, onely, the sweet voice of a faire lady has the iust length of mine eares. I beseech you, say lady, out of the first fire of meeting eyes, (they say) loue is stricken : doe you feele any such motion, sodenly shot into you, from any part you see in me ? ha, lady ? (—) Alasse,lady,these answers by silent curt'sies,from you,are too courtlesse,and simple. I haue euer had my breeding in court : and shee that shall bee my wife, must bee accomplished with courtly,and audacious ornaments. Can you speake lady ? *Curt'sie.*

EPI. Iudge you, forsooth. *She speakes softly.*

MOR. What say you, lady ? speake out, I beseech you.

EPI. Iudge you, forsooth.

MOR. O'my iudgement,a diuine softnes!but can you naturally, lady, as I enioyne these by doctrine & industry,referre your self to the search of my iudgement, and (not taking pleasure in your tougue, which is a womans chiefest pleasure) thinke it plausible, to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches iumpe right, with what you conceiue? (—) Excellent ! diuine ! if it were possible she should hold out thus ! Peace CVTBERD, thou art made for euer,as thou hast made mee, if this felicitie haue lasting : but I will trie her further. Deare lady, I am courtly, I tell you,and I must haue mine eares banqueted with pleasant,and wittie conferences, pretty girds,scoffes,and daliance in her, that I meane to choose for my bedpheere. The ladies in court,thinke it a most desperate impaire to their quickenesse of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot giue occasion for a man to court 'hem ; and, when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it, as himselfe : and doe you alone so much differ from all them, that, what they (with so much circumstance) affect, and toile for , to seeme learn'd,to seeme iudicious,to seeme sharpe,and conceited, you can bury in your selfe,with silence ? and rather trust your graces to the faire conscience of vertue, then to the worlds, or your owne proclamation ? *Curt'sie.*

EPI. I should be sorry else.

MOR. What say you, ladie ? good ladie, speake out.

EPI. I should be sorrie, else

MOR. That sorrow doth fill me with gladnesse!O MOROSE!thou art happie aboue mankinde ! pray that thou maiest containe thy selfe. I will onely put her to it once more, and it shall be with the vtmost touch, and test of their sexe. But heare me, faire lady, I doe also loue to see her, whom I shall choose for my heicfar, to be the first and principall in all fashions ; præcede all the dames at court, by a fortnight ; haue her counsell of taylors, linneners, lace-women, embroyderers, and sit with 'hem sometimes twise a day, vpon *French* intelligences ; and then come foorth, varied like Nature, or oftner then she,and better,by the helpe of Art,her æmulous seruant. This doe I affect. And how will you be able,lady,with this frugalitie of speech, to giue the manifold (but necessarie) instructions,

for

for that bodies, these sleeues, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroyderie, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruffe, those roses, this girdle, that fanne, the tother skarfe, these gloues? ha! what say you, ladie.

EPI. I'll leaue it to you, sir.

MOR. How lady? pray you, rise a note.

EPI. I leaue it to wisdome, and you sir.

MOR. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sinne against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print, on those diuine lips, the seale of being mine. CVTBERD, I giue thee the lease of thy house free: thanke me not, but with thy leg (—) I know what thou woulst say, shee's poore, and her friends deceased; shee has brought a wealthy dowrie in her silence, CVTBERD: and in respect of her pouerty, CVTBERD, I shall haue her more louing, and obedient, CVTBERD. Goe thy waies, and get me a minister presently, with a soft, low voice to marry vs, and pray him he will not be impertinent, but briefe as he can; away: softly, CVTBERD. Sirrah, conduct your mistris into the dining roome, your now-mistris. O my felicity! how I shall bee reueng'd on mine insolent kinsman, and his plots, to fright me from marrying! This night I wil get an heire, and thrust him out of my bloud like a stranger; he would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that meanes to raigne ouer me, his title must doe it: no kinsman, I will now make you bring mee the tenth lords, and the sixteenth ladies letter, kinsman; and it shall doe you no good kinsman. Your knighthood it selfe shall come on it's knees, and it shall be reiected; it shall bee sued for it's fees to execution, and not bee redeem'd; it shall cheat at the tweluepeny ordinary, it knighthood, for it's diet all the terme time, and tell tales for it in the vacation, to the hostesse: or it knighthood shall doe worse; take sanctuary in *Coleharbor*, and fast. It shall fright all it friends, with borrowing letters; and when one of the foure-score hath brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the Cranes, or the Beare at the *Bridge*-foot, and be drunk in feare: it shal not haue money to discharge one tauerne reckoning, to inuite the old creditors, to forbeare it knighthood; or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond, to take vp the commoditie of pipkins, and stone jugs; and the part thereof shall not furnish it knighthood forth, for the attempting of a bakers widdow, a browne bakers widdow. It shall giue it knighthoods name, for a *stallion*, to all gamesome citizens wiues, and bee refus'd; when the master of a dancing schoole, or (*How* do you call him) the worst reueller in the towne is taken: it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to foole to lawyers. It shall not haue hope to repaire it selfe by *Constantinople*, *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; but the best, and last fortune to it knighthood shall be, to make DOL TEARE-SHEET, or KATE COMMON, a lady: and so, it knighthood may eate.

Act II. *Scene* VI.

TRVE-WIT, DAVPHINE, CLERIMONT, CVTBERD.

ARe you sure he is not gone by?

DAVP. No, I staid in the shop euer since.

CLE. But,he may take the other end of the lane.

DAVP. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hether.

TRV. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

DAVP. Yonder he comes.

CLE. And his charge left behinde him, which is a very good signe, DAVPHINE.

DAVP. How now CVTBERD, succeedes it, or no?

CVT. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not haue pray'd, to haue had it so wel: *Saltat senex*,as it is i'the prouerbe,he do's triumph in his felicity; admires the party! he has giuen me the lease of my house too! and, I am now going for a silent minister to marry 'hem, and away.

TRV. Slight, get one o' the silenc'd ministers, a zealous brother would torment him purely.

CVT. *Cum priuilegio*, sir.

DAVP. O, by no meanes, let's doe nothing to hinder it now when 'tis done and finished, I am for you: for any deuise of vexation.

CVT. And that shall be, within this halfe houre, vpon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contriue what you can, in the meane time,*bonis auibus*.

CLE. How the slaue doth *latine* it!

TRV. It would be made a iest to posterity, sirs, this daies mirth, if yee will.

CLE. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

DAVP. And, for my part. What is't?

TRV. To translate all LA-FOOLES company, and his feast hether, to day, to celebrate this bride-ale.

DAVP. I mary, but how will't be done?

TRV. I'll vndertake the directing of all the ladie-guests thether, and then the meat must follow.

CLE. For gods sake, let's effect it: it will be an excellent *comœdy* of affliction, so many seuerall noyses.

DAVP. But are they not at the other place already, thinke you?

TRV. I'll warrant you for the colledge-honors: one o' their faces has not the priming color laid on yet, nor the other her smocke sleek'd.

CLE. O, but they'll rise earlier then ordinary, to a feast.

TRV. Best goe see, and assure our selues.

CLE. Who knowes the house?

TRV. I'll lead you, were you neuer there yet?

DAVP. Not I.

CLE. Nor I.

TRV. Where ha' you liu'd then? not know TOM OTTER!

CLE. No: for gods sake, what is he?

TRV. An excellent animal, equall with your DAW, or LA-FOOLE, if not transcendent; and do's *latine* it as much as your barber: hee is his wifes Subiect, he calls her Princesse, and at such times as these, followes her vp and downe the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heate, partly for reuerence. At this instant, hee is marshalling of his bull, beare, and horse.

DAVP. What be those, in the name of *Sphinx*?

TRV. Why sir? hee has beene a great man at the beare-garden in his time: and from that subtle sport, has tane the witty denomination of his chiefe carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his beare, another his horse. And then hee has his lesser glasses, that hee calls his deere, and his ape; and seuerall degrees of 'hem too: and neuer is well, nor thinkes any intertainement perfect, till these be brought out, and set o' the cupbord.

CLE. For gods loue! we should misse this, if we should not goe.

TRV. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speake him all day. He will raile on his wife, with certaine common places, behinde her backe; and to her face———

DAVP. No more of him. Let's goe see him, I petition you.

Act III. *Scene* I.

OTTER, Mrs. OTTER, TRVE-WIT, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE.

NAy, good Princesse, heare me *pauca verba*.

Mrs. OT. By that light, I'll ha' you chain'd vp, with your bul-dogs, and beare-dogges, if you be not ciuill the sooner. I'll send you to kennell, i'faith. You were best baite me with your bull, beare, and horse? Neuer a time, that the courtiers, or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a *shrouetuesday*! I would haue you get your *whitsontide*-veluet-cap, and your staffe i' your hand, to intertaine 'hem: yes introth, doe.

OTT. Not so, Princesse, neither, but vnder correction, sweete Princesse, gi' me leaue—these things I am knowne to the courtiers by. It is reported to them for my humor, and they receiue it so, and doe expect it. TOM OTTERS bull, beare, and horse is knowne all ouer *England*, in *rerum natura*.

Mrs. OT. For me, I wil *na-ture* 'hem ouer to *Paris*-garden, and *na-ture* you thether too, if you pronounce 'hem againe. Is a beare a fit beast, or a bull, to mixe in society with great ladies? thinke i' your discretion, in any good politie.

OTT.

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